The Public Sphere of Birds

Volume 4
1811 to 1820

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The Public Sphere of Birds

Volume 4

1811 to 1820

This volume collects bird-related articles in U.S. newspapers from 1811 through the end of 1820. These articles were found primarily using the search terms "bird" and "birds" in two commercial newspaper archives. Please see the introduction to volume 1 in this series for more details about the origins and purposes of this project.

This collection is not necessarily representative of the universe of bird-related articles in the U.S. press during this time; nor is it meant to suggest that the bird-related article somehow dominated the journalistic landscape.

The term "public sphere" is used deliberately and for two related reasons. First, this is a collection of items about birds that circulated in the print networks of the day. Second, it highlights the fact that communication and media, particularly in political discourse, were sometimes figured as birds.

Indeed, during the decade, bird metaphors were often deployed as ways to express the *dysfunctions* of the public sphere. Citizens tricked by political rhetoric were "gulls." Partisans thoughtlessly repeating party slogans were "parrots." Critics attacking the character of political leaders were "harpies" despoiling the democratic landscape.

War dominated the first half of the decade. Ships named after birds fought naval battles during the War of 1812, heralded in newspaper poetry. And the Bald Eagle (despite Franklin's reservations) was reinforced as the animal emblem of the nation, at war with the British Lion. And an eagle flew over the inauguration of James Monroe in 1817, though newspapers competed to interpret whether it augured well, or whether it was not an eagle at all, but a goose, a crow, or a "sh—p—e."

Alexander Wilson continued to make progress on his *American Ornithology*, but died in 1813 before the last two volumes were published. The event of his death was widely reported, and biographical material covering his life and bird-collecting adventures was widely published. De Witt Clinton, the New York political leader, wrote a long and favorable review of his work, and Maria Brooks wrote a poem in his honor depicting him as the model of the romantic scientist. By the end of the decade John-James Audubon would appear in the news claiming that he had discovered bird species not included in Wilson.

"Formerly the winged tribes passed before us, and we merely satisfied ourselves with a transient look. Now, since we have been introduced to their acquaintance, we hail them as friends who enliven our walks by their frolics, incite our curiosity by their habitudes and economy, and charm us with their songs," George Ord wrote in the preface to the last volume of *American Ornithology,* suggesting that the American public had become both more bird conscious and more emotionally connected to them. This did not stop people from killing them in massive amounts, celebrated in newspaper accounts, though as previously, poets and essayists decried the cruelty. This

came to a head in 1819, with a widely circulated news story, headlined in most versions "Wonderful!!," that reported about a large number of chimney swifts that had been forced down into a man's house and killed. Many critical reactions followed, not just to the incident itself but to the positive newspaper coverage of it.

The usefulness of birds in general in controlling insects was becoming conventional wisdom in agricultural communities (bolstered by British discourse), and the idea was memorialized in 1817-18 Massachusetts legislation—the first state-level small bird protection law, that while mostly a conventional game law, prescribing closed seasons on particular species, also included language about the value of insectivorous birds. The law protected game birds but also the "robin" and the "lark" (the lack of specificity would become problematic in later years). The bill reportedly elicited lively debate, and almost failed to pass, but except for a brief poetic treatment, there is no record of the full discussion. The "Bird Law," ultimately, became the focus of vigorous discussion in the state press, and inspiration for bird protection movements in other states, particularly those where there were local efforts to stop bird-shooting trespassers.

As in past volumes, there are stories about bird-related shooting accidents, many of them fatal, and annual notices about the dangers of eating out-of-season game. There are more stories than previously included about birds in relation to Native Americans and a few items that hint at a relationship between bird protection and abolitionism.

The plan for this volume is straight-forward: a collection of bird related-articles (including verse, fiction and advertising) listed in chronological order. Items largely about birds or bird-relevant topics are included in full; items that mention birds but are not mainly about birds are included in edited form. Each item header includes the name of the publication the item appeared in, the state in which the publication was based, the date of publication, the page number, and when available, the headline and/or author. I've also indicated in brackets the original source of the text and made a note in cases where item was widely circulated or uncredited. I have used endnotes for additional commentary.

1811

The Bee (NY) 1811 01 18 page 1 Riches of Vermont [*Bennington Farmer*]

…There is a mine in Dorset, whose ore weighs heavy and appears rich—but its value is doubtless exaggerated by the owner of the soil for speculation, or by some funny catcher of gulls….

New-York Evening Post (NY) 1811 01 24 page 2 Speech by [Josiah] Quincy [III] on admission of Louisiana into union.

Mr. Speaker, what is this liberty of which so much is said? Is it to walk about this earth to breathe this air, and to partake the common blessings of God's Providence. The beasts of the field and the birds of the air unite with us in such privileges as these….I oppose this bill…from the deep conviction that it contains a principle incompatible with the liberties and safety of my country…

The Traveller (MA) 1811 02 19 page 4 Extract, from Southey's Madoc

… "There was not on that day a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light
…
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embath'd in emerald glory. All the flocks
Of Ocean are abroad: like floating foam,
The sea gulls rise and fall upon the waves,
With long protruded neck the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy…

The Republican Argus (PA) 1811 03 06 page 4 Singularities of different nations

…From time immemorial at the coronation of a king of France, the people who have birds in cages open them and give them liberty. Several hundred dozen of birds have been liberated on such occasion….

The Centinel of Freedom (NJ) 1811 03 19 page 4 Poetical Department

The following version of a much admired story, is selected for the *Centinel*, believing that it will generally please. It conveys in a pleasing manner a useful moral, and surely no bird ever spoke truer than this when confined in the inns of court amidst lawyers, continually exclaims Bad Company.

Let others with poetic fire,
In raptures praise the tuneful choir;
The Linnet, Chaffinch, Goldfinch, Thrush,
And every warbler of the bush;
I sing the mimic Magpye's fame,
In wicker cage well fed and tame.
In Fleet-street dwelt in days of yore,
A jolly tradesman named Tom Moore;
Gen'rous and open as the day,
But passionately fond of play;
No sounds to him such sweets afford
As dice-box, ratt'ling o'er the board;
Bewitching hazard is the game.
For which he forfeits health and fame.
In basket prison hung on high,
With dappled coat and watchful eye,
A fav'rite Magpye sees the play,
And mimics every word they say;
Lord! how he nicks us! Tom Moore cries;
Lord! how he nicks us! Mag replies;
Tom throws, and eyes the glittering store.
And, as he throws, exclaims, 'Tom Moore!
Tom Moore ! the mimic bird replies,
Th' astonished gamesters lift their eyes,
And wond'ring, stare and look around,
As doubtful whence proceeds the sound.
This dissipated life of course,
Soon brought poor Tom from bad to worse;
Nor prayers nor promises prevail,
To keep him from a dreary jail.
And now, between each heart felt sigh,
Tom of exclaims, bad company!
Poor Mag, who shares his master's fate,
Exclaims, from out his wicker grate,
Bad company ! bad company!
Then views poor tom with curious eye;
And cheers his masters wretched hours,
By this display of mimic powers.
The imprison'd bird, though much carest,
Is still by anxious care opprest
In silence mourns his cruel fate,
And oft explores his prison gate.
Observe, thro' life you'll always find,
A fellow feeling makes us kind.
So Tom resolves immediately,
To give poor Mag his liberty;

Then opes his cage, and with a sigh,
Takes one fond look, and lets him fly.
Now Mag, once more with freedom blest,
Looks round to find a place of rest;
To temple gardens wings his way,
And perches on a neighb'ring spray.
The gard'ner there, with busy cares,
A curious seed for grass prepares;
Yet, spite of all his toil and pain.
The hungry birds devour the grain.
A curious net he does prepare,
And lightly spreads the wily snare;
The feather'd plundrers come in view,
And Mag soon joins the thievish crew;
The watchful gard'ner now stands by,
With nimble hand and wary eye;
The birds begin their stol'n repast,
The flying net secures them fast.
The vengeful clown now fill'd with ire,
Does to a neighb'ring shed retire,
And, having first secured the doors,
And windows, next the net explores.
Then, in revenge for plunder'd seed,
Each felon he resolves shall bleed ;
So twists their little necks around,
And casts them breathless on the ground.
Mag, who with man was us'd to herd,
Knew something more than common bird ;
He therefore watched with anxious care,
And slipt himself without the snare,
Then perch'd on nail remote from ground,
Observes how deaths are dealt around.
Lord how he nicks us! Maggy cries,
The astonish'd gard'ner lifts his eyes!
With fault'ring voice and panting breath,
Exclaims, 'who's there !'-all still as death,
His murd'rous work he does resume,
And casts his eyes around the room
With caution, and at length, doth spy
The Magpye perch'd on nail so high!
The wond'ring clown, from what he heard,
Believes him something more than bird,
With fear imprest, does now retreat
Towards the door, with trembling feet,
Then says 'thy name I do implore?'
The ready bird replies—Tom Moore.

"O Lord!' the frighten'd clown replies,
With hair erect and staring eyes:
Half op'ning then the hovel door,
He asks the bird one question more.
'What brought you here?' with quick reply,
Sly Mag rejoins—BAD COMPANY.
Out jumps the gard'ner in a fright,
And runs away with all his might;
And as he runs, imprest with dread,
Exclaims—the devil's in the shed!'
The wondrous tale a bencher hears,
And soothes the man and quells his fears;
Gets Mag secur'd in wicker cage,
Once more to spend his litle rage,
In Temple Stall now hung on high,
Mag oft exclaims—BAD COMPANY.

The Poughkeepsie Journal (NY) 1811 03 20 page 3 Seeing a pair of partridges killed in the month of March by M. [original damaged]

"O hapless birds—who thro' a wintry sky
Together brav'd the blasts—together die!
Three tedious months the snows have fill'd each wood.
[…] there your only shelter, only food;
[…]as the sun imparts a livelier ray,
[…] promises for both a happier day,
[…] Fowler comes and bears you both away;
[…] so the flatt'ring hopes of life decay!

The Columbian (NY) 1811 03 26 page 3 Advertisement. American Ornithology; (widely circulated)

Or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States, vol. III. Illustrated with plates, engraved and colored from original drawings taken from nature. By Alexander Wilson. Is this day published by Inskeep & Bradford, 128 Broadway.

New-England Palladium (MA) 1811 03 26 Letter from Veritas (widely circulated)

Messrs. Editors, Inimical as I am to every game restriction, still as a well-wisher in a continuance of those advantages which we most bounteously enjoy, I cannot but suggest the propriety to your numerous correspondents, that they would refrain from killing some of our Spring Birds, particularly the Woodcock and Snipe until such times as they have produced their young, for until that time they are in too miserable a state to be put upon the table, as their flesh is not only covered with vermin, but filled with maggots, and from their appearance it is sufficiently evident that their food while

absent from us must have been contaminated with a quality highly deleterious and of a nature most prejudicial to those who eat of them at this season of the year.

Orange Country Patriot; or, the Spirit of Sevent Six (NY) 1811 03 26 New Marriage Bill

A bill is now before the senate of this state, and which has been printed and laid on the tables of the members of both houses, entitled " An act for the better protection of Sheep," but which has already obtained the name of the Dog Bill….The 4th section authorizes a prosecution before a justice of the peace against every person who shall be found on the grounds of any other person in the counties of New-York or Westchester, with a gun or dog, for the purpose of killing birds, rabbits, &c. without a written permission from the owner or tenant of such ground….

Northern Centinel (VT) 1811 03 28 page 4 March [Grahame's *Birds of Scotland*]

The ravaged fields, waste, colourless, and bleak,
Returning Winter leaves, with angry frown,
…
The redbreast now, at morn, resumes his song.
And larks, high-soaring, wing their spiral flight,
While the light hearted plough-boy singing, blythe,
The broom, the bonny broom of Cowdenknows,
Fills with delight the wandering townsman's ear:
May be, though carolled rude in artless guise,
Sad Floddenfield, of Scotia's lays most sweet,
Most mournful, dims, with starting tear, his eye,
Nor silent are the upland less; cheerily
The patridge now her tuneless call repeats,
Or, bursting unexpected from the brake,
Startles the milk-maid singing o'er the ridge.
Nor silent are the chilly leafless woods;
The thrush's note is heard amid the grove,
Soon as the primrose, from the withered leaves,
Smiling, looks out: Rash flowret ! oft betrayed,
By summer-seeming days, to venture forth
Thy tender form—the killing northern blast,
Will wrap thee lifeless in a hoar-frost shroud.

The Star (NC) 1811 04 05 page 4 The Blue Bird [extracted from Wilson's *American Ornithology*]

"The preliminaries being thus settled, and the spot freed up, they begin to clean out the old nest, and the rubbish of the former year, and to prepare for the reception of their future offspring. Soon after this another sociable little pilgrim (*Motacilla domestica*,

House Wren) also arrives from the south, and finding such a snug birth occupied, shows his spite, by watching a convenient opportunity, and in the absence of the owner, popping in and pulling out sticks; but takes special care to make off as fast as possible.

"The female lays five, and sometimes six eggs, of a pale blue colour; and raises two, and sometimes three brood in a season; the male taking the youngest under his particular care while the female is again sitting. Their principal food are insects, particularly large beetles, and other hard-shelled sorts that lurk among the old dead and decaying trees. Spiders are also a favourite repast with them. In Fall they occasionally regale themselves on the berries of the sour gum; and as winter approaches, on those of the red cedar, and on the fruit of a rough hairy vine that runs up and cleaves fast to the trunks of trees. Ripe persimmons is another of their favourite dishes; and many other fruits and seeds which I have found in their stomachs at that season, which, being no botanist, I am unable to particularize.

"The usual spring and summer song of the Blue-bird is a soft, agreeable and oft-repeated warble, uttered with open quivering wings, and is extremely pleasing. In his motions and general character he has great resemblance to the Robin Red-breast of Britain; and had he the brown olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, could scarcely be distinguished from him. Like him he is known to almost every child; and shows as much confidence in man by associating with him in summer, as the other by his familiarity in winter. He is also of a mid and peaceful disposition, seldom fighting or quarrelling with other birds. His society is courted by the inhabitants of the county, and few farmers neglect to provide for him in some suitable place, a snug little summer-house, ready fitted and rent free. For this he more than sufficiently repays them by the cheerfulness of his song, and the multitude of injurious insects which he daily destroys. Towards Fall, that is in the month of October, his song changes to a single plaintive note; as he passes over the yellow many-coloured woods ; and its melancholy air recalls to our minds the approaching decay of the face of nature. Even after the trees are stript of their leaves, he still lingers over his native fields, as if loath to leave then. About the middle or end of November few or none of them we see; but with every return of mild and open weather we hear his plaintive note amidst the fields, or in the air, seeming to deplore the devastations of winter. Indeed he appears scarcely ever totally to forsake us; but to follow fair weather through all its journeyings till the return of spring.

" Such are the mild and pleasing manners of the Blue-bird, and so universally is he esteemed, that I have often regretted that no pastoral muse has yet arisen in this western woody world, to do justice to his name, and endear him to us still more by the tenderness of verse, as has been done to his representative in Britain, the Robin Read-Breast, small acknowledgement of this kind I have to offer, which the reader I hope will excuse as a tribute to rural innocence[1].

New-Bedford Mercury (MA) 1811 04 12 page 3 On Torpedoes

So much has been said and is known concerning Torpedoes, that it may perhaps be easily conceived that they are a kind of aquatic bomb… We have a bird celled

Cormorant (*Corbo aquations*) remarkable for diving and a quick digestion, and of a peculiar organization, having only a straight passage through, like a tube. It is a well authenticated fact, that when this bird swallows a fish (so briskly alive as to work its way through) it turns its head, stretches its neck, watches the passage of its victim, and has been known to catch and swallow the same fish three or four times before it has remained quiet in the stomach.

A few of these birds thus formed might perhaps, without much injury be strung on a line passing through them, with a knot at head and tall to prevent their slipping, and with a Great Goose harnessed, for their leader. Altogether might be trained to draw torpedoes, with, against, or across tides, and so to dive as to bring these heavenly blessings to mankind, to their destination with great accuracy.

The season is approaching for young Cormorants on the coast of Labrador, A sum of fifteen hundred dollars, (about the sum already expended in experiments) paid in advance by government, might induce some patriotic fisherman Captain of Marblehead, to take the greatest pains to procure them. As to the Goose, it is possible one may be found by inquiring at Livingston manor, and if a few Gulls could be useful, there were numbers of them at Washington the last season, and no doubt, some may be found there still….

Maryland Gazette (MA) 1811 04 24 page 4 The Swallow by Charlotte Smith[2]

The gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding; and beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,
The swallow too is come at last :
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hailed her as she passed.

Come, summer visitant attach
To my reed roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch.
Low twittering underneath the thatch
At the gray dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian sage,
The Hindostani woods among,
Could, in his desert hermitage,
As if ‘twas marked in written page,
Translate the wild bird’s song—

I wish I did his power possess,
  That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what wide wilderness
  You came across the sea.

I would a little while refrain
  Your rapid wing, that I might hear
Whether on clouds that bring the rain,
You sailed above the western main,
  The wind your charioteer.

In Africk, does the sultry gale
  Through spicy bower and palmy grove,
Bear the repeated cuckoo's tale ?
Dwells there a time, the wandering rail,
  Or the itinerant dove ?

Were you in Asia? O relate,
  If there your fabled sister's woes,
She seemed in sorrow to narrate ;
Or sings she but to celebrate
  Her nuptials with the rose ?

I would inquire how journeying long,
  The vast and pathless ocean o'er,
You ply again those pinions strong,
And come to build anew among
  The scenes you left before ;

But if, as colder breezes blow,
  Prophetick of the waning year,
You hide, tho' none know when or how,
In the cliff's excavated brow,
  And linger torpid here ;

Thus lost to life, what favouring dream,
  Bids you to happier hours awake ;
And tells, that dancing in the beam,
The light gnat hovers o'er the stream,
  The Mayfly on the lake ?

Or if, by instinct taught to know
  Approaching dearth of insect food ;
To isles and willowy ailes you go,
And crowding on the pliant bough,

Sink in the dimpling flood :

How learn ye, while the cold waves boom,
Your deep and ousy couch above,
The time when flowers of promise bloom,
And call you from your transient tomb
To light, and life, and love ?

Alas! how little can be known,
Her sacred veil where Nature draws,
Let baffled Science humbly own,
Her mysteries understood alone,
By HIM who gives her laws.

New York Journal (NY) 1811 05 04 page 4 How to catch Gulls

A cunning yankee in the Columbian of yesterday address the "Irish adopted citizens" under the endearing appellation of his "countrymen," and as if to deceive them into a notion that he really is one of them, he makes an intentional bull the subject matter of his address….

The Balance, & State Journal (NY) 1811 05 07 page 4 Sketch of Palestine by Chateaubriand. [*American Review*]

…after our arrival at Athens a flock of storks that mounted in the air—then formed themselves in a line, and directed their flight towards Africa. From the reign of Cecrops down to the present time these birds have annually performed the same pilgrimage and returned to the same spot. But how often have they not found in tears the host whom they left happy and joyous?—How often have they sought in vain not only their host, but the roof in which they were accustomed to build their nests….

Sentinel and Democrat (VT) 1811 05 09 page 4 May [from (James) Grahame's *Birds of Scotland*]

On blythe May morning, when the lark's first note
Ascends, on viewless wing, veiled in the mist,
The village maids then hie them to the woods
To kiss the fresh dew from the daisy's brim;
Wandering in misty glades they lose their way,
And, ere aware, meet in their lover's arms,
Like joining dew drops on the blushing rose.
…
Now from the wild flower bank the little bird
Picks the soft moss and to the thicket flies;
And oft returns, and oft the works renews,
Till all the curious fabric hangs complete;

Alas, but ill concealed from schoolboy's eye,
Who, heedless of the warbler's saddest plaint,
Tears from the bush the toil of many an hour;
Then, thoughtless wretch! Pursue the devious bee…

Then comes the silence of the dewy hour,
With songs of noontide birds, thrilling in fancy's ear,
While from yon elm, with water-kissing boughs
Along the moveless winding of the brook,
The smooth expanse is calmness, stillness all,
Unless the springing trout, with quick replunge,
Arousing meditation's downward look,
Ruffle, with many a gentle circling wave
On wave, the glassy surface undulating far.

Portland Gazette, and Maine Advertizer (ME) 1811 05 27 page 2

Apropos! "I, James Madison, therefore proclaim, this 1st day of November, 1810, that the Berlin and Milan decrees were repealed yesterday."

I, Napoleon, Emperor of the Gulls and King of the lower regions, do proclaim…

Federal Republican and Commercial Gazette (MD) 1811 05 30 page 1 Nation of Gulls

Verily Mr. Madison entertains a mean opinion of the sagacity and understanding of the readers of the *National Intelligencer*…

New-Bedford Mercury (MA) 1811 05 31 page 3 French Flummery! [Balt. Fed. Repub.] (widely circulated)

…This is the age of humbugging, and the doughty little Corsican has his fun out of the gulls of every clime.

Dartmouth Gazette (NH) 1811 06 12 page 4 Address by Sylvicola for the Bower[3]

The labors of study require relaxation. After drawing pearls from the depths of science, and culling flowers in the gardens of literature, the mind retires with delight to arrange its acquisitions and seek for new beauties in fanciful combinations. Absorbed in contemplating the delightful scenes of imagination, the philosopher forgets his apparatus, the mathematician drops his scale and compass, the poet throws down the works of ancient bards, they snatch their pens and aspire to excel the sublime productions of their predecessors. Vain are these effusions of genius, if immediately consigned to the tomb of oblivion.

'Come then to the Bower.' Here you may fit beneath the cooling shade, arrange and communicate those tho'ts and reflections, which would otherwise be swept away

by the current of business, or lost in the abyss of forgetfulness….Behold! all nature is open to your observations. Every tree, every blossom displays innumerable beauties; every river, every mountain abounds with combinations of delightful subliminity; every fish, beast, and bird, is fraught with wonders; and man alone affords inexhaustible subjects of satire and commendation…May we not indulge the pleasing hope, that the Ladies will become partners of our Bower?...No croaking bird or poisonous reptile shall come hear…The Spring is gone, the Summer comes. The blossoms are dropping from the trees, the flowers droop beneath the influence of a Summer's sun, the birds are employed in rearing their tender young. 'Come then to the Bower.'…

The Balance, & State Journal (NY) 1811 06 18 page 1 National Prejudice; Or, the Reviewers Reviewed[4].

[Quoting from the *Review*:] "There is both in the physical and intellectual features of the Americans a trace of savage character…As he grows up he lays traps for opossums, and shoots squirrels for his breakfast; he cuts down a tree on which the wild pigeons have built their nests and picks up a horse-load of young birds….He [the American] takes his pigeons or his pork to the nearest town; sell them he cannot. The words buy and sell are nearly unknown in the new settlements; he trades them, and takes in exchange, not what he wants, but what he can get…"

Such are the accounts published in some of the most respectable English periodical works respecting the manners, religion and law of this country. Such are the miserable means resorted to, for the purpose of deterring the people of Great Britain from emigrating to the United States….

Poulson's American Daily Advertiser (PA) 1811 06 26 page 3 Advertisement. New Books for Children

Johnson & Warner will publish this day…
Limed Twigs to Catch Young Birds[5].
By the authors of "Original Poems," "Rhymes for the Nursery," "Hymns for Infants," &c. &c….

Northern Centinel (VT) 1811 07 04 page 4 July [from Grahame's *Birds of Scotland*]

Slow move the sultry hours. O, for the shield
Of darkening boughs, or hollow rock grotesque!...
  Unhappy he, who in this season, pent
Within the darksome gloom of city lane,
Pines for the flowery path and woody shades,
From which the love of lucre or of power,
Enticed his youthful steps. In vain he turns
The rich descriptive page of Thomson's muse,
And strives to fancy that the lovely scenes
Are present: So the hand of childhood tries

To grasp the pictured bunch of fruit or flowers,
But, disappointed, feels the canvas smooth:
So the caged lark, upon a withering turf,
Flutters from side to side, with quivering wings,
As if in act of mounting to the skies…
Others, so pale in look, in tattered garb,
Motley with half spun threads and cotton flakes,
Trudge, drooping, to the many storied pile,
Where thousand spindles whirling stun the ear,
Confused: There, prisoned close, they wretched moil.
Sweet age perverted from its proper end!
When childhood toils, the field should be the scene—
To tend the sheep, or drive the herd afield,
Or, from the corn fields, scare the pilfering rooks…

The Rhode-Island American and General Advertiser (RI) 1811 07 16 page 3 (reprinted in Newburyport and Salem)

The anniversary of American Independence was celebrated at Taunton, by the Federal Republicans of that town and its vicinity….After dinner the following toasts were drank, accompanied by the discharge of cannon:

…

5. President Madison—Americans,
Know ye the mode of catching gulls?
If not we'll tell you. Take a sheet of paper,
On it write a Proclamation—place
On the top, in splendid capitals,
The enchanting word "Republican,"
Or Democrat, no matter which,
(for Gulls you know have not much sense,)
These birds, spying the glittering bait,
Swallow, alas, the poisonous draught below,
And ere their senses wake them to their danger,
The Boobies clank their chains. …

The Repertory and General Advertiser (MA) 1811 07 16 page 2 Food for Gulls[6] [*Freemen's Journal*]

A gentleman arrived in this city from Washington, mentions, that the opinion of the best informed persons there, before the arrival of Mr. Foster, was, that there would be war with Great Britain—that since Mr. Foster's arrival, he and Mr. Monroe have had several long conversations together, one of which lasted nearly a day—and that it is now confidently believed that an amicable termination of all disputes will take place very speedily. We fervently hope this information may prove correct.

Supporter (OH) 1811 08 10 page 1 The Beautiful Maniac by S.J. Pratt

Once, and not far from where those seats were seen,
Just where yon white huts peep the copse between,
A damsel languish'd, all her kin were gone
…
Oft would she chase the bee, or braid the grass,
Or crop the hedge-flow'rs or disorder'd pass;
Else, restless loiter in the pathless mean,
Sing to the birds at roost, the lambs at feed
Or if a nest she found the brakes among
No hand of hers destroy'd the promised young…

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1811 08 10 page 1 [Baltimore (Democratic) Whig]

Mr. Pinkney.—No man was more unpopular than he…A gentleman at Washington asserts, too, that Mr. P's last communication to the British government was couched in a bold and manly style. Would to God that the preceding ones had been like it! We frankly confess, however, that a dinner libation and harangue have not entirely removed our unfavourable opinions; the whole appears to us a whitewashed fish to catch gulls, and sanctify a fisher for office…

Farmers' Cabinet (NH) 1811 08 13 page 3

…If our government and people as so blind or wilful as to swallow this bait, when the barbs are so plainly discernible in it, they will probably have enough more hooks thrown out for them, by those skilful anglers, Napoleon and John Bull, who are ever on the watch to take them in—and pluck their guts out. Thus they have always ketched Gulls!

New-England Palladium (MA) 1811 09 06 page 4 Fables for the Ladies. Fable I. The Eagle and the Assembly of Birds. Dedicatory to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales [*Fables for the Female Sex*, 1744 by Edward Moore, not credited]

The moral lay, to beauty due,
I write fair Excellence! to you,
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.
Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart,
And show the paths that lead astray
The wand'ring nymph from Wisdom's way,
I flatter none; the great and good
Are by their actions understood,
Your monument if actions raise,
Shall I deface by idle praise?

I echo not the voice of Fame,
That dwells delighted on your name;
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.
  The proud, the envious and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain;
To these, detesting praise, I write,
And vent in charity my spite.
With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all promiscuous as they pass.
Should Folly there her likeness view,
I fret not that the mirror's true;
If the fantastic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.
Virtue, in ev'ry clime and age,
Spurns at the folly soothing page,
While Satire, thar offends the ear
Or Vice and Passion pleases her.
  Premising this, your anger spare,
And claim the Fable, you, who dare.

  The birds in place, by faction press'd,
To Jupiter their pray'rs address'd:
By specious lines the state was vex'd,
Their council's libellers perplex'd;
They begg'd, to stop seditious tongues,
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
Jove grants their suit. The Eagle sate
Decider of the grand debate.
  The Pie, to trust and power preferr'd,
Demands permission to be heard;
Says he, "Prolixity of phrase
.You know I hate, This libel says
Some birds there are, who, prone to noise,
Are hired to silence Wisdom's voice,
And, skill'd to chatter out the hour,
Rise by their emptiness to power.
That this is aim'd direct at me
No doubt you'll readily agree;
Yet well this good assembly knows,
By parts to government I rose;
My prudent councils prop the state;
Magpies were never known to prate"
  The Kite rose up; his honest heart
In Virtue's suff'rings bore a part,
"That there were birds of prey, he knew;

So far the libeler said true;
Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
Who knew no interest but their own,
Who, hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spared;
This might be true, but if applied
To him, in truth the slanderer lied;
Since ignorance might be missed;
Such things he thought were best unsaid."
The Crow was vex'd; as yester morn
He flew across the new sown corn,
A screaming boy was set, for pay,
He knew, to drive the Crows away;
Scandal had found out him in turn,
And buzz'd abroad, that Crows love corn.
The Owl arose with solemn face,
And thus harangu'd upon the case:
"That Magpies prate it may be true,
A Kite may be voracious too,
Crows sometimes deal in new sown pease;
He libels not, who strikes at these.
The slander's here. "But there are birds
Whose wisdom lies in looks not words,
Blunderers, who level in the dark,
And always shoot beside the mark."
"He names not me, but these are hints
Which manifest at whom he squints.
I were indeed that blundering fowl,
To question if he meant an Owl."
"Ye wretches, hence," the Eagle cries,
"Tis conscience, conscience that applies;
The virtuous mind raises no alarm,
Secured by Innocence from harm,
While Guilt and his associate, Fear,
Are startled if a noise they hear[7]."

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1811 09 18 page 2 Eclipse of the Sun

There was an eclipse of about 5-sixths of the Sun yesterday….As the Sun's obscuration increased, a sober solemn stillness appeared to pervade all nature; — the birds were sensibly affected with the alteration taking place ; the fowls collected around their nightly resting place, and some even went to roost, though the degree of darkness was nor very great….

Independent Chronicle (MA) 1811 09 23 Extract of a letter from Cambridge

"The statement made in the Centinel of the peculiar phenomenon which took place in Boston on the late eclipse, has excited a considerable deal of astronomical speculation in this vicinity, How the Boston fowls should have more philosophical penetration than those in the country, is a subject of vast speculation. It is wonderfully strange "they were so sensibly affected with the alteration as to collect around their nightly resting places and even go to roost." Some think that the Major contemplated the subject more in the character of a poet, than in that of a philosopher. There appears a lively fiction in the "sensibility of the birds," in their "assemblage" around their "nightly resting places," and becoming so affected with the gloomy shade as to go to roost. "These are circumstances truly marvelous, and the description given by the Major is worthy to be transmitted to the royal Academy of arts and sciences in London. But still the subject is involved in mystery, and it greatly puzzles the learned fraternity at Harvard to ascertain the peculiar properties of these Boston birds which occasioned such an uncommon sensibility on this occasion . In Cambridge, even those birds, whose "nightly resting places" are contiguous to the colleges, or in the vicinity of Milk Row, did not express such a sensibility during the eclipse, neither did any of them appear inclined to go to roost. There were a few old red gilled roosters crowed a little more sonorous than usual, but the cackling of the hens was not more singular that on common occasions. We hope however as " many experiments were made by instruments, and the thermometer began to fall about half past one o'clock," that we shall be able in a few months to know the peculiar circumstances of this wonderful phenomenon in Boston. —Some of our philosophers have thought that the fowls so peculiarly affected in Boston with the late eclipse, are of the breed of Mother Carey's Chickens. We would wish to know of the Major how the fiery tail of the comet affects them.

New-York Spectator (NY) 1811 11 02 page 2 Further Selections from English Papers

…There are several remarkable stories of swallows acting in concert, in order to perform offices, for which the unaided exertions of individuals were inadequate. The following instance of the wonderful intelligence of these birds, we are informed, is authentic. In the neighborhood of Mr. Stoddart…part of a swallow's nest, which had last summer been insecurely constructed in the corner of a window, gave way and left the young birds, with which it happened to be filled, in a very perilous situation. The danger, however, was but of short duration—In a few hours after the catastrophe, about a dozen swallows came to the relief of the distressed parents, and falling vigorously to work, completely repaired the argillaceous habitation in the course of the afternoon….

The Pittsfield Sun (MA) 1811 11 23 page 4 The Fowler (widely circulated)

A careless whistling lad am I,
On sky-lark wings my moments fly
There's not a Fowler more renown'd
In all the world—for ten miles round!
Ah! who like me can spread the net?

Or tune the merry flageolet?
Then why, O ! why should I repine,
Since all the roving birds are mine:

The thrush and linnet in the vale,
The sweet sequester'd nightingale.
The bulfinch, wren, and woodlark, all
Obey my summons when I call.
O ! could I form some cunning snare,
To catch the coy coquetting fair,
In Cupid's am'rous web so fine,
-The pretty girls should all be mine !

When all were mine—among the rest,
I'd choose the lass I lik'd the best ;
And should my charming mate be kind,
And smile and kiss me to my mind,
With her I'd tie the nuptial knot,
Make Hymen's cage of my poor cot,
And love away this fleeting life
Like Robin Redbreast and his Wife.

The Columbian (NY) 1811 11 28 page 3 Advertisement. *American Ornithology* (widely circulated, repeated, sometimes headlined "Wilson's Ornithology")

This day is published by Inskeep & Bradford,

The Fourth Vol. of *American Ornithology; or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States*.

Illustrated with plates, engraved and colored from original drawings taken from nature.

By Alex. Wilson

The Enquirer (VA) 1811 11 29 page 4 Advertisement.

The subscribers having sustained much inconvenience by trespasses committed on their Lands lying on James River in the counties of Henrico and Goochland, hereby give notice, that all persons are forbid to hunt, shoot, fish, cut wood, and throw down or destroy enclosures on their lands, and that any person offending will be prosecuted according to law[8].

New-York Weekly Museum (NY) 1811 12 07 From the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe ["Translated from an old Indian Manuscript"]

…Oronoco, straight as the forest, rose in majesty above her companions; —nimble as the fleeting doe, her foot was light in the dance:—she sung in wild notes the perils of

the brave—the hills delighted to echo back her voice, and the little birds hushed their songs to hear the melody of her strains….

The Pittsburgh Gazette (PA) 1811 12 20 page 3 Indian News [letter between Gov. Harrison and Col. John M Scott]

…About six weeks since some of the young men in the village of Peoria told their chiefs in the presence of a man in the employment of General Clark "that they could kill the Americans as easily as blackbirds."…

1812

Federal Republican and Commercial Gazette (MD) 1812 01 20 page 1 Ha, Ha, Ha!

Who can help laughing at the extra bulletin issued from the government press on Friday? Poor Madison is again put to his tricks and contrivances. Finding public opinion to run in torrents against him, and seeing his influence sinking under the bold rebuke of Mr. Giles, he has assumed courage to urge congress to make "adequate preparations for maintaining our rights."…The worthy Mr. Gales might have been saved the extra trouble and expense of issuing Extras to catch gulls,—like little boys catch birds, by throwing fresh salt upon their tails….

Political and Commercial Register (PA) 1812 02 10 page 3 Communication (widely circulated)

We learn from Dr. Chapman, that on Saturday afternoon last he was called to Dr. Rousseau, whose life for several hours was in the utmost jeopardy, in consequence of his having dined on Pheasants, which were found to have fed on the poisonous berry of the laurel.

We state this fact in order to caution the public against the use of the Pheasant at the present time, and to suggest to the municipal authorities of the city, the propriety of prohibiting these birds being brought to market during the existence of deep snows.

The Tickler (PA) 1812 04 08 page 3 Appointments by Authority

Lord Torkel and Daunty Careson, to be strait-jacket and trunk-hosen makers for the army of Canada….

In addition to the duties imposed on Lord Torkel by the recent appointment which his lordship has received from Tenny Coxe, he has turned his attention to providing his "*Snapping Legion*" with cavalry and has prohibited the slaughtering of all *Cape May mocking birds*, under the severest penalties[9].

The Rhode-Island American and General Advertiser (RI) 1812 04 17 page 3 Communication by Agriclaea

Hast' seen a thing about the street,
In some respects resembling man;
Erect it walks on its hind feet,
Apes human beings all it can.

It talks, or rather jabbers much,
Of Congress, Madison and "Jeff."
'Bout "persecution," law and such,
And sometimes talks about himself.

As for the inside of the thing,
We will not undertake to say,
If push'd, perhaps we proof could bring,
'Tis but a calf-skin stuff'd with hay.

Of talking birds you often hear,
Parrots and Magpies talk and squall,
Why should it then be thought so queer,
To find a thing that is Jaw-all.

New-York Evening Post (NY) 1812 04 29 page 3 Advertisement. American Ornithology (widely circulated and repeated)

This day is published and ready for delivery to subscribers by Inskeep & Bradford,
No. 128 Broadway, the fifth volume of American Ornithology,
Or The Natural History of the Birds of the United States,
By Alexander Wilson…

The New-York Weekly Museum (NY) 1812 05 16 page 4 Sonnet IV by Petrarch

Petrarch, it would appear, sometimes amused himself with the sports of the field. Having one day caught a brace of birds, which some contend were wood pigeons, others partridges[10], in the country near Laura's birthplace, he sent them to a friend, probably James Colonna, the bishop, with the present Sonnet, which the birds themselves are supposed to speak, although in no living state, as is evident from the eleventh line. This composition is by the Abbe de Sade referred to the year 1331.. Beneath those very hills, where beauty threw…

Beneath those very hills, where beauty threw
  Her mantle first o'er that earth-moulded fair,
  Who oft from sleep, while shedding many a tear,
  Awakens him that sends us unto you,
Our lives in peacefulness and freedom flew,
  E'en as all creatures wish who hold life dear;
  Nor deem'd we aught could in its course come near,
  Whence to our wand'rings danger might accrue.
But from the wretched state to which we're brought,

Leaving another with sereneness fraught,
Nay, e'en from death, one comfort we obtain;
That vengeance follows him who sent us here;
Another's utmost thraldom doom'd to bear,
Bound he now lies with a still stronger chain.

Franklin Herald (MA) 1812 05 19 page 1 An Address to the People of the Eastern States [*New York Herald*]

…But, my countrymen, the consequence of this war, most to be dreaded, by every American; is the truly dreadful alliance that we shall, nay, that we must form with France. Citizens, the gulph of destruction is before you!...The reign of terror will soon commence: and you will be compelled to speak, if you speak at all, of their tyrant, as he is spoken of in his own dominion. Our country will be filled with spies and dilators[11]. No man will dare to whisper his thoughts, even in his chimney corner, lest the birds of the air should carry news. My God!—Deliver us from such a day….

New-York Evening Post (NY) 1812 05 22 page 3 Advertisement. American Museum, No. 21 Chatham-Street.

[includes wood cut of crested penguin and bird of paradise]
To the very great collection of Natural History in this establishment, 76 Birds and Animals have lately been added.
The Great and King Birds of Paradise, the first ever exhibited in this city; a pair of Crested Penguins, from the South Seas; a number of Cardinals, Bee-Eaters, Flycatchers, Manakins, and Aquatic Birds, Quadrupeds, &c. are among the late additions; as also a
Beautiful Forest Scene, of the Game Animals of North America….

Trenton Federalist (NJ) 1812 06 01 page 2 Friday

It is worthy of observation that ever since the reception of the Embargo in this town, we have not experienced one fair day, the Sun as if indignant at such a measure has withdrawn his ruddy face—the Birds, as if conscious of the distress of the country, have ceased to carrol—Vegetation is more than unusually loath to appear—we have snow and vapor—we feel apprehensive of "seed time and harvest" we felicitate ourselves, that there is no embargo in the gifts of Nature. Providence never exercises injustice towards the children of men.

New-York Evening Post (NY) 1812 06 04 page 2 Melancholy Occurrence (widely reported)

On Friday last, Van Vechten Van Renssalaer, a promising youth of about 6 years of age, son of General Solomon Van Renssalaer, being in company with an elder brother near the dwelling house of their father, in the town of Bethlehem, was shot through the head and instantly expired. The circumstances leading to this transaction, as detailed in evidence before an inquest held by the Recorder of this city, appear to be as follows—

This unfortunate youth, and his elder brother, went a few rods from the house into an open field, belonging to the general; having a gun, with intent to kill birds—The younger brother being in the field and the elder near the fences a few yards distant, a shot was heard as from a musket and the unfortunate youth immediately fell, having received the contents of the musket through the ear into the brain.—Immediately after a man was observed with a musket, who in great haste traversed the clear field and ran into an adjoining wood. The description of this man was given by a number of witnesses, and his conduct about the time was observed to be very extraordinary, and as denoting an absence of mind, but his name and place of abode have not yet been discovered—It is hoped, however, he will be apprehended—until when we forbear expressing an opinion as to the firing by this person being by accident or design. The gun which the elder brother had taken with him had not been discharged—It was afterwards examined by the inquest, who were well satisfied, and so found their verdict, that the deceased came to his death by being shot by some person unknown to the jurors.

The Courier (DC) 1812 07 09 page 4 For the Courier by Philander

Occasioned by the death of two Sparrows while in the act of incubation.

When Spring her varied mantle threw,
O'er natures smiling face;
And ting'd with variegated hue,
The num'rous flow'ry race: —
The change, both Earth and Heav'n admir'd,
And Man himself look'd gay—
Whilst tribes of various kinds conspir'd,
To add fresh charms to May.

'Tis now all thro' the trackless air,
The feathery songsters move;
Each looking out with whom to pair,
Impell'd thereto by Love.

Love!—O thou thorny sweetest rose!—
Where will thy conquests end?
Why touch the little heart, of those
That cannot thee commend?

Was it because you knew their fate,
By some prescient power;
That first they should be made to mate,
Then ruin'd in an hour?

But hush my muse, nor thus arraign,
Love's mighty influence,

Nor by erroneous thoughts give pain,
To its munificence.

"Tis good to Love, God laid the plan,
Then Love—O Love—forgive!—
For Love to God and Love to Man,
Keep all the world alive.

New-York Evening Post (NY) 1812 07 15 page 3 Advertisement. *The American Medical and Philosophical Register: Or, Annals of Medicine, Natural History, Agriculture and the Arts*. (Number 1 of Volume 3 for July 1812)

…Review[12].
American Ornithology; or Natural History of the Birds of the United States. By Alex. Wilson. Vols. 3 and 4.

The Columbian (NY) 1812 09 07 page 3 Advertisement. Bulletin Extra!

Henry J. Hassey, Emperor of the Birds and Beasts and King of the Poles, considering the precarious tenure on which Crowns are held now-a-days, and apprehensive that Bone, that gormandizer of kings, might attack us, after dethroning our brother Alexander of Russia, have resigned our former title and assumed that of Admiral, of the American stripes and stars…

P.S. Officers and crews shaved and dressed in the true Yankee style on board and a great variety of birds and beasts for sale.

Portland Gazette and Maine Advertizer (ME) 1812 09 07 To the Limerick Poet (See last *Gazette*[13]) by "Cyprian"

O, mourn not thus thy absent love;
What if thou see'st no favorite dove—
  Will not a pigeon do?
Pigeons I'm sure are larger birds—
The sweetest fowl the wood affords
  And make a better "Stew"

Thy heart throbs hard—it should beat light,
Else will the timid bird take flight,
  Nor in thy bosom sing;
The dove from thy embrace with turn,
Lest that warm fire which in thee burns,
  Should singe its pretty wings.

Yet still, thou votary of love,
Since thou can'st not enjoy thy dove,
  E'en court some other fowl;

The Hern or Bittern, you can try,
Yet if from your embrace these fly
You sure can catch an owl.

The Western Star, and Harp of Erin (NY) 1812 09 26 page 2 *American Ornithology; or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States*; illustrated with Plates, engraved and colored from original drawings, taken from Nature. By Alex. Wilson, Vol V.—Bradford & Inskeep. [review in *Port Folio*]

The appearance of this 5th volume, is an honourable proof of the zeal and perseverance of the author, to whom our Country is under singular obligations. Before his residence among us, our Ornithology was abandoned to foreign Naturalists, in whose meagre descriptions we scarcely recognized any of the objects with which we are most familiar. But Mr. Wilson has not only introduced to our notice, and domesticated, as it were, a number of Birds hitherto imperfectly known, but has revealed the wonderful riches of our country, which, till now, had been hidden in obscurity.

The *American Ornithology* is indeed almost a literary phenomenon. The author did not sit down in the leisure of his cabinet, to systematize the labours of other travelers; he was not aided by scientific friends nor patronized by the munificence of rich men, or by a liberal monarchy— He came among us, a solitary, unprotected individual, and carried by an enthusiastic ardor for his favorite studies, traversed almost the whole of the United States—on foot, alone, under every inconvenience and privation, he explored the hidden recesses of the forests; he studied the natural character and habits of birds before they degenerate into civilization, and, uniting the skill of an Artist to the science of a Naturalist, drew, on the spot, the most exact delineations of the feathered tribes. This rich collection he is now communicating to the public, in a manner equally honourable to himself and to our country. If, indeed, there be any American desirous of proving the progress of the Arts in this new region, he could not carry with him to Europe a more emphatic proof than the American Ornithology.—Wherever it has been seen in Great Britain, it has excited the highest approbation of the most competent judges, mingled with surprise, that a production so exquisite should issue from the American press.—These testimonies render us the more desirous of making the work more generally known among our readers, and of contributing to its circulation.

With respect to the mere mechanical execution, this work, we believe, stands at the head of all that has yet appeared in America; and, with the exception of the great work of Bewick, has scarcely and equal among the Ornithological publications of England.—So faithful, indeed, are the delineations; so happy has Mr. Wilson been in seizing the peculiarities of every bird in his collection, that not only the colour, the plumage, and the figure, but the physiognomy, the gestures, and positions are preserved with accuracy, which, at a glance, renders us familiar with its character. These traits are transmitted with equal elegance by the engravers, and the paper, the type, everything connected with the impression, reflects the highest honour on those concerned in it.

These are, however, subordinate considerations in comparison with the stock

which Mr. Wilson has added to our knowledge of the birds of the United States for his work will, when completed; form the best and only collection on that subject. The four previous volumes have been filled with descriptions and engravings of a great number of birds, which, as the circumstances under which the work was published, did not permit a generical arrangement, it would exceed our limits to enumerate. There will yet remain for the sixth volume, the woodcock, snipe, partridge, rail, pheasant, a number of hawks, owls, vultures, and other new and interesting subjects. With the seventh will commence the order of *grallae* or waders, and the work will be extended to ten entire volumes , which will complete the American Ornithology. The contents of the volume more immediately before us , do not yield, either in variety or interest, to any of the preceding. Besides engravings and descriptions of several species of swallows, the beautiful turtle-dove, the plaintive whip-poor-will, and several hawks, the passenger-pigeon, the brown lark, different warblers, the hermit and tawny thrush, the little sand-piper, the purple finch, red owl, ringed-plover, red start, and purple martin, are all introduced.

We shall close this short notice, by an extract from the account of a bird, which, tho' familiar to most of us, has not before been so well described; and conclude with our best wishes for the successful continuation of Mr. Wilson's labours.

"This is a singular and very celebrated species, universally noted over the greater part of the United States for the loud reiterations of his favorite call in spring, and yet personally he is but little known, most people being unable to distinguish this from the night-hawk, when both are placed before them; and some insisting that they are the same. This being the case, it becomes the duty of his historian to give a full and faithful delineation of his character and peculiarity of manners, that his existence is a distinct and independent species may no longer be doubted, nor his story mingled confusedly with that of another. I trust that those best acquainted with him will bear witness to the fidelity of the portrait.

"On or about the twenty-fifth of April, if the season be not uncommonly cold, the whip-poor-will is first heard in this part of Pennsylvania, in the evening, as the dusk of twilight commences, or in the morning as soon as dawn has broke. In the state of Kentucky, I first heard this bird, on the fourteenth of April, near the town of Danville. The notes of this solitary bird, from the ideas which are naturally associated with them, seem like the voice of an old friend, and are listened to by almost all with great interest.

At first, they issue from some retired part of the woods, the glen or mountain; in a few evenings, perhaps, we hear them from an adjoining coppice—the garden fence—the road before the door, and even from the roof of the dwelling house, long after the family have retired to rest. Some of the more ignorant and superstitious consider this near approach as foreboding no good to the family, nothing less than sickness, misfortune, or death to some of its members; these visits, however, so often occur without any bad consequences, that this superstitious dread seems on the decline.

"He is now a regular acquaintance. Every morning and evening his shrill and rapid repetitions are heard from the adjoining woods, and when two or more are calling out at the same time, as is often the case in the pairing season, and at no great distance from

each other, the noise, mingling with the echoes from the mountains, is really surprising. Strangers, in parts of the country where these birds are numerous, find it impossible for some time to sleep; while to those long acquainted with them, the sound often serves as a lullaby to assist their repose.

"These notes seem pretty plainly to articulate the words which have been generally applied to them, Whip-poor-will, the first and last syllables being uttered with great emphasis, and the whole in about a second to each repetition; but when two or more males meet, their whip-poor-will altercations become much more rapid and incessant, as if each were straining to overpower or silence the other. When near, you often hear an introductory cluck between the notes. At these times, as well as at almost all other, they fly low, not more than a few feet from the surface, skimming about the house and before the door, alighting on the woodpile, or settling on the roof. Towards midnight they generally become silent, unless in clear moonlight, when they are heard with little intermission till morning. If there be a creek near, with high precipitous bushy banks, they are sure to be found in such situations. During the day they sit in the most retired, solitary and deep shaded parts of the woods, generally on high ground, where they repose in silence. When disturbed, they rise within a few feet, sail low and slowly through the woods for thirty or forty yards, and generally settle on a low branch or on the ground. Their sight appears deficient during the day, as, like owls, they seem to want that vivacity for which they are distinguished in the morning and evening twilight. They are rarely shot at, or molested; and from being thus transiently seen in the obscurity of dusk, or in the deep umbrage of the woods, no wonder their particular markings of plumage should be so little known, or that they should be confounded with the night-hawk, whom in general appearance they so much resemble. The female begins to lay about the second week in May, selecting for this purpose the most unfrequented part of the wood, often where some brush, old logs, heaps of leaves, &c. had been lying, and always on a dry situation. The eggs are deposited on the ground, or on the leaves, not the slightest appearance of a nest being visible. These are usually two in number, in shape much resembling those of the night-hawk, but having the ground color much darker, and more thickly marbled with dark olive. The precise period of incubation I am unable to say.

"Early in June, as soon as the young appear, the notes of the male usually cease, or are heard but rarely. Towards the latter part of summer, a short time before these birds leave us, they are again occasionally heard; but their call is not so loud—much less emphatical, and more interrupted than in spring. Early in September they move off towards the south.

"The favourite places of resort for these birds are on high dry situations; in low marshy tracts of country, they are seldom heard. It is probably on this account that they are scarce on the sea coast and its immediate neighbourhood, while towards the mountains they are very numerous. The night-hawks on the contrary, delight in these extensive sea marshes; and are much more numerous there than in the interior and higher parts of the country. But no where in the U. States have I found the whip-poor-will in such numbers as in that tract of country in the state of Kentucky called the Barrens. This appears to be the most congenial climate and place of residence. There,

from the middle of April to the first of June, as soon as the evening twilight draws on, the shrill and confused clamors of these birds are incessant, and very surprising to a stranger. They soon, however, become extremely agreeable; the inhabitants lie down at night lulled by their whistlings; and the first appearance of dawn, is announced by a general and lively chorus of the same music; while the full-toned tooting, as it is called, of the pinnated grouse, forms a very pleasing bass to the whole[14]."

New-York Evening Post (NY) 1812 10 02 page 2 Advertisement. *American Ornithology* (widely circulated, repeated)

Just published by Inskeep & Bradford, 128 Broadway.

The Sixth Volume of American Ornithology;

Or, the Natural History of the Birds of the United States

Illustrated with plates engraved and colored from original drawings taken from Nature.

By Alexander P. Wilson.

The Gleaner (PA) 1812 (PA)10 09 page 4 The Dead Shot, or Long Pack (continued)

… in comes Edward. He was a lad of about sixteen years of age, son to a coal-driver on the border—was possessed of a good deal of humor and ingenuity, but somewhat roguish, forward, and commonly very ragged in his apparel. He was about this time wholly intent on shooting the crows and birds of various kinds that alighted in whole flocks where he foddered the cattle. He had bought a huge old military gun, which he denominated Copenhagen, and was continually thundering away at them. He seldom killed any, if ever, but he once or twice knocked off a few feathers and after much narrow inspection, discovered some drops of blood on the snow. He was at this very moment come in great haste for Copenhagen, having seen a glorious chance of sparrows and a robin red breast among them, feeding on the side of a corn-rick, but hearing them talk of something mysterious and living pack, he pricked up his ears and became all attention. Faith, Alice, said he, if you will let me, I'll shoot it.—….

Yankee (MA) 1812 10 16 page 4 Economical Almanac. October

—"Whate'er the Wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd: The various blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth; and Summer suns.
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view." Thomson

The man who keeps pace with time in his business is out of the sheriff's way. When I see a farmer leave his corn, after it is ripe, to be pillaged by the birds and vermin, I conclude he has gone to work for an attorney, to settle the costs upon a suit for an old debt.

He had better give his neighbor, who is more beforehand, a certain share of his corn to gather it in a season. The blackbirds and squirrels may take enough every day to pay a laborer for his work. After all their pilfering, it requires as much time to secure the remainder, as though they had not meddled with it….

National Intelligencer (DC) 1812 10 17 page 2 Dialogue. Between a peace-party-man—a Federalist—a Democratic Clintonian, and a Republican.

…Peace-party man…: that talk of Clinton's war talent is a mere gull-trap, to catch such of the war-hawks as may be necessary to carry our point…

Clin: And I tell you, you will find out at your leisure, "Who's the dupe?" The gull-trap was set to catch blinder birds than we, I can sure you….

New-England Palladium (MA) 1812 10 20 page 4 Extraordinary Instinct [Wilson's *American Ornithology*] (widely reprinted)

As an instance of very uncommon instinct in the lower animals we select the following facts respecting the Brown or Ferruginous Thrush,* from Wilson's American Ornithology.

"I remember to have reared one of these birds from the nest, which when full grown, became very tame and docile. I frequently let him out of his cage, to give him a taste of liberty. After fluttering and dusting himself in dry sand and earth and bathing, washing, and dressing himself, he would proceed to hunt insects, such as beetles, crickets and other shelly tribes; but, being very fond of wasps, after catching them, and knocking them about to break their wing, he would lay them down, then examine if they had a sting, and with his bill squeeze the abdomen, to clear it of the reservoir of poison, before he would swallow his prey. When in this cage, being very fond of dry crusts f bread, if upon trial the corners of the crumbs were too hard and sharp for his throat, he would throw them up, carry them and put them into his water dish to soften, then take them out and swallow them. Many other very remarkable circumstances might be mentioned, that would fully demonstrate faculties of mind; not only innate but acquired ideas (derived from necessity in a state of domestication) when we call understanding and knowledge. We see that this bird could associate those ideas, arrange and apply them in a rational manner, according to circumstances. For instance, if he knew that it was the hard sharp corners of the crumb of bread that hurt his gullet, and prevented him from swallowing it, and that water would soften and render it easy to be swallowed, this knowledge must be acquired by observation and experience, or some other bird taught him. Here the bird perceived, by the effect, the cause, and then took the quickest, the most effectural and agreeable method to remove that cause. What could the wisest man have done better? Call it reason or instinct, it is the same that a sensible man would have done in this case."

*The statement is not given by the author, but by "his venerable friend Mr. Bartram."

The Troy Post (NY) 1812 10 20 page 4 Essay on the Origin, Union and

Progress of Poetry and Music [*New Hampshire Sentinel*]

…Tehoyong is said to have invented a species of music in imitation of a concert of birds, whose power was irresistible. So sweet, so wild and enchanting were its strains, that it was considered a sovereign antidote for the pains both body and mind. The emperors Fouhi and Chimong made great improvement in their festal songs and instrumental melody. The last emperor, who retained the character of musician, was Chao Hao. He is fabled to have invented a kind of music to unite men with superior beings….

Columbian (MA) 1812 11 04 Description of England [Democratic Press]

In ancient times, no matter where,
A nation liv'd of wise men,
Who lawyers fed with special care,
Bombailiffs and excisemen!!!

Who made good laws to guard a hare,
A partridge, or a pheasant,
And left the poor, to nature's care,
Say—was not this right pleasant?

Who cut each others' throats for fun,
On land and the on the water,
Whilst half the world look'd weeping on,
And half was burst with laughter.

Who shut up men within stone walls,
Because they were indebted.
Then let them out when hunger's calls
Had them to shadows fretted!

Who kept in pay ten thousand knaves,
And fifty thousand villains;
To make their fellow creatures slaves,
For sake of peace and shillings

Who to that country would not run,
Where such like freedom's got at,
Where birds escape the fatal gun,
And men alone are shot at?

American Watchman and Delaware Republican (DE) 1812 11 11 page 1 Third Letter of W. to the editors of the Whig.

…I remember to have read a story of a certain conning man of Lybia, who passed

himself upon his countrymen as a God. He caught a number of those birds that are capable of imitating the human voice & having taught them to pronounce distinctly the words, "Psaphon is a God," he set them at liberty. The woods soon resounded with the cry, and the superstitious Lybians believing the authority indisputable worshipped the self-created divinity. But the people of the United States will not be so deceived; they know that birds can be taught to speak. They will require something more than the bare assertions of the New York committee to confirm the title of Mr. Clinton to their veneration.

Salem Gazette (MA) 1812 12 18 page 3 Wild Swans [*Washingtonian*]

On the night of the 8th or 9th inst. a Mr. Allen living at Chateaugay, N. Y. was disturbed, by what he supposed to be the noise of wild geese flying. He got up from his bed, and went to the door, which when opened, displayed the light of the fire, towards which light one of a flock of wild SWANS flew, and fell down, stunned by flying against a waggon which stood before the door. It was immediately caught. Mr. Allen then returned to his bed; but still thinking he heard the noise of more, arose again, and a lantern obtained, when they went out and the birds, four in number, immediately flew towards the light of the lantern and were easily caught. There are two old ones, which are entirely white, except the bills and legs, which are black; the three young ones are of a light ash colour, the bills red, with the edges ash coloured. Their feet are very large. The largest of the white ones, which is supposed to be the male, weighs twenty seven pounds, and measures nine feet across the wings, when extended, and five feet from the end of the bill to the end of his tail. They differ only from the English wild Swan, by not having the yellow wax, or excrescence, on the head above the bill.

Portland Gazette, and Maine Advertizer (ME) 1812 12 21 page 1 The Monitor No. XCII.

"Detested sport!
"That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
"Of harmless nature, dumb but yet endued
"With eloquence that agonies inspire
"Of silent tears, and heart distending sighs." [Cowper, uncredited]

Among the many glaring proofs of the shocking depravity of the heart, the love of field sports holds a distinguished place. It is difficult to conceive how a spark of humanity can live in a heart bent on the chase and eagerly waiting the moment that shall give to the fury of its pursuers a poor harmless animal spent with fatigue, and expiring in agony 'Tis true that the poor defenseless hare is seldom chased for pleasure in New-England, but still there are objects of sport the pursuit of which are equally criminal, else why do I hear the yelping of hounds in the forest, or the sound of the sportsman's gun as soon as the glorious luminary of day lights up the blushes of morning? It will be readily granted that is sometimes proper to destroy the life of animals, but as we cannot restore life, it is wicked to take it away from the meanest reptile when their deaths would yield us no profit. To practice shooting birds for sport only betrays meanness of mind also at which a thinking man would

blush. Vulgar minds may indeed be pleased for a while with fishing and fowling in the manner in which they are followed for sport, but a man of intellectual capacity, with a mind enlarged by science, or laboring to attain the temple of virtue, to lay aside the dignity of his character and stoop to join a sporting party—'tis humiliating in the last degree.—"The milk of human kindness" cannot be expected to flow in a breast dead to the noblest feelings of fallen man, or deaf to the calls of dumb, suffering eloquence, and hence the humanity of a professed sportsman has become proverbial, like the temperance of a tipler, or the courage of a coward.

The saying of Cowper "I ne'er will enter on my list of friends the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm," has more propriety in it than is first imagined; for as the true test of character lies in little things, it may be relied on that the man who treats with wanton barbarity any of the brute creation, but that he fears the gallows, would on a slight occasion lift his murderous hand against his fellow being.

1813

The Reporter (KY) 1813 01 30 page 1 Comparison between the old and new governments of France [Cobbet's Register]

The Game Laws were another blessing to which, I suppose, the "Deliverers" would fain restore the people of France. When we speak of Game, under the old government of France, we must figure to ourselves whole droves of wild boars & herd of wild deer, not confined by any wall…but rambling all over the whole country, to the destruction of the crops in the fields and gardens. To touch any of these, or any other sort of game, was, to the offender, a punishment little short of death…He did not dare steep his seed lest it should injure the game; nor did he dare to manure his land with night soil, lest the flavor of the birds should be injured by feeding on the corn produced by such manure…

The National Advocate (NY) 1813 02 06 page 2 The Medical Repository

We have read with great pleasure the 2nd number…of the first volume of this work…

2. A review of Wilson's Ornithology. This history of the birds of the United States is justly praised,—and too much commendation cannot be bestowed upon the beautiful labors of the artists who have adorned the volumes with colored engravings of the subjects described.—The ingenious author, who is no less distinguished for the charms of his style, than for the fidelity of his descriptions—has persevered to the sixth volume of his work—a circumstance equally honorable to him and the country….

Boston Daily Advertiser (MA) 1813 03 24 page 2 Communication (widely circulated)

Caution—the people of this town are cautioned against purchasing woodcock and snipe at this season of the year. They are miserably poor, scurvy, and covered with vermine: and so far from being a delicacy, they are certainly unhealthy. This fact alone

ought to restrain every person from buying them. This would effectually put a stop to their useless destruction in the spring of the year. But there is another consideration that ought to supply the place of Law, which is this: —The killing them in the spring will finally destroy the whole species. It is now the period of their nesting, and as they are easily killed, it is quite certain that they will be brought to market in great numbers if they can be sold.

The Statesman (NY) 1813 04 16 page 3 Battle of the Peacock and Hornet[15] [Democratic Press]

A new Song—Tune old Granu Weal
Ye Demos attend, and ye Federalists too,
I'll sing you a song that you all know is new;
It is of a Hornet, true stull I'll be bail.
That tickl'd a Peacock and lower'd his tail
CHORUS
Sing bubbrow dudderow Granu Weal,
Our Hornets can tickle a British bird's tail
Their stings are all sharpen'd to pierce without fail,
Success to our Navy says Granu Weal.

This Peacock was bred in the land of King George,
His feathers were fine and his tail very large;
He spread both his wings like a ship in full sail
CHORUS
King George said, my bird to America go,
Each Hornet and Wasp is the British king's foe;
Pick them up, my dear bird, spread you wings for the gale,
But beware of the Insects of Granu Weal
CHORUS
Away flew the bird at the word of command,
His flight was directed to Freedom's own land,
But the Hornet discovered his wings like a sail,
And quickly determined to lower his tail.
CHORUS
So to it they went then, with both beak and sting,
The Hornet still working keen under the wing,
American insects, quoth he, I'll be bail,
Will ruffle your feathers, and lower your tail
CHORUS
The Peacock now mortally under the wing,
Did feel the full force of the Hornet's sharp sting,
He flatten'd his crest with a whir and a wail
[…] down 'fore the Hornet and lower'd his sail.
CHORUS
Success to brave Lawrence who knows well the nest;

Where Hornets and Wasps can with honor still test;
He'll send them with skill and with forced, I'll be bail
To humble king's birds and to tickle their tail
CHORUS

*The name Granu Weal is used as expressive of the sentiment that animates the heart of every true Irishman.

Democratic Republican (NH) 1813 04 26 page 4 Thoughts on Spring [uncredited *The Scots Magazine*[16], 1799]

There is no season of the year so delightful to our feelings, so attuned to harmony, and so invigorating to the constitution, as the time of spring….The plough-share once more breaks the ground; the husbandman again sows his corn, in joyful expectation of the harvest; the birds renew their songs, and, in short, all nature is in exultation at the pleasing change…

The Investigator (SC) 1813 05 20 page 2 From Melish's Travels Vol 2d page 3d

…Many works have lately issued from the American press, embellished with engravings equal, and some of them superior, to those of the same kind in Europe. In particular, the American Ornithology, by Alexander Wilson, challenges a competition with any work of the kind that has ever appeared; and has received the stamp of approbation from the best judges in Europe. The splendid success of that work in America, speaks volumes in favor of American taste…

The Enquirer (VA) 1813 05 22 page 4 Production of Silk by "Philosericus"

It is presumed that the following sketch on the culture of silk will be acceptable to your readers…In some parts of Asia, the silk worms immediately after hatching, are put on the mulberry trees, and left to shift for themselves; and it is said they practice this in some parts of Connecticut; but that a man armed with a gun, attends all day to shoot the birds…

The Columbian (NY) 1813 05 29 page 3 Advertisement. *American Ornithology* (widely circulated, repeated)

Just published ready for delivery to subscribers by Inskeep and Bradford, 128 Broadway,

The Seventh Volume of American Ornithology

Or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States

Illustrated with plates, engraved and colored from Original Drawings taken from Nature.

By Alexander Wilson.

Constitutionalist and Weekly Magazine (NH) 1813 06 01 page 4 Early Rising

"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
"With charms of earliest birds[17]"

Early rising promotes our prosperity and amusements, is conducive to our health, invigorates our intellectual faculties, and is ranked among our moral duties. Instead of enjoying the pleasures and delights which the morning affords to early risers, the votaries of Morpheus, reposing on their pillows, have but negative happiness, while all creation seems animated with general joy and the feathered choir are hymning their melodious songs—…

Boston Patriot (MA) 1813 06 23 page 1 To the Honorable the Senate, in their capacity of overseers of Harvard College.

To what was advanced in our last relative to the Botanical Garden, and to the Lectures, it is proper to add here, that upon Dr. Waterhouse being solemnly assured that his lectureship should not be interfered with, but encouraged, he took a pleasure in facilitating the new establishment. As a Botanical Garden, Nursery and Museum were, with him favorite objects, he exerted himself to promote all three….the collection he had made in the animal kingdom, principally birds and insects, was not much inferior to any of his neighbors…

Poulson's American Daily Advertiser (PA) 1813 06 30 page 2 Advertisement. Late Donations and Additions to the Philadelphia Museum

A great variety of new and interesting birds and eggs, from various parts of America. Collected and presented by Mr. Alexander Wilson….

Eastern Argus (ME) 1813 07 15 page 3 Rifles!

This species of fire arms, in the use of which the Americans in the middle and western states are peculiarly expert, was invented in Europe prior to the American Revolution; since that period their use has been gradually increasing to such a degree that in some places in this country, it is common practice to hunt even the smallest game with them instead of using shot guns….It is a fact that a good marksman with a rifle will generally not merely hit squirrels and birds with certainty but hit them in the head—on the other hand it is not uncommon for shot thrown from a smooth gun to strike all around a bird and yet leave the animal itself untouched, and still more common to wound it slightly that it escapes; but a rifle ball seldom fails to kills, and even when fired into flocks (the only situation in which shot can be used to better advantage) rifle balls will go through several birds, such as sea fowls, before they lose their force….

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1813 08 07 page 4 Gazel. From Ardalah in London, to—, in Ispahan.

Rememberest thou the hour we past,

That hour, the happiest and the last!
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
To summer bees, at break of morn,
Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
To Camel's ears the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather, heart to heart,
  United live and die—
Like those sweet birds that fly together,
With feather always touching feather,
  *Linked by a hook and eye!

*This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from the Persian and the curious bird which is alluded to is the Juftak, of which the following account is to be found in Richardson:—"A sort of bird that is said to have but one wing; on the opposite side to which the male has a hook, and the female a ring, so that when they fly, they are fastened together."

Poulson's American Daily Advertiser (PA) 1813 08 24 page 3 Mortuary Notice (very widely circulated)

Died, yesterday morning, at 9 o'clock, after a short illness, Alexander Wilson, Esquire, Author of the American Ornithology, and other literary works.

Poulson's American Daily Advertiser (PA) 1813 08 24 page 3 Columbian Society of Artists

The Members are particularly invited to attend the funeral of their late Associate Brother Alexander Wilson from his late dwelling No. 233 Spruce St at nine o'clock this morning.

At a meeting of the Columbian Society of Artists held at the Academy, on Monday 23d inst. the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That in consequence of the death of their much lamented fellow-member Alexander Wilson, Esq. Author of the American Ornithology &c. the Members of this institution, wear crape on the left arm, for thirty days, in testimony of the high consideration, the virtues and talents of the deceased are held by the Society.

Resolved, That the Members of the Society meet at the Academy this morning, at a quarter before 9 o'clock, from thence to proceed in a body to the funeral.

Extract from the Minutes, R. Mills, Secretary, Tuesday morning, 24th August, 1813.

The Weekly Register (MD) 1813 07 24 page 1 Letter of Dr. Benjamin Rush

…The less time you spend in fishing and hunting and other youthful amusements, the better. In reviewing my life I have often felt pain on recollecting the many innocent birds I killed for mere sport, for I had flesh enough and of a better kind than theirs to eat at any time I pleased, both at home and the country school at which I passed my youth…all of which consumed so many precious hours that might have been more profitably employed in getting my lessons, or reading instructing books…

Telegraph (NY) 1813 08 28 page 4 Love and Liberty by R. Tyler, Esq.

In bri'ry dell, or thicket brown,
On mountain high, in lowly vale,
Or where the thistle sheds its down,
And sweet fern scents the passing gale;
There hop the birds from bush to tree,
Love fills their throats,
Love swells their notes,
Their song is Love and Liberty

No parent bird shall love direct;
His fair he seeks in plumy throng,
Caught by the plumage of her neck
Of kindred softness of her song:
They sing and bill from bush to tree
Love fills their throats,
Love swells their notes,
Their song is Love and Liberty

Some airy songster's feather'd shape,
O! could my love and I assume;
The ring-dove's glossy neck he take,
And I the modest turtle's plume;
O then we'd sport from bush to tree,
Love fill our throats,
Love swell our notes,
Our song be Love and Liberty

The New-York Weekly Museum (NY) 1813 08 28 page 4 The Choice by "M.A.W."

I'd rather be some humble swain,
And toil for daily bread;
Than foremost in the paths of fame,
Her brightest laurels easy gain,
To crown my envied head.
…
When Night draws near in shadows long,

And darksome clouds appear;
With him I'd rather come along,
And listen to the birds' last song,
And feel that God is near…

American Watchman and Delaware Republican (DE) 1813 09 01 page 3 [*Universal Magazine*] (widely circulated)

Died—In Philadelphia, on Monday morning, the 23d ult. at 9 o'clock, after a short illness, Alexander Wilson Esquire, Author of the American Ornithology and other literary works. In the death of this gentleman science mourns the loss of one of her most favorite sons.

The following Biographical sketch of the deceased is from the *Universal Magazine*.

Alexander Wilson was born at Paisley, in the year 1766. His father intending him for the medical profession, gave him as good an education as his trade of a weaver would allow. He, however, entered into a second marriage which put an end to this scheme, unfortunately for young Wilson, who at the age of thirteen was put to the loom. After an apprenticeship of five years, he became his own master; but his eager passion for reading poetry and novels absorbed most of his time, and left him in a state of constant need. In the year 1786 he gave up his occupation, and travelled the country. In 1790 he settled again in Paisley and published a volume of poems and a journal of his excursions, which meeting with poor success, involved him further in pecuniary difficulties. He again returned to the loom; but his favorite literary pursuits still engrossed his attention, and the society of the young and thoughtless of his own age consumed his time and exhausted his means of support.

Soon after the publication of his poems he became the dupe of a worthless fellow, who had been vainly endeavoring to sell them, and who persuaded him to write a satire, with a view to relieve himself from his embarrassments The poem being of a popular subject, sold rapidly but his friend's advice led him beyond the safe bounds of satire, and he incurred a prosecution, by which he suffered severely. The remembrance of this misfortune dwelt upon his mind, and rendered him dissatisfied with his country.

Another cause of Wilson's dejection was the rising fame of Burns, and the indifference of the public to his own productions. He may be said to have envied the Ayrshire hard and to this envy may be attributed his best production, " Watty and Meg," which he wrote at Edenburg in 1793. He sent it to Neilson: printer, at Pailsey, who had suffered by the publication of his former pomes. As it was, by the advice of his friends, published anonymously, it was generally ascribed to Burns, and went rapidly through seven or eight editions. Wilson, however, shared no part of the profits, willing to compensate for the former losses his publisher had sustained.

Tired of a country in which the efforts of his genius had been rendered abortive, he resolved in the year 1794 or 1795 to embark for America, which his warm fancy and independent spirit had taught him to regard as the land of liberty. To procure money

for the passage he labored with incessant industry and having accumulated a sufficient sum he took his departure. He settled in the state of Pennsylvania, where he remained four or-five years as a teacher, and was afterwards employed for about the same length of time as a land surveyor. He then became connected with Mr. Samuel Bradford, bookseller and stationer, of Philadelphia, in the capacity of editor. He is now engaged in an extensive work entitled, "American Ornithology." In pursuit of subjects for this performance he has actually traversed a great part of the United States, and has been enabled to pursue his favorite diversion of shooting. He kills the birds, draws their figures, and describes them[18].

The New-York Weekly Museum (NY) 1813 09 11 page 4 The Swallows

The birds having commenced their migratory course, we select the following beautiful lines from an English publication, written on the occasion.

Farewell, sweet visitants! Once more adieu!
May gales propitious waft you to that shore,
Where blooming spring again shall smile for you,
And gladden nature with her boundless store!

To you, sweet birds! How blest a lot is giv'n!
When wint'ry clouds and chilling blasts are nigh;
Taught by the mercy of indulgent heav'n,
You shun the storm, and seek a milder sky.

But when shall man, when happiness is fled,
When hope is wither'd in misfortune's blast;
When black despair hangs hov'ring o'er his head,
And the gay summer of his joys is past,
Where shall he fly to heal the deadly sting,
Or where his tortur'd mind find out another Spring?

The New-York Weekly Museum (NY) 1813 09 18 page 2 Evening by Mary Wollstoncraft, in Norway [1796]

I retired to my apartment with regret. The night was so fine, that I would gladly have rambled about much longer; yet recollecting that I must rise very early, I reluctantly went to bed; but my senses had been so awake, and my imagination still continued so busy, that I sought my rest in vain. Rising before six, I scented the sweet morning air; I had long before heard the birds twittering to hail the dawning day, though it could scarcely have been allowed to have departed…

Eastern Argus (ME) 1813 09 23 page 2

The following obituary notice was designed to accompany the annunciation of the decease of Alexander Wilson Esq. the author of American ornithology and various literary productions of merited reputation.

I know him well, Horatio! a fellow of most "excellent fancy."

The fond and favored child of nature sleeps. His genius, enthusiasm, taste, judgement and learning are lost to science and society, his sensibility and generosity to this friends and acquaintance. They will charm and inform, will delight and instruct no more; but friendship will plant a willow at his grave, and the tears of affection will mingle with the dews of Heaven, that trickle from its foliage. The simplicity of innocence, and the dignity of truth formed the manners of Mr. Wilson. Gentleness without weakness, liberality without extravagance, firmness without obstinacy, and independence without pride composed his character. His laborious researches in natural history and philosophy have augmented the stock of American literature. His love of country has engaged the exercise of his talents in defense of her constitution and government. While virtue shall be reverenced and patriotism be honored; while science shall retain a votary, or literature possesses a charm, the memory of Wilson will be dear to letters and to man.

The New-York Weekly Museum (NY) 1813 09 25 page 4 Lines written after an agreeable conversation with a young lady. [Uncredited, from *London Weekly Visitor*, 1800]

Sweet is the melting softness of the flute
And sweet the warb'lings feather'd songsters make
But neither birds, nor flagellet, nor lute
Can please me when I hear Serena speak.

Her voice melodious falls upon the ear,
The heart, responsive, owns its influence too;
Ah 'tis the unison that makes it dear,
And he who feels it, knows it to be true.

Such soft sensations only touch the heart
Attun'd to follow nature's gentlest laws;
And while a pensive pleasure they impart,
The half-concealed sigh explains the cause.

Winchester Gazette (VA) 1813 10 07 page 2 City and Country, Contrasted. [Trenton pap.]

The following extracts from a letter written by the late Alexander Wilson, author of the American Ornithology, to a friend, and dated Philadelphia, February 18, 1802, will we think, be regarded by many as a precious relic of that amiable and excellent man.—

…I love the pure air and plain manners of the country people. Their green fields and peaceful woods, are more delightful to me than the gaudy silks, calicoes, silver trinkets, and nameless other luxurious nick-nacks that glitter from our windows and choak up your pavements. I prefer the murmuring of a stream, to the everlasting rattling of carts, coaches and wheelbarrows, tin-men, and braziers hammers, those scull-

splitting disturbers of the peace. I'd rather listen to the song of the blue-bird or thresher than to the cursed caterwauling of sweeps and oystermen….

The New-York Weekly Museum (NY) 1813 10 23 page 2 Witchcraft [uncredited, *Lady's Monthly Museum*, 1809]

That ignorance is the parent of inhumanity is a fact which has been frequently exemplified and so uncontrovertibly proved, that it neither requires the force of argument to establish the truth of the observation or circumstances to evince the justness of the remark.

The barbarism which marks the actions of savage nations, is universally allowed to proceed from this cause; and those traits of rough and rude manners which so frequently distinguish the habits of the lower class of people, derive their origin from the same source. But at a period when even that order of society enjoy advantages which their progenitors never knew, when schools are erected in the most remote parts of the country, for the purpose of improving their understandings, and civilizing the actions of their lives, must not our astonishment be excited, and our feeling deeply affected, by an instance of ignorance and inhumanity which has recently occurred in England.

The female domestic of a farmer, we are informed, having been unsuccessful with the poultry, attributed the misfortune to an ill-fated duck; which had either wandered from its native habitation, or had been presented to her master. The unfortunate biped, as if determined to reward its sustainer for the nourishment it received from him, daily presented him with an egg, which lucklessly proved of a different shade to those the other birds of the same species laid. From this circumstance the superstitions feeder of the poultry inferred that it was bewitched, and attributed the indisposition, which had prevailed amongst the poultry, to the malicious designs of some old hag. To obviate any farther ill effects from the power of necromancy, it was decreed that the innocent stranger should become the victim of cruelty and superstition: and it was accordingly put into a warm oven, for the purpose of destroying the witches' charm. Though every feather was singed from the suffering body of the poor biped, yet life was not extinguished by the extreme torture it had endured. The following day it was destined to go through a similar ceremony, and not only supported the agony, but lived to undergo it a third time, when that great Being, whom we are told suffers not a sparrow to fall without permission, in mercy deprived it of that existence he had given.

A very short period only elapsed, when the cruel inflicter of these torments was suddenly seized with excruciating pains; and every part of her body seemed to partake of those agonies which she had occasioned the hapless duck to feel; and, after languishing under them a few days, she expired, in a state which the power of language is unable to paint.

Read this, and tremble, ye wanton sporters with the feelings of the unintellected part of the creation! whom the Almighty formed for your comfort, not for your abuse; and rather than display cruelty to the most abject insect, believe in the doctrines which Pythagoras taught, who with the view of inculcating the duties of humanity, professed a

belief in the transmigration of souls.

Commercial Advertiser (NY) 1813 11 08 page 3 Advertisement. *The Quarterly Review*, no XVIII. [March 1813]

Contents…

9. Comedies of Aristophanes, viz The Clouds, Plutus, the Frogs, the Birds. Translated into English, with Notes….

[(London 1812 edition) this review finds the plays filthy but worthy]

The Centinel of Freedom (NJ) 1813 12 14 page 4 Notice.

The practice of gunning has become so prevalent among us, as to threaten almost the total destruction of birds of every description, and especially Quails; for the preservation of which, we are induced to give public notice, that after this date, every person found gunning on our lands will be prosecuted according to law. We are also determined to take every legal measure to put a stop to the evil practice too common among lads and apprentice boys ranging about on the Sabbath; we hope that Masters, Parents, and Guardians will use their exertions and constrain those under their care to desist from this shameful practice, and save us the trouble of more coercive measures. Signed [Thomas, Syndham and 9 others] Bloomfield, Dec 2, 1813

Grotjan's Philadelphia Public-Sale Report (PA) 1813 12 21 page 4 Description etc of the principal articles of trade interesting to the commerce of the United States alphabetically arranged, upon the plan stated in Report No. 61 (continued)

… FEATHERS. BED-FEATHERS.

The Feathers of birds make a considerable article of commerce, particularly those of the ostrich, heron, swan, peacock, goose and other poultry; for plumes, ornaments of the head, filling of beds, and writing pens. See Quills.

There are scarce any birds, but what Bed-Feathers may be procured from, particularly those of the domestic kind; yet swans, geese and ducks, are those that furnish most, and the best.

Geese are plucked three times a year; towards the end of May, about Midsummer, and at the latter-end of August; but chiefly when the Feathers are ripe, that is, when they are perceived to fall off of themselves. The Feathers of dead birds are in the least esteem, upon account of the blood embibed by the Quill; which purifying, communicates an offensive smell to the Feathers, and takes some time to evaporate; for which reason live birds should not be stripped till their Feathers are ripe.

Feathers are imported in this country from Poland, Germany and Russia. They are divided in white, half grey, and grey; and valued accordingly. The best Feathers should be white, downy, void of large stems, fresh and sweet. Care should be taken, that no

sand be intermixed, which is frequently practiced to increase the weight.

Ostrich Feathers are dyed and dressed by the Feather-dressers, to serve as ornaments. They are a very costly article, brought to us from Africa, and particularly the coast of Barbary.

Most of the prepared Feathers used for ornament are manufactured in France and England, and imported into this country in that state. The variety resulting from the dictates of fancy is so great as to preclude particular description, the duty for ornamental Feathers is 32 ½ per cent. Ad valorem in American and 37 4-10 per cent. In foreign vessels.

1814

The Columbian (NY) 1814 03 29 page 3 Communication by Tages

Augury was a famous science among the ancients. The Greeks and Romans placed much confidence in the singing or flight of birds: and even Cicero was an augur. The mysteries of this science, however, have not descended to modern days, though we may possess the more simple acts of divination. The passage over this city last evening of some few […] of wild geese, afforded such a favorable opportunity for the exercise of this skill, that I cannot forbear making a first attempt. I augur from the flight only, not the language of these birds, which a greater goose may probably understand. Their shrill noise might indeed have been intended as a warning voice to this modern Rome against the approach of the great Cochrane from Bermuda, with his Shrapnel shells, stink-pots, and Congreeve rockets. But as these restless pilgrims of the air, bent their course to the northward, we may from thence safely foretell the speedy commencement of a spring campaign; the meeting of hostile forces; the bird of many rumors and the transpiring of many important events. In what degree these events shall be propitious to our cause, I am not deep-skilled enough to diving; neither can I foreward my countrymen of disasters. An American spirit, however, would prompt us both to desire and hope, independent of the flight of birds and the gabbling of geese, that our armies may in every future effort be crowned with a success which shall wipe away all former blemishes and lead them to victory and honor.

New-York Evening Post (NY) 1814 04 02 page 3 Advertisement. *American Ornithology*

> Just published by AH Inskeep No. 128 Broadway, the 8th vol. of the American Ornithology, or the natural history of the birds of the United States, Illustrated with Plates. Engraved and coloured from original drawings, taken from Nature[19].

Commercial Advertiser (NY) 1814 04 15 page 2 Advertisement.

> A.T. Goodrich, No 124 Broadway, at his Circulating Library and Book Store…
>
> A.T.G. always keeps for sale the works of the most esteemed poets and popular authors of the day, together with a general collection of other Books, all in the

most elegant varieties of binding, suitable for presents, &c.

….

American Ornithology, or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States, illustrated with plates, engraved and colored from original drawings taken from nature—By Alexander Wilson, 8 vols., imperial 4to….

Bennington News Letter (VT) 1814 04 19 page 4 To the Cuckoo [uncredited fragment, Michael Bruce 1770]

Hail! beauteous stranger of the wood,
Attendant on the spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy well-known voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! With thee
I find the time of flowers,
When earth is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bowers.

The school-by wandering in the wood,
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Columbian Register (CT) 1814 04 19 page 4 My Stool Pigeon by "Z. Beers"

An! why uneasy, Pigeon say,
Ah, why so restless grown;
Why flutter at the dawn of day,
Where no neglect is shown?

Is not thy food to please thy taste
Brought on for ev'ry meal,
And water as a fowl's repast
According to thy will?
:
Then why would'st thou forget my care
To wander far away?
Of all I have you have your share—
Then be content, and stay.

RESPONSE.
When Spring's inviting warmth comes on,
  We birds of passage fly
To northern regions, where the sun
Less heats the frigid sky.

Where He who hears the fowls that cry,
  Supplies us by his care,
And gives a calm and friendly sky
  To raise our offspring there.

Thus bent, impulsive nature taught
  My wings to cleave the sky ;
But sad for me, decoy'd and caught,
  I'm now forbid to fly.

Now all my kindred and my kind
  To me are lost and gone;
And here, now fetter'd and confin'd,
  I waste my life alone.

Think of the punic, sable slave,
  Depriv'd of all that's dear,
Whose only hope is in the grave—
  Then think of me while here.

Think on my natal plumy race,
  Now winter's pass'd and gone,
Who wing their way from place to place,
  And pass from zone to zone.

All, sportive fly from tree to tree,
  Diverted through the d a y
O think of this, and pity me,
  And let me hie away.

Take off these fetters on my feet,
  And give me to the air —
Before the morning sun shall set
  I'll find my friends afar.

Fleet as the most resistless wind
  Its rapid course pursues,
I'd bend my way to where my mind
  Bids me no moment loose.

You claim the vast unfathom'd deep,
(While we but claim the air,)
You war because your kindred weep
And mourn confinement there.

You claim the treasures of the earth,
While we but glean supplies,
And ask our legacy by birth,
Our interest in the sides.

See my dishevel'd plumes, and think
Of my embargo'd state—
How tasteless is my food and dink
While I lament my fate.

You tell how tenderly you keep
Your mourning vassal here,
And say I have no cause to weep,
Nor any thing to fear.

As well persuade the galley slaves
To think of home no more,
Who send their eyes across the waves
And mourn their native shore.

But, O, no more—I've plead my cause,
I'm longing to get free;
Obey but once great nature's laws,
And you'll unfetter me.

Weekly Franklin Repository (PA) 1814 04 19 page 4 Spring by E. [*Marietta Pilot*]

The chilling wint'ry blast is o'er,
The streams in spring-side torrents roar;
The valley and the mountain's side,
Evolve in nature's vernal pride!

The lark, the linnet and the jay;
The blue-bird and the robbin gay,
In sweet, melodious consort sing,
To hail the rosy infant spring.

The swain's loud song that speaks his joy,
The reed of many a careless boy;

The child's fond gambol full of glee,
Are all, sweet spring, a boon to thee.

The violet on mountain wild,
And primrose pale, spring's earliest child;
The blooming Media's golden hue,
Now charm the lonely wanderer's view!

And O! the bard, whose feeling fine,
Ne'er fortune's gloomiest frowns could mar,
With waken'd raptures glow divine,
On fancy's pinion wanders far.

Poulson's American Daily Advertiser (PA) 1814 04 20 page 2 Advertisement. Superior Book Sales

On Thursday evening a 7 o'clock precisely, at the auction room, No. 8 north Front street.

The attention of gentlemen of literary research are request to this excellent and elegant collection…

Buffon's whole Birds, elegantly colored, 6 vols 4to. …

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1814 04 30 page 2 Communication

"Some of the foul birds of democracy, who are perpetually attempting to injure the nest they live in, have stated that the defense of this metropolis has been neglected….

Merrimack Intelligencer (MA) 1814 04 30 Female Sketches no III. [from 1809 *Nubilia in Search of a Husband*, by William Mudford, uncredited]

…The birds in the neighbouring fields teach me my duty to the Creator: their simple notes rise as a song of gratulation to the gates of Heaven; the air rings with joy; all nature rejoices in the return of day; and shall man alone be dumb?...

The evening had now closed in, and we returned towards the house. As we were passing along, a nightingale began to "tune her nocturnal note." The strains were such as might suspend an angel's harmony to listen. I stopped and addressed Sophia.

"What are all the artful modulations of a Catalani compared to this? What are all her trillings compared to the varied melody of this songstress? Look above you, and behold the cope of heaven thick with innumerable stars: shall we compare with these the effulgence of tapers? Hark to the fountain, as it murmurs through yon woody amphitheater: with what a native sweetness does it accompany the melancholy strains of Philomela!...What scene at theatre or ball can equal this? Have we not here the exhibition of Nature? And is not God the artist?...

The Columbian (NY) 1814 05 07 page 3 Advertisement. The School of Nature & Art. American Museum

> J. Scudder informs the public that he has added to the Museum during the past winter and spring, various natural curiosities, which together with the former collection, offer an attraction that cannot fail to please the visitor…
>
> In a more domestic point of view, a Forest Scene, concentrating the game of our own regions…also birds from all quarters of the globe, which amaze by their diversity and dazzle by their plumage. The King Bird of Paradise, the golden and painted Pheasant of China, the Ostrich, families of Falcons and Humming Birds, &c…

The Alexandria Herald (VA) 1814 05 16 page 4 Poem by "Free Trade" [*Charleston Gazette*]

> Rare birds 'tis said are seldom best
> But these that feather well their nest
> Are much esteemed for gain sir,
> And Warrington has lately said
> The *Sparrow Hawk with specie fed
> The Peacock wont disdain sir.
>
> The English goose before it dies
> Is stuffed with milk and bread in sties,
> To feast their palates sweet sir,
> But give a yankee tar a hawk
> He wants no carving knife or fork
> To find the parts to eat sir.
>
> Let Johnny Bull the poultry feed
> And fill his hawks of English breed
> With gold and silver dust sir.
> And he will find the yankee tar
> With hungry stomach always near
> And willingly his guest sir.
> *Epervier, the French for Sparrow Hawk.

National Advocate for the Country (NY) 1814 05 17 page 1 France and England No III.

…The next legitimate sovereign whom disinterested England, in her zeal for the happiness of Europe, has taken under her protection, is the King of Sicily, who might, perhaps, cut a very respectable figure in the Sporting Magazine—but, assuredly, nowhere else. He is reckoned the greatest shot of any Prince in Europe, and considering; perhaps not unwisely, that killing birds was rather a more christian employment than killing men, gave up, or rather was frightened into resigning the cares

of government, and the killing of men to his Queen…Sicily, the garden of the world, governed by a henpecked king with no other qualification but a quick eye and a steady hand!...

Charleston Courier (SC) 1814 05 25 page 2 Anecdote of the Sokulk Indians [History of the Expedition up the Missouri, under the command of Capts. Lewis & Clark, via the *Port Folio*, April 1814]

…They told the chiefs that they knew we were not men, for they had seen us fall from the clouds; in fact, unperceived by them, Captain Clark had shot the white crane, which they had seen fall just before he appeared to their eyes:—the duck which he had killed also fell close by him, and as there was a few clouds flying over at the moment, the connected the fall of the birds and his sudden appearance, and believed that he had himself dropped from the clouds; the noise of the rifle, which they had never heard before, being considered merely as the sound to announce so extraordinary an event…

Green-Mountain Farmer (VT) 1814 05 31 page 4 The Peacock and Sparrow Hawk, that is the EPERVIER[20].

A Peacock, clate with the pride of the isle,
  From a port of Great Britain took flight;
To the coast of Columbia, with labor and toil
It soon work'd its way, and the birds to beguile
It spread its rich plumage, and watch'd for a while,
  For an object of profit or spite.

At length in the poultry yard near to the shore
  Of the country he rang'd for a prey ;
He saw a black Hornet, and deem'd his prize sure,
In his talons, in fancy, he held it secure,
Dispatch'd it, destroy'd it, and look' round for more,
It scarce form'd a bulge for his crop to be sure,
  So snugly he stor'd it away.

But tho' he had feasted on insects of old,
  And in fancy again could prevail ;
The insect in view was of opposite mould,
It was hardy, 'twas active, 'twas watchful and
Its feelers were form'd to secure a firm hold,
  And it carry'd a sting in its tail.

The bird made a pounce, but he fail'd in design ;
  The Hornet eluded his aim ;
And fritter'd by friction his plumage so fine,
Not a feather was left in the sunbeam to shine,
He was feathers and claws all submerg'd in the brine,

And the hornet flew off as it came.

But Columbia, the action to keep on record,
Rig'd a Peacock to feed in her yard;
On insects and birds by no means to intrude,
But to guard hen and chickens from visitants rude,
And use evr'y care for protecting the brood,
Tho' thousands may press on her hard.

But scarce had she taken her dignify'd stand,
Ere a Sparrowhawk thirsting for blood ;
Pounc'd flush on the Peacock, whose plumage so grand,
Never yet from mere pomp had been known to expand,
But is guarding her trust, as she had in command,
She fought, and as conqueror stood.

Le Epervier, Sparrowhawk, lower'd her crest,
And richly defray'd the expence ;
Not a plume of the Peacock was lost in the fray
Barely two of her feathers were lop'd for a day,
But soon by due care made a pleasant display,
And again took their post of defence.

The Watchman (VT) 1814 06 02 page 1 Manners and Habits of the Cossacks [Phil. Daily Adv.]

…As a new series of augury, the Cossack not unwillingly interrogates the birds; their number, their species, their flight, their cry indicate to him the proximity of a spring, a rivulet, or a pool, a habitation, a herd, or an army….

Mercantile Advertiser (NY) 1814 06 11 page 3 The Editors of the Mercantile Advertiser will please to insert the following Queries

Can any People who believe there is one Supreme Ruler of the Universe, who is no respecter of Persons, and who even careth for the Sparrows, and hears the cry of the young Ravens, and that he is a just, omnipotent and omniscient Being, expect his protection and blessing, when they act diametrically opposite to his holy injunction, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them?"

Is it not the advertising men, women and children, (especially when it can be added "for no fault but want of employ") highly derogatory to the characters of a people, who "in a time that tried men's souls" could appeal to Heaven for the justness of their cause, and solemnly declare "all men are born free and equal &c."

What is it that constitutes the Man? Is it the color of the skin?

Can he that holds a slave be a friend too, or a son of Liberty?

Is it possible a slave should exist without a tyrant?

Is every Slaveholder willing to be esteemed a tyrant?

When will the day arrive that the air of America will become so pure that neither tyrant or slave can exist in it?

A Friend to Man.

Alexandria Gazette, Commercial and Political (VA) 1814 07 07 page 2 [from the Telegraph]

The following lines are founded on fact, and are not produced for any other purpose than to record the barbarity arising from such incidents as that to which they allude.

The birds had sung a morning psalm,
The music of the grove was mute
And all was silent, all was calm,
As is the passing shadow's foot.

The poet's eye in frenzy now,
Roam'd giddily from tree to tree;
And caught from ev'ry tranquil bough,
A deep and solemn reverie.

A strain of music soft and low,
And destitute of art;
Fell in a gentle lapse like snow,
And melted on his heart.

The poet turn'd transported now
And gaz'd upon a wood;
He look'd, and on a dancing bough,
The sweet musician stood.

Her little nest was her beside,
Suspended in the air;
The Robbin watch'd her callow pride,
With all a mother's care.

Her plumage glitter'd in the sun;
While gazing on her nest,
The poet heard the sportsman's gun,
And saw her bleeding breast.

Fain would he sing, in numbers meet,
He faulters on the strings;

Unhappy bird he saw thee beat
The ground with bloody wings!

But still thy young remain'd alive,
He climb'd the nest to spy;
He counted, and he found them five,
And left them there to die.

Poulson's American Daily Advertiser (PA) 1814 07 09 page 3 Letter from "X"

Shouldest thou help the ungodly and love them that hate the Lord? 2d. Chron. xix 2.

…What was the conduct and the language of the leading men of the present ruling party, when the late Tyrant of Fruitee, "who neither feared God, nor regarded man," first proclaimed his hatred, and wreaked his vengeance against the sacred institutions of religion?...

Perhaps no event, recorded in history, is better calculated to establish the truth of the Sacred Scriptures, and particularly the Doctrine of a particular and over-ruling Providence, than that which we have lately been called to witness.

"He who can dash whole worlds to death,
"And make them when he please,
"He speaks, and that Almighty breath,
"Fulfils his great decrees." [Isaac Watts hymn]

"He views with equal eye as God of all,
"A Tyrant humbled or a sparrow fall" [Alexander Pope, An Essay on Man]

"Are not two Sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father; but the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

"The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice, let the multitude of the Isles be glad thereof."

Merrimack Intelligencer (MA) 1814 07 16 Female Sketches No. XIII [from 1809 *Nubilia in search of a husband*]

Our discourse was interrupted by my uncle, who entered the room where we were sitting, and, as the evening was fine, proposed a walk. We assented; but my heart partook not, as it was wont, of those simple pleasures which presented themselves. To me the setting sun was no longer glorious; the birds were without melody; the song of the rustic was dissonant; and the magnificence of nature was tame. I beheld everything in the troubled mirror of my own mind. The exacerbation of grief was passed and there remained now only that placid dejection which I did not wish to part with and which prevailed, principally, when I was occupied about anything which strongly reminded me of my departed fire.

As we were proceeding along, our discourse, without any violent transition, passed

from the contemplation of visible nature, to its representation in pastoral poetry. Sophia spoke warmly in its praise, without distinctly defining the kind that she admired. My uncle was pleased with the polished lines of Pope, in which, however, there is nothing which can be called excellent except the art of the versification. The images, as been observed by every critic and commentator from Dennis down to Warton, are incongruous, and therefore faulty.

"I think," said sir James, "that Mr. Roscoe, who, in his Life of Lorenzo, observes that few attempts have been made, in England, to adopt the provincial idiom of the inhabitants of the language of poetry, is not right, when he attempts to assign, as the cause of this, the inaptitude of our language for genuine pastoral poetry. Perhaps the cause may rather be sought for in the circumstance, that neither Spencer nor Gay (the only two who have attempted these pastorals with any kind of success) were brought up amid those scenes which they had to describe, or familiarized with that language which they had to employ."

"Such would be my opinion," I replied. "It is impossible that a writer transfuse into his page feelings which he does not possess. Lady Wortely Montague has produced some agreeable town eclogues; and her coadjutors, Pope and Gay, produced two, infinitely more in character than any of their others. The spirit of poetry is to be caught from the real existence of things."

"I think so," said my uncle. "Words may convey images to the mind, but they will not impress them upon the heart, unless they convey also those minute features of general resemblance which awaken sympathy. A man who has never emerged from the vicinity of London, might produce pastorals full or rural images; full of crooks, and kine, and Corydon, and Phyllis, and pipe, and sheep. But he possesses these words only by transmission; he has never looked abroad upon nature; or, if he have, it has been at that period of life when he has viewed only external nature."

"You mean to say," added Sophia, "that he has not lived among shepherds and shepherdesses."

"I mean," said Sir James, "to say, that he is a stranger to what he attempts to describe. The matter may be made intelligible by supposing that a rustic were to write court pastorals. He might, by the help of a dictionary and books, collect the terms which he wanted to use, and, when he had combined them in a certain manner, he might fancy that they were faithfully representative of the language and manners of a court. But they would be deficient in what is the very essence of such compositions; they would want verisimilitude; they would want the resemblance of truth."

"It was the consciousness of such a defect," said I, "that made poor Collins pronounce his Oriental Eclogues—Botany Bay Pastorals: yet, I have always thought, that the second of them was sufficiently marked by eastern imagery to save it from the general censure."

"There is nothing," continued by uncle, "which can supply the want of actual observation. There is, indeed, a certain stock of hereditary images, which are considered as lawful property by every versifier; and it is easy to see when these

images are employed as entailed possessions. To view nature with the eye of a poet is not every man's gift; but no man was ever a poet, who viewed her, as Dryden expresses it, "through the spectacles of books." I speak of nature, here, as including the moral, as well as the physical world. Her combinations are, in both, boundless; and let no one, therefore, be deterred from the enterprise, by the persuasion that all the vantage ground of fame is pre-occupied."

"The great delight," said I, "which is felt in reading Thomson arises chiefly from the happy minuteness of some of his delineations of visible nature. This excellence has been done ample justice to by Joseph Warton in his Essay on Pope; but I am surprised that the Seasons have yet found no critic or commentator who has examined them with that precision which might establish both their beauties and their defects."

"Perhaps," said my uncle, "the reason may be that the general excellence of Thomson hurries the reader along in an ecstasy of pleasure, which allows the mind no leisure for critical examination. Where there is much to praise, it seems, almost invidious to censure."

"I believe, however," I replied, "that an acute critic might find in Thomson an accumulation of errors that would astonish his admirers. His language is often unequivocally defective; it is turgid and tautological and labors after dignity like a fishing boat in a storm. Dr. Johnson was sensible of this when he pronounced it to be "too exuberant," that it sometimes "filled the ear more than the mind;" and Blair (whose judgement as a critic however, I do not estimate very highly) says that it is harsh and deficient in ease and distinctness.

"I do not wholly agree with you in your opinion of Thomson's style," said my uncle, "but I am perfectly with you in regard to the accuracy with which he has observed nature, and the felicity with which he has embodied his observations. There is an irresistible charm attached to the happy delineation of those minute qualities of things. I remember a passage in Burns, describing the action of frost upon water, which I think truly excellent.

The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree;
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.
The image, in these lines, is presented to the mind with all the force of reality."

We now returned towards the house, not unwilling to enjoy the delights of the fireside, which the coldness of an October evening rendered acceptable; and prepared to "sip the fragrant lymph" of the poet....

The New-York Weekly Museum (NY) 1814 07 16 The Otaheitan Mourner [London paper; 1808?]

The following beautiful Poem is founded on the following circumstances:—A Midshipman of the name of Stewart, one of the Mutineers of the Bounty, having thus rendered himself obnoxious to the offended laws of his country, took up his abode on the island of Otaheite, and lived with the daughter of a Chief, who had born him a

beautiful female infant…The poem is supposed to have been written by the woman, after Steward was separated from her….

…
I wish the fearful warning
  Would bind my woes in sleep!
And that I were a little bird
  To chase him o'er the deep….

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1814 07 23 page 4 Sharp Shooting (widely reported)

A bet of 200 guineas on who should kill and bag the most pigeons out of 21 let out of a basket was decided a few weeks since in England. The sportsmen were Captains Markham and Mr. Howlett. Capt. M. hit all his 21 birds, but bagged only 17. Mr. Howitt killed 14 successive birds, missed the 15th, hit hard the 16th, but which got away and killed the remaining five. He consequently bagged 18 and won the bet.

Portland Gazette and Maine Advertiser (ME) 1814 08 01 page 4 Monitorial [1803 The nonsuch professor by William Secker—sermons, uncredited]

…Though the eagle be the queen of birds, as the lion is the king of beasts, yet she was not offered up in sacrifice, because she lived upon the spoil of others. Grace teaches a Christian not only to act like a man to God, but also like a God to man. …

Connecticut Herald (CT) 1814 08 23 page 3 Notice

An association is now forming in this city, for the protection of our gardens, fields and fences.

Our gardens are numerous; they are an ornament and a comfort; they are stocked with valuable fruit trees and vegetables. In many instances, they are enclosed with expensive and handsome fences. We wait with patience for fruit; just before it is ripe, the thief comes in the night, tramples all before him, and robs us of the hopes of the year…

Our fields, though fenced and said to belong to different owners, are in fact common fields; they are nearly as common as the highways. In pursuit of birds or berries, grass and grain are trampled down without the smallest regard; and if the owner mildly requests the intruder to shew him some mercy, he is often grossly insulted…

It is not expected to prevent all at once all evils of this sort; but it is hoped that common foot paths through fields will be gradually relinquished—that shooting on other men's grounds, and on our own, will be less practiced…Those who have a common interest on this subject are expected to make common cause of it…a subscription paper is left at the office of the Town Clerk. [New-Haven]

Salem Gazette (MA) 1814 08 26 page 3 Free Trade and Sailors' Rights

In several instances, this season, birds have built their nests, laid their eggs, and hatched their young on the masts of the shipping which lies rotting in the South River.

The New-York Weekly Museum (NY) 1814 09 03 page 5 Glory of the Night

All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head.
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat.
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew weep. Dryden. [Conquest of Mexico]

How often have I heard the morning described by the poet and philosopher in all its glowing colors and just reproaches hurled against those who lose its cheering influence and fascinating beauties in the arms of the somnific deity! The man is extolled as wise, who retires to rest with the setting and rises with the orient sun. But night with all her glories is neglected…

The New-York Weekly Museum (NY) 1814 09 10 page 4 Morals

Ever of envy and its bad effects beware,
While it does not injure yet 'tis hard to bear.

It was morning; all the inhabitants of the forest were turning to Aurora, and welcoming Sol as he ascended the horizon…

My uncle, armed with his cane and tobacco box, sought the grove—he listened with attention to the melodious strains which struck his ear…Sweetest of birds, cried the colonel, approaching, as he gazed at a robin who was warbling her tuneful notes on a lofty tree—would to Heaven I had thee for my breakfast! How do I envy—envy! whom does thou envy? interrupted my uncle….

The New-York Weekly Museum (NY) 1814 10 08 page 5 [1808 Lady's Monthly Museum "Old Woman"]

My Dear Honey,

I am a gentleman of an ancient Irish family, and came to this country to make my fortune, by making one of your sex happy. But you have no gratitude; and are always after abusing us, who have only our parsons and our address to depend on, and who are trying to spread our nets for pretty girls, as fowlers do for birds. The pretty creatures love to be caught by us, and they flock to public places on purpose, God bless their dear souls!...

True American and Commercial Advertiser (PA) 1814 10 08 page 3 Advertisement. Wilson's Ornithology Completed.

Just Published and For Sale by Bradford & Inskeep, No. 4 South Third-street

American Ornithology, or the Nature History of the Birds of the United States,

Illustrated with 77 plates, Engraved and coloured from original drawings taken

from nature,

By Alexander Wilson

In nine volumes folio—Price 106 dollars.

Boston Daily Advertiser (MA) 1814 10 13 page 4 Advertisement. American Ornithology

West & Blake no. 36 Cornhill. Have just received from Philadelphia, the ninth and last volume of *American Ornithology, or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States*—illustrated with plates, engraved and coloured from original drawings taken from Nature, by Alexander Wilson[21]

Merrimack Intelligencer (MA) 1814 11 19 page 4 The Swallow [Wilson]

There are but few persons in the United States unacquainted with this gay, innocent, and active little bird. Indeed the whole tribe are so distinguished from the rest of small birds by their sweeping rapidity of flight, their peculiar aerial evolutions of wing over our fields and rivers, and through our very streets, from morning to night, that the light of heaven itself, the sky, the trees, or any other common objects of nature, are not better known than the Swallows. We welcome their first appearance with delight, as the faithful harbingers and companions of flowery spring, and ruddy summer; and when, after a long, frost-bound and boisterous winter, we hear it announced, that " The Swallows are come," what a train of charming ideas are associated with the simple tidings!

The wonderful activity displayed by these birds forms a striking contrast to the slow habits of most other animals. It may be fairly questioned whether among the whole feathered tribes which heaven has formed to adorn this part of creation, there be any that, in the same space of time, pass over an equal extent of surface with the Swallow. Leta person take his stand on a fine summer evening by a new mown field, meadow or river shore for a short time, and among the numerous individuals of this tribe that flit before him fix his eye on a particular one, and follow, for a while, all its circuitous labyrinths—its extensive sweeps—its sudden, rapidly reiterated zig-zag excursions, little inferior to the lightning itself, and of the various lines it describes. Alas! even his omnipotent fluxions would avail him little here, and he would soon abandon the task in despair. Yet, that some definite conception may be formed of this extent, let us suppose, that this little bird flies, in his usual way, at the rate of one mile in a minute, which, from the many experiments I have made, I believe to be within the truth; and that he is so engaged for ten hours every day; and further, that this active life is extended to ten years (many of our small birds being known to live much longer even in a state of domestication), the amount of all these, allowing three hundred and sixty-five days to a year, would | give us two million one hundred and ninety thousand miles; upwards of eighty-seven times the circumference of the globe! Yet this little winged seraph, if I may so speak, who, in a few days, and at will, can pass from the borders of the arctic regions to the torrid zone, is forced when winter approaches to descend to the bottoms of lakes, rivers, and mill ponds to bury itself in the mud with eels and snapping

turtles; or to creep ingloriously into a cavern, a rat hole,—or a hollow tree, there to doze with snakes, toads, and other reptiles until the return of spring! Is not this true ye wise men of Europe and America, who have published so many credible narratives on this subject? The Geese, the Ducks, the Catbird, and even the Wren which creeps about our outhouses in summer like a mouse, are all acknowledged to be migratory, and to pass to southern regions at the approach of winter;—the Swallow alone, on whom heaven has conferred superior powers of wing, must sink in torpidity at the bottom of our rivers, or doze all winter in the caverns of the earth. I am myself something of a traveller, and foreign countries afford many novel sights: should I assert, that in some of my peregrinations I had met with a nation of Indians, all of whom, old and young, at the commencement of cold weather, descend to the bottom of their lakes and rivers, and there remain until the breaking up of frost; nay, should I affirm, that thousands of people in the neighbourhood of this city, regularly undergo the same semi-annual submersion—that I myself had fished up a whole family of these from the bottom of Schuylkill, where they had lain torpid all winter, carried them home, and brought them all comfortably to themselves again. Should I even publish this in the learned pages of the Transactions of our Philosophical Society, who would believe me? Is then the organization of a Swallow less delicate than that of a man? Can a bird, whose vital functions are destroyed by a short privation of pure air and its usual food, sustain, for six months, a situation where the most robust man would perish in a few hours or minutes? Away with such absurdities !— They are unworthy of a serious refutation. I should be pleased to meet with a man who has been personally more conversant with birds than myself, who has followed them in their wide and devious routes—studied their various manners—mingled with and marked their peculiarities more than I have done; yet the miracle of a resuscitated swallow, in the depth of winter, from the bottom of a mill pond, is, I confess, a phenomenon in ornithology that I have never met with[22].

Boston Patriot (MA) 1814 12 10 page 2 Mother Carey's Chickens

One of Mother Carey's chickens, hatched in the bogs of Ireland, has the audacity to *crow* in America. Yes, and to crow over chickens of the *Henry* New-England breed. This daring *game chicken* must look to his feathers and plumage, as *all the foul birds in New-England* are preparing to *bespatter* him.

1815

The Albany Argus (NY) 1815 01 06 page 2 [Hartford Mer.] (widely circulated)

The *Hen*-ry's Egg[23], which was laid in Boston in the year 1809, has lately been sent to this town for the purpose of being hatched—there has also been sent with it a number of Turkey Buzzards to sit on the Egg. What kind of animal it will produce it is not conjectured. It is, however, thought by many, it will prove to be addle. The Turkey Buzzards are considered here as they are in Virginia, harmless *foul* Birds. We learn that after they have done sitting they are to be fed on Bull, Beef, and Bacon.

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1815 01 11 page 2 Albany, Jan 7.

We learn with pleasure, that the large and little *Eagles*, whose flight into Canada the last year was so much lamented, are now on their return, in *large flocks*.—As *quills* of this sort now bear a premium, it is highly probably the immigration of these *yellow* birds will increase.

The Columbian (NY) 1815 01 25 page 2 The Wild Pigeon

It is well known that the wild pigeon is a bird of passage, and that it frequents these parts regularly twice every year. In the spring, large flocks come from the south, and disperse amongst the uplands and mountains in the northern parts of this and the neighboring states; where they hatch and rear their young; and in the autumn, they collect together again, and with their young proceed to the south. They cannot well stand the cold, nor subsist upon the buds of trees as other birds indigenous to these northern climes; and of course ate obliged to emigrate to a warmer climate when the weather becomes cold and the ground is covered with snow. Extraordinary, however, as it may seem, it is a fact, that since the first of the present month, large flocks of these birds have appeared amongst us, and have scattered themselves us usual throughout the woods. Great numbers of them have been taken with nets in the upper part of New-Jersey, and one of the markets in this city has for several days past been supplied with them. An old farmer who had taken 300 and carried most of them to market, told me that they appeared in general to come from, the southwest: that they were very fat, and continued in the woods where he lived, subsisting chiefly upon the frozen acorns , found upon the branches of the oak. He says they are very wild, that he recollects but one instance of the kind happening before during all his life ; and that was on a Christmas many years ago, when he also caught a great number of them. A curious question then arises, what could induce these harmless birds, contrary to their nature and season, to pay us a visit at this inclement season of the year?

Rutland Herald (VT) 1815 02 15 page 4 Temperance [from "The Invalid," by R. Graves]

The eagle…king of the birds, feasts himself and his royal family, the young princes and the infants, on a brace of pheasants, a turkey, or a dozen of pigeons; but would not debase himself by stooping to a nest of larks or robin red breasts, for a second course… But man…ransacks the universe to gratify his voracious appetite…If temperance, however, regulated our use of those various articles of food with which Providence indulges us; if we killed the animals without cruelty…they might be what Providence intended them, instead of what we too often make them, a blessing and not a curse. But when we torture them in taking away their lives, as we often do and scarcity, carbonado and bedevil their flesh…such a heterogeneous mixture…must become a caustic fluid, rushing like the fiery torrent of Vesuvius…

The Albany Register (NY) 1815 03 10 page 2 Mayoralty of New-York

…That Mr. Clinton should be hated for his virtues may appear strange to the young and inexperienced, who are just entering upon the stage of active life. But

such is the case; and such ever has been the case in all ages of the world…"An Eagle, towering in his pride of flight," says Shakspeare, "was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed." A towering genius, like Clinton, may be "hawked at," but cannot be "killed," though myriads of "mousing owls" assail him in "his pride of flight." He will soar to the regions of immortal fame, while those blind, and beetle-headed birds of folly and of night, who now vainly attempt to arrest his brilliant career, will be rotting and mouldering in the bogs and fens of oblivion, their native element, and food for filthy reptiles…

The Albany Register (NY) 1815 03 10 page 2 Ornithology. [A*merican Medical and Philosophical Register*]

The tempest of war having subsided, our countrymen, in the calm of peace, may indulge their taste for literature, and the arts and sciences. Political discussions will no doubt, as formerly, engross no small portion of their attention—but it is to be hoped, that subjects of equal, if not higher importance, may also he duly attended to. Even in the midst of martial strife, and the clangour of arms; we have seen in several parts of the Union, a growing attachment to the interests of literature; and several gentlemen have distinguished themselves by productions of real merit, whether considered as specimens of genius, or of learning, or of both. Among others, we recently noticed a work of Mr. De Witt Clinton—an Address delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York. We may hereafter present our readers with some elegant extracts from this Address, with which they cannot fail to be delighted, as well as edified. At present, passing over the Address itself, we shall take the liberty of extracting from the notes, which are very copious, the following article. Mr. Wilson, whose work is the subject of this article, it may not be amiss to premise, was a native of Scotland—where his early pursuit had been that of a pedlar, if we mistake not. He was, as this fact indicates, a self-taught genius, one of those master-spirits who never fail to encounter adversity with success; to triumph over the obstacles arising from want of early and regular education, and to gain honorable distinction, if not high renown. To this Scotchman, as distinguished for his virtues as his talents, are the United States indebted for a branch of their Natural History as important, perhaps, as any other branch in a literary and philosophical point of view. And while we take a pleasure in expressing our regard for the memory of this benefactor of our country; our satisfaction in increased by the reflection, that his labours have been noticed by Mr. Clinton, in the following article in a manner which does so much honour to the heart as well as the head of that gentleman. This article exhibits Mr. Clinton in his real character, as the man of genius, and the man of feeling, the patriot philosopher, as well as the erudite and elegant commentator on Mr.

Wilson's great national work.

NOTE R[24].

The able editors of the American Medical and Philosophical Register, knowing my partiality for this distinguished naturalist, requested me to write a review of the five last volumes of his American Ornithology. This request I complied with, although fully

sensible of my unfitness for the task. As this review contains a full statement of my view of Mr. Wilson's great work, it may not be improper to insert it in this note.

American Ornithology; or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States; illustrated with plates, engraved and coloured from original drawings taken from Nature. By Alexander Wilson. Philadelphia. Inskeep & Bradford. Imperial 4to vols. 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th. About 120 pages each: 1812-14.

The author of the American Ornithology having closed his earthly career before he finished that important work, the task of completing the ninth and last volume, devolved upon his friend and executor, Mr. George Ord, who has prefixed to it an interesting biography of Mr. Wilson. Having, on former occasions, noticed several of the volumes, it now remains for us to pay the last tribute of respect to a man who we esteem, and to an author whose work will always occupy an important rank among the writings on Natural History.

The life of Mr. Wilson exhibits the complete triumph of genius over the want of education, and of persevering industry over the evils of poverty. Without any other reliance than on his own faculties, and with a force of exertion which nothing could check or retard, he has obtained a celebrity in science to which few men, in this country, can aspire; although many may be more highly favored with the endowments of genius, and more extensively gifted with the advantages of early education, and the bounties of fortune. The life of Wilson shows, conclusively, that the temple of fame is open to the most humble individual in the community, if he only attempts it with zeal and industry, and with a judicious selection of the part which he intends to act on the theatre of the world: And it may not be amiss to add, in opposition to the complaints of his biographer, that notwithstanding he experienced, in some few instances, the slights of ignorance, and the steers of impertinence, yet that a liberal and enlightened community bore witness to his merits by a munificent subscription, which after satisfying all expenses, would have placed him, if living, on the enviable ground of independence.

The science of Ornithology is involved in considerable difficulty and confusion. The arrangement of animals according to the principles of the Linnaean system, is an admirable contrivance to extricate the science of zoology from the darkness which surrounded it. The classes and orders of the great naturalist are arbitrary: the genera and species are natural : but when we consider that the generic characters of birds are taken from the bill, tongue, nostrils, cere, caruncles, and other naked parts—and that the characters of the species are derived principally from the plumage and habitudes, we must be sensible that here is a wide field for a difference of opinion. Besides, the nomenclature adopted, in endeavoring to compress the descriptions of animals within the shortest compass, is frequently a mystery to most readers. Take, for instance, an account of a bird by Linnaeus, Latham, on Pennant, and it will require considerable industry to penetrate the exact meaning of the author. The generic characters frequently run so closely into each other, that it is no easy task to make the appropriate arrangement. The plumage of birds varies according to seasons, to age, and to climate, and their manners assume a different appearance at different times, and in different countries.—The sexes exhibit, almost invariably, a diversity. The male is frequently

smaller than the female, and is generally arrayed in a more beautiful dress. Genera are confounded together; varieties are represented as distinct species; the male is placed in a different species from his mate, and the same bird, at different ages and seasons, is considered a different species. The names of bird vary in different places.

In the same district of country the same bird frequently goes by different appellations, and the scientific name is also not uniform; Linnaeus, Brisson, and Buffon, oftentimes disagree. We may add to this, the absurd custom adopted in this country of naming our birds after those in Europe, to which they are supposed to have some likeness, although, in most respects, they are dissimilar.

There are three modes in which we may obtain a knowledge of birds. From personal observation of these animals in their natural state—from preserved subjects in cabinets of natural history—and from books. The first is undoubtedly preferable, so far as it goes; but it is necessarily limited by our range of travelling.—The second supplies this defect, but it is liable to this great objection: the subjects are often not only imperfectly prepared in the first instance, but generally decay and dissolve. In Cayenne, which has furnished more subjects for the cabinets of European naturalists than any other country, the bird are steeped in spirits for a long time, and dried by the heat of an oven. This must undoubtedly, in many instances, sully the glassy beauty of their plumage, and give them an appearance different from their natural one. Books must be resorted to in order to complete and extend our knowledge; but to place our sole reliance on them would be as absurd as to attempt to attain a knowledge of mankind by the meditations of contemplative retirement.

Our author has, with unparalleled industry, and singular sagacity of observation, surmounted all the disadvantages which we have enumerated, and availed himself of all the sources of information: every state in the union has witnessed his labours: on our Alpine hills—in our most distant forests—on the borders of our rivers and lakes—on the shores of the Atlantic, the footsteps of his enterprising industry may be seen. He first examined the feathered creation with his own eyes—he traced them in their most secluded haunts—he watched their migrations—he observed their seasons of song, and of love, and of incubation—he noticed their food, their instinct, and their habits.

After having explored this source of information, he next had recourse to cabinets of natural history, to the aviaries of amateurs, and to the observations of inquisitive and ingenious men. —The museum of Peale furnished him with various and extensive knowledges the methodical and comprehensive writings of Linnaeus; the extensive information of Pennant, Brison, Edwards, and Latham, and the splendid elucidations of Buffon, were also familiar to him.

Thus furnished with information, he has produced a work which excels all that precedes it, whether we have reference to the style and matter, or the drawings. It is in vain to attempt to form ideas from written descriptions of animals, sufficiently distinct, so as to distinguish them in all cases from each other: we must have recourse to the delineations of the pencil, and to the preservations of the museum. The number of species of birds has undoubtedly been greatly multiplied from the generality and confusion of descriptions: let the same bird be described after the Linnaean manner by

two different persons, and it is an equal chance if they do not vary in some essential respects; but a faithful representation of the pencil will at once remove all ambiguity. The delineations of Wilson are done in such a masterly style that the bird is at once recognized. He also excels in his account of the manners of birds; although he cannot boast of the splendid eloquence of Buffon, yet there is such a fascination in his style, such a simplicity in his manner, and so much truth and nature in all his remarks, that we are compelled to give him the preference.

To form a just estimation of the extensiveness of this work, we have only to compare it with the celebrated natural history of Mark Catesby, published in 1754. Although the drawings of this writer are eminently beautiful, and generally correct, yet they are greatly inferior to those of Wilson. His descriptions also will not bear a comparison, either in interest or extent: the whole number of birds which he describes amounts to 113, which contained all the land birds he saw in North America, between the 30th and 45th degrees of latitude. Wilson has figured and described 278 species, 56 of which were not known before: his untimely death has prevented the full execution of his plan. The swan, the turkey, and the crane, the most interesting of the feathered rage, did not come under his review, a loss that cannot be supplied. With what interest would we read his remarks on the turkey? What light would he not have cast upon those controverted questions, whether the turkey is of exclusive American origin? and whether the domestic is a distinct species from the wild turkey? and whether, contrary to the general operation of cultivation and domestication upon animals and plants, this bird has dwindled in size, and sustained a deterioration by its domestic state?

Although Wilson has done much, yet much more remains to be done, in order to complete our ornithology. The whole number of species, according to Latham, is three thousand. Considering that the American republic, including our Louisiana acquisition, extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, embraces the greatest and most spacious inland seas in the world, comprehends every variety of climate and soil, innumerable and boundless forests—prairies, or natural meadows, of several days journey—deserts like those of Africa—mountains dividing the country into an eastern and western section—and rivers equaled in size to none in the old world; considering also its vicinity to numerous islands of a warm temperature, and the approximation of America to Europe and Asia, by which the land birds of the old world can have easy access to our continent; it is not unreasonable to suppose, that we may claim at least one thousand species of birds, who either reside among us, or occasionally visit us. If this calculation be correct, what an extensive field yet remains for the ornithologist? and if another Wilson shall arise, endowed with genius and invincible industry, the rich treasures of natural science, which are now hidden from our view will be drawn from the darkness which cover them, and exposed to the full view of an admiring world.

Boston Patriot (MA) 1815 03 11 page 2 Dinner to Gen. Miller

…A variety of…volunteer toasts were given, from which the following are selected:…

In peace let us still remember the *hostile bird*, who is cradled in the pine top, and

rocked by the tempest.

The *"War Hawks*[25]*" of Congress*—Now changed to Birds of Paradise….

New-York Spectator (NY) 1815 03 11 page 4 Military Peace Establishment

Observations of Mr. King, if Massachusetts, in the House of Representatives of the United States, February 27, 1815, on the Bill fixing the Military Peace Establishment of the United States, on the late war and present peace, and on other topic, introduced by the majority into the date…

Sir.—when I came to the house this morning, and saw a flock of executive birds, of ill omen, fluttering around the hall, I expected a war breeze—I expected that executive influence would be extended to the utmost, to fix your peace establishment as high as possible. These ominous, ill-fated birds, are never on the wing but a storm, destructive of some important interest of the people, immediately follows…

Connecticut Journal (CT) 1815 04 03 page 4 To Farmers by A Farmer [*Middlesex Gazette*] (widely circulated)

Indian Corn is an important and sometimes profitable crop…the tar prevents the destruction of the plant by birds….

New-England Palladium & Commercial Advertiser (MA) 1815 04 04 page 2 Communication from "G.S." (widely reprinted)

I observed in the *Daily Advertiser* of yesterday a caution to people against eating of Wood Cocks. I will now state to you that last week I went out shooting and got two brace of those birds. I had them the next day for dinner. In the evening, my wife, one child, and myself were suddenly attacked with vomiting to such a degree that it was with much difficulty it could be stopped.

New-York Evening Post (NY) 1815 04 05 page 3 Communication (widely reprinted)

Caution—Woodcocks are unhealthy during the months of April and May. It is notorious that these birds (in the above months) feed on the buds of dog-wood, a poisonous tree. In the Spring they are universally covered with vermin, which renders them equally loathsome and injurious.

Boston Gazette (MA) 1815 04 13 page 2 Caution (widely reprinted)

Died in this town, Monday last, Mr. P. Jenkins, his death was occasioned by eating Woodcocks, he was violently attacked on some evening he eat those birds, with vomiting, which could not be stopped, he expired the next morning. Those birds feed at this season on dog wood, and other poisonous things which they draw from the earth.

Evening Gazette, and General Advertiser (MA) 1815 05 06 page 4 Anticipation

…To the wise man, every climate and every soil is pleasing;—to such a man, the melody of birds is more ravishing than the harmony of a full concert…

The Watchman (VT) 1815 05 16 page 4 Story of the Birds called Yankees in the Spring of 1815 by Moses Eaton

The following *rare production* is published not so much to display the *beauties of poetry* as to gratify the author. It is copied *verbatim et literatim*, from the original.

Tune—Bunker Hill

1 Wide through Cration shining SOL now blazes
Leaves his old Station—quits the Southern mazes
Breakes up Rivers with a liquid flowing.
Boiling and foaming

2 The cold frasty hill and all the snowy valleys
Furnish the sawmill and the rowing Galleys
Thaws out the sluggard from his den of leisure
To take more pleasure

3 The land now alone and Spring in glowing coullors
Mounts her bright Throne & splendid beauty follows
The warm nimble zephyrs & mild gentle showers
Sonn unbud the flowers

4 The fields are all gay and dresst in raptureaus glory
The Birds Sing and play and tells a solemn story
The sound spreads anon Come all flesh give attention
To this Bird convention

5 We all of one feather and Birds of our own station
That now flock together compose the Yankee Nation
The Birds of Great Passage late caught us on a Journey
And robed us of Money

6 That "Bulwark" of Sages resembled the Henhawke
And STRONG she engaged A thousand in a pick-flock
Like Eagles her Sails spread to conquer and to plunder
And bring us all under

7 Oh Liberty and Fredom which Nature first implanted
The Throne and airy Kingdom that Truth and Virtue planted
Arose in every Bosom bright shining as the morning
The Patriot adorning

8 Some stood as bold as Lions and some began to flutter

Some fear'd the Brittish Tallons and some began to scatter
The yankees not alarmed for Liberty contended
Until the War was ended

9 Tis true we are their Ofsprings & Birds from them descended
But they have lost their Youthful Springs yet on their strength depended
On wings aloft we towered and Birds we had in plenty
Above one and twenty

10 With Guns or Bows and Arrows they ment the Crows should Join them
How nimble the Ring sparrows outwited drove and beat them
Not all the plots of Satan with Henry Plots templation
Can root up the Nation

11 Like dew upon the rose buds the florets and the lillys
Descended sympathetic floods of tears from all but Sillys
For those bold Heros whose blood has run most freely
To gain fame and Glory

12 We now can range Creation across the Land and Waters
And visit ev'ry nation the Chinese French or Tartars
Our gait is high and lofty Our wings have spread the thunder
Of Victory and Wonder

13 Like lightn'ing through the Concave with an Electric shower
Our honors deeds upon the wave our worth our fame & power
Have spread a rapid terror amid the Tribe of Weather
And Tribes of ev'ry feather

14 Sun Moon and Stars lift up your voice renound the most renowned
'Til Seas and all the Eirth rejoice as when a King is Crowned

[the rest of 14 and 15 damaged in the original]

The Dover Sun (NH) 1815 05 27 page 4 Hours of Leisure ["The Peruvian Tales[26]" (1786) via the *Port Folio*,]

In the very entertaining and instructive volumes, called "The Peruvian Tales," is a story of the beautiful Attaca; which, for the excellent moral it contains, and its analogy to the subject of this Essay, I shall briefly relate to my readers.

The fair and unfortunate Attaca was the daughter of a magician named Capallu; her beauty was so transcendent that it engaged numerous admirers: among whom was the son of a potent enchanter…The dying groans of the young criminal reached the ears of his father…and by means of a magick incantation transformed the beautiful person of the lovely Attaca into that of a shaggy bear; and which transformation was to continue until a man descended from the race of the prophets should become enamoured of

her in that shape, which event afterward arrived through the circumstance of a young prince…The spell was now at an end, but…he could not from the nature of the enchantment, restore her to her original form and beauty without leaving some mark upon her of disgrace; but, that it might be effectually concealed, he left a lock of a bear upon her head…

…[O]ne day, being seated under a tree, to their astonishment they heard the same hateful words repeated, "Attaca wears the lock of a bear." They looked about them with surprise but saw no creature near: till at length they discovered that the sound proceeded from a parrot seated on one the branches of the tree above them. The injured Attaca…made use of her bow and shot the feathered babbler through the body. But how great was their amazement when they beheld the branches of the tree immediately covered with innumerable birds, of different kinds, all of whom repeated the same words, "Attaca wears the lock of a bear!" The distressed Attaca fainted away at these insolent reproaches, which her enemy, the wife of the magician had taught even the birds to propagate, and which now laid her open to the contempt of her companions…

Poor Attaca! how just a lesson may thy story convey to the world, who sport with the errors of the unfortunate, who publish, like the talking birds, the infirmities of their neighbors, and who let fly the poisoned arrows of reproach til they destroy.

How many an Attaca is there at this hour, who flies from place to place, pursued by the whispers of scandal and ill-deserved severity. Methinks I see the wife of the Enchanter in the habit of some antiquated prude, and the birds transformed into the babbling visitants of a fashionable root, crying out together in one tone, "Attaca wears the lock of a bear!"…

Connecticut Spectator (CT) 1815 05 31 page 4 Spring. A Pastoral by Alexander Pope

The season having been so uncommonly cold and unpleasant, we had nearly omitted suitably to furnish our poetical department on the occasion: but as the time has not quite passed by, it is thought the following Pastoral from an eminent writer may be acceptable to some of our readers.

First in these fields I try the Sylvan strains…
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves:
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aerial audience clap their wings…
DAPHNIS
Hear how the birds on every bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?

…

Merrimack Intelligencer (MA) 1815 06 10 page 3 A good example

Sixteen youngsters in Windham, eight on a side, went out on the Morning of the 17th instant, and before the hour of eleven, killed and brought in, 260 black-birds, besides destroying many nests with their eggs and young birds. Go and do likewise.

Eastern Argus (ME) 1815 07 12 page 2 Honor to the Brave!

On Friday last a Public Dinner was given in this town in honor of Major-General Ripley….All party animosity was absorbed in national feelings…After partaking of a repast…the following Toasts were drank…

1. Our country—

"The Eagle, that unfleg'd, can upward spring,

"To Heaven shall soar, when age has plum'd his wing….

13. The improved method of catching British Birds—Discovered by Lawrence and pursued by Biddle.

…

By Lieut. Story—*American Ornithology, or the Natural History of Birds*, as displayed in the works of Lawrence, Jones, Warrington and Company—a New Edition, with *additions* by Biddle[27]—March 1815, Impression by *metal types, American cast*.

Burlington Gazette (VT) 1815 07 14 page 4 Remarks on Female Education [from a Foreign Publication (Sydney Smith, E. Review 1809)]

"Some persons are apt to…deem it more becoming that a woman should educate flowers, make friendships with birds, and pick up plants than enter into more difficult and fatiguing studies….can there be any reasons why she should be diluted and enfeebled down to a mere culler of simples and fancier of birds?..."

The Columbian (NY) 1815 07 18 page 2 Subject for a Caricature

The new *pickle-tub* for *English ships*, or modern method of preserving his majesty's navy, originally commenced by doctor Hull, a celebrated *Constitutional* practitioner in naval affairs, on the Guerriere, and afterwards repeated by his successor on the Java, and …recommended as the best cure for the sting of a *Hornet* on *Peacocks* and *Penguins*, or that of a *Wasp* or any other venomous insect on *Reindeers*, or any other birds or beasts of prey or chase—would form a significant material for a new American caricature. It is rather strange that Charles[28], the artist in this line, has not struck out something of the kind.

The Western Herald (OH) 1815 08 03 Cursory Observations on Drunken-ness

by Mentor

One of the most incurable, one of the most debasing to human nature, one of the most destructive vices to human happiness, is that of drunkenness…His children covered with tattered garments go strolling thro' the streets and fields, on the Sabbath as well as on other days, in pursuit of whatever their fancy dictates, whether it be for the purpose of robbing orchards, cornfields, or birds' nests…

The New-York Weekly Museum, or Polite Repository of Amusement and Instruction (NY) 1815 08 05 page 9 New-Married Couple[29]

…How ridiculous would it appear, if in a large assembly everyone should select his mate, and the whole company should fall into couples, like the birds on Valentine's day!...

Missouri Gazette (MO) 1815 08 26 page 4 The Boy and the Birds, A Poem; in imitation of the "Huntsman and Stag," written by brother poet C. of Cape Girardeau.

A pretty little twittering bird
Was by a cruel school boy heard
Each evening and each morn,
To tune his little throat to sing
And hail the blooms and flow'rs of spring,
From bush or dewy thorn;
Or on some bending spray he'd sit
And dress his wing of shining jet
So beauteous to behold!
Then peep into the stream below,
Like some young gay and thoughtless beau
To see his breast of gold.
A female bird of the same breed
That came perhaps to drink or feed
And seen his look so fine;
Flutter'd her wings in am'rous play
And chirp'd and hop'd from spray to spray
And said I will be thine.
The boy went home intent on fun
And soon returned with pouch and gun
Well charg'd with powder and lead.
At the poor birds he took his aim
And oh! to human kind a shame!
He shot them both stone dead!

Done at Potosi, by me who never wrote any poetry before in my life.

I am doubtful Mr. Editor as to the merits of all or indeed any part of the above

poetry, as some people would call it—some of the lines I know do not exactly rhime with each other, nor do the number of syllables as exactly accord in the different lines as I cou'd wish, nor is there that cadence and harmony to be found which is so conspicuous in Pope and some other poets…

I am of opinion, Mr. Editor, that the old maxims are true "practice makes perfect & emulation stimulates genius" and for those reasons I think if all we poets would join our heads together and write from time to time, some such pieces as those of the St. Charles Farmer, Farmer Coles, Sportsman and Stag, and such as any Boy and Birds, I say I think if we did so we would amuse the public, embellish your paper and improve ourselves—Farewell.

Rhode-Island American and General Advertiser (RI) 1815 08 29 page 1 Origin of Musick [From Busby[30]'s Translation of Lucretius (The Nature of Things) 1813; excerpted in *Critical Review* 1815]

And with their liquid lays the birds began
To teach the ear of imitative man;
Long ere with polished notes he cheered the plains,
Or poured his ecstacies in measured strains…

Salem Gazette (MA) 1815 09 12 page 3 Birnam Wood did move to Dunsinane (widely reprinted)

The sanguine admirers of Napoleon many years ago confidently predicted the Great Conqueror would soon be in London; in their language they were as audacious upon this subject as the Apparition was to Macbeth…

These blind, wicked and foolish men have had their predictions fulfilled and their wishes granted—to their sorrow. Bonaparte is now indeed in London—yes, he who threatened to drive the Leopard into the sea. He, who had taught his mock-birds and magpies on this side of the Atlantic to prate and chatter a deal of jargon about "mercantile morality," "mercantile cupidity,"—"preferring bales of cotton and coffee to national honor and glory"—even he, under his own hand, declares "the nation of Shopkeepers" are "the most powerful and most generous" nation in Europe….

The Columbian (NY) 1815 09 16 Criticism. Introductory Discourse delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, on the 4th of May, 1815, by De Witt Clinton, L.L.D. president of the society—4to. Pp. 160 [From the *Port Folio* for August]

…Mr. Clinton then enters into a distinct enumeration of the objects of literary and philosophical inquiry that offer themselves to the investigation of the members….

The history of the animals of the brute creation; that is the Zoology of the country.

The history of the birds, the Ornithology of America. Mr. Clinton reviewed the American Ornithology of Mr. Wilson. Has it been reviewed in England?...

The Albany Register (NY) 1815 09 19 page 2 Introductory Discourse delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, on the 4th of May, 1815, by De Witt Clinton, L.L.D. president of the Literary and Philosophical Society of N. York, &c. &c.

…The objects of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York being coextensive with the principal branches of human knowledge, an unbounded prospect of investigation lies before us…it may not be unimportant, with respectful deference, and in a very concise manner to invite your attention to those objects of inquiry which refer to the peculiar situation of this country, which has been little attended to, or entirely neglected, and which on account of their peculiar importance, deserve and demand our notice….

Many meritorious attempts have been made to illustrate the Ornithology of America, Mr. Alexander Wilson, whose death is to be sorely lamented by every friend of science, had devoted, himself for years to this subject, with an enthusiasm, industry, and ability never surpassed. The exactness of his likenesses, the fidelity of his descriptions, his interesting representations of the manners of birds, and the talent for observation, and delineation; which are displayed in every part of his elaborate work, justly place it in the first rank of writings on natural history. Although he has done so much, yet the subject is by no means exhausted. There are doubts on many points, which one would think ought long since to be settled. But the most interesting part of Ornithology, is the migration of Birds . There are some that stay with as the whole year, there are others, that visit us regularly; and there are several that visit us occasionally, or accidentally, which are driven by storms on our coast, by famine, from their usual country; by excessive heat, from the South; or excessive cold from the North; or by some cause unknown to us. All these birds ought to be carefully noted, and accurately distinguished. Strange birds are frequently seen in the vicinity of the ocean after a storm.—Several years ago, a large flock of paroquets was observed 25 miles to the North-West of Albany. I am credibly informed , that the last ravages of the Canker worm on the West side of Long-Island were arrested by a strange bird (called by the farmers the Canker Worm bird) never seen before nor since, and which devoured that destructive vermin with great voracity.— There are birds that sometimes stay with us the whole year, and that at other times depart; this depends upon the mildness weather, and the quantity food. With the ancients, husbandry regulated by the appearance of particular birds, and calendars of Flora have been kept in different parts of Europe, embracing this and other objects, which are calculated to be highly useful. I do not know that any calendar of this kind has been made in this State; but any person possessed of any talent for observation might easily compile one, which, in order to be complete, ought to contain an account of the leafing and flowering of plants and trees, the progress of vegetation, the departure and return of birds, and correct meteorological observations.

When on this subject, it may not be amiss, to draw your attention to a very striking difference between the country East and West of the Allegany Mountains, in this State, which is to be observed very distinctly in relation to birds, plants, and quadrupeds, and which formerly applied to the Aborigines. At the first settlement by Europeans,

the Indian population was greater on the West than on the East side of the mountains. I have seen that beautiful bird, the *Loxia Cardinalis*, in our Western country, and I believe it never appears here; there are other birds that follow the cultivation of the country from the East ; this is the case with the crow; in some of the Western parts of our country, he is, not to be observed; the raven supplies his place; and it is conjectured that several of the migrating birds come up on our side of the mountains and return on the West . There are several trees and plants in that part of the State which do not grow in this. There seem to be races of squirrels: in the West they are black, in the East they are grey; and while many wild mammals have left us, the great hare of the North is extending his excursions in a Southern direction.

On the approach of cold weather, the birds, as if actuated by an intelligent principle, prepare for their departure. Some of them retire in the night, or ascend so high, that their flight is not observed; while others appear in full view, and attract not only the notice of the naturalist but become the subject of poetical description.— Milton thus speaks of the Migration of Cranes:

"Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, rang'd in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their airy caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumbered plumes" Paradise Lost

And Tasso, in like manner says,

"With such a sound the Cranes embodied fly,
From Thracian shores, to seek a warmer sky,
With noise they cut the clouds and leave behind
The wintry tempest and the freezing wind." Tasso, v. 2 b. 20† [see note V.]

The secret departure of many species of birds has introduced much fable into ornithology. It is time that the submersion of swallows, and the fascination of serpents, should be banished from our natural, and the Welch nations of Indians from our civil, history. In the midst of winter, when occasional mild weather occurs, birds that were supposed to have left the country, suddenly reappear. This has induced a belief that many of them remain in a torpid state during the winter, in the fissures of rocks, or in hollow trees; all these indications ought to be carefully watched. Buffon says, that of three hundred species of quadrupeds, and one thousand five hundred of birds, man has selected but nineteen or twenty, and that only nine species of birds have been domesticated. He is greatly mistaken in the number of species, although he is nearly right in other respects.*[see Note W] The list of useful domestic birds may be greatly increased. The Canada goose and the turkey, it is believed, have been added by America: the black duck, brant, wood duck, and prairie hen, have, in many instances, been tamed, and why might not teal and grouse be also domesticated? Our stock of domestic fowl might also be increased by the Peruvian hen and the hoco or curasso of

South America, which is about the size of a turkey; the flesh of both is much esteemed; and why might not our useful wild birds be augmented by importing from Europe the red-legged partridge, and the pheasant: it is supposed that pheasants were brought into Europe by the Argonauts, thousand two hundred and fifty years before the christian era, from the banks of the Phasis, a river in Colchis in Asia Minor.† [see Note X.][31]

The Columbian (NY) 1815 09 19 page 2 Criticism [From the *Port Folio* for September]

Introductory Discourse, delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, on the 4th of May, 1814, by De Witt Clinton, L.L.D. president of the society 4tp. pp. 160. (continued)

…Note R, Mr. Clinton's review of Wilson's Ornithology, a work that has done great credit to the American press, as well as to American science.

Notes S and T continue the subject of ornithology, with some observations on the difference, if any, between the turkey of Europe and our wild turkey; on the reed-birds, and on the crows and ravens. The wild turkey can certainly be induced to live with the same turkey….

Note V, on the migration of birds.

Note W, on birds. The number of species is about three thousand now known, of which Mr. Clinton allows one thousand to America within the bounds of the United States.

Note X, on the genus *anas*. This includes all the geese and ducks: every one of which, according to Mr. Clinton, may be domesticated. So may the genus *Columba*. The goose and duck are profitable, the one for its feathers and the other for food. All ducks that are known and tried can be fed on offal meat; certainly an advantage in great towns. It would be well if more ducks and fewer dogs were kept.

We want here the English partridge and pheasant; our birds of that name are not similar to the English. They are neither so large nor so beautiful as the common birds of the same name there, these are also much inferior to the ring pheasant and the golden pheasant.

I purchased about six years ago, a swan exactly like the swan of Europe, in size, appearance, down and whiteness; it was sold as a loon: I know not that it would be worth domesticating. It is beautiful but very coarse and black food.

This note contains much useful remarks on the varieties of these birds and other fowls, that might be beneficially domesticated here[32].

National Standard (VT) 1815 11 01 page 4 Hymn [Thomson]

We think no apology need by offered for the insertion of the following beautiful Hymn at the close of Thomson's *Seasons*. A neat miniature edition of this excellent work will shortly be published at this office.

…
Ye woodlands all, awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela! Charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise…

The Columbian (NY) 1815 11 17 page 2 English Game Duty

We perceive in a Liverpool paper of Sept. 21, an advertisement containing a list of 756 persons, "who have taken out game certificates within the country of Lancaster, for the year 1815." That is, these gentlemen may shoot sparrows, hares and plovers, by virtue of their "game certificates," without risking transportation to Botany Bay, like their unprivileged neighbors. For though there be tempting game before his face, the unlicensed hind must be indicted for "not having the fear of God before his eyes," if he dare pull a trigger, or shoot an arrow, on such occasion. How would an American farmer like to debarred from shooting squirrels, or pigeons, pheasants or quails, under an English penalty?

The New-York Weekly Museum, or Polite Repository of Amusement and Instruction (NY) 1815 12 16 page 7 Curious Account of the Booby by Captain Dampier

A Water Fowl, found on the Coast of New South Wales.

The Booby is a water fowl, somewhat less than a hen, of a light greyish colour. It has feet, flat, like those of a duck; and a strong bill larger and bigger than a crow's, and broader at the end. It is a very simple creature and will hardly go out of a man's way. They do not live promiscuously one among another, but each sorts within their own precincts, where they are so settled, and so tame, that a man cannot pass through their quarters without coming within reach of their bills; with which they continually pecked at us. I took notice that they sat in pairs, and therefore, at first, thought them to be cock and hen; but on striking at them, one flew away from such place, and that which was left behind seemed as malicious as the other that was gone. I admired the boldness of those who did not fly away, and used some violence to force them, but in vain; for, indeed, these were young ones, who had not yet learned the use of their wings, though they were as big and as well feathered as their dams; only their feathers were something whiter and fresher. I took notice that an old one, either the cock or hen, always sat with the young, to protect them: for otherwise their neighbours the men-of war-birds, who are very numerous on this coast, would attack them and the strong prey on the weak. These birds also left guardians with their young when they went off to sea, least they should be starved by their neighbours; for there were a great many old and lame man-of-war-birds, that could not fly to sea to seek their own food, These did not inhabit amongst their consorts, but were either expelled the community, or else, chose to lie at some distance from the rest; and that, not all together, but scattering here and there, where they could rob securest. I saw near twenty of them thus secluded, which would sometimes sally into the neighbouring camp to seek for booty; but soon

retreated again, whether they got anything or nothing. If one of these same birds found a young booby not guarded, it presently gave him a good blow on the back with its bill, to make him disgorge, which the boobies will do with one stroke, and, it may be, cast up a fish as big as a man's wrist. This the other swallows in a trice; and marches off to look for another prize. The sound men-of-war will sometimes serve the old boobies so, off at sea, I have seen a man-of-war fly directly at a booby, and give it one blow, which has caused it to cast up a large fish, and the man-of-war lying directly down after it, has taken it up in the air before it has reached the water! The origin and significancy of the names given by our seamen to these birds, appears sufficiently plain from this account of them; and conveys no unapt allusion to the contrast presented in human life, between the ingenious and the stupid—bold and the timorous—the simple and the designing.

1816

The Pittsburgh Gazette (PA) 1816 01 13 page 2 Parody. Alexander Selkirk's Verses supposed to be written on the Island of Juan Fernandez[33], by The Recluse, Banks of the Monongahela.

Delighted with all I survey,
Though my pleasures each neighbour disputes,
I ramble by night or by day,
Or study at home, as it suits.
These, Solitude! these are the charms
Which they have enjoyed as so sweet,
Who, leaving a world of alarms,
Found a snug philosophick retreat.

Here, Politicks, out of your reach,
I spend my chief moments alone;
E'en Scandal annoys not, —for speech
I turn from—unless 'tis my own.
The squirrels and birds in the wood
Show a tameness I cannot condemn,
And by their expressions, tho' rude
Invite my attention to them….

Poulson's American Daily Advertiser (PA) 1816 01 29 page 2 Usefulness of Birds[34]

It is probable there are many species of birds which feed on the insects, grubs, worms, flies, caterpillars, &c. which are so injurious to small vegetables and trees. A part of the food of these birds may be the seed and fruit. But this is the fee we must pay for their services. If they become too numerous and tax us too heavily we must destroy them. At present they are too few and instead of suffering by them we suffer for want of them. If their number could be increased, it would be well; and one way in which this may be done is by respecting their nests, and forbidding the taking or destroying

their eggs.

Rhode-Island American and General Advertiser (RI) 1816 02 13 page 3 St. Valentines by "Sub-Rosa"

In Mexico's green, waving woods,
Where flow the limpid, purling rills,
    Nor feel the Winter drear,
The birds have made their soft abodes:
While Echo, from the grassy hills,
The breathing air with clamour fills—
And charms the listening, trembling floods;
    Replying, far and near,
To every accent of the grove,
And whisper of melodious love,
Or warbling, thrilling note of pleasure,
Uttered in chirping, woodland measure,
    The coming Spring to cheer.

Now burns each breast with rapturous fires,
And Love himself the song inspires,
    And Hymen rules the hour.
Each feathered songster owns the sway,
Choose with care his future mate,
The destined partner of his fate,
To greet him with her tender lay,
    And reign within his bower.
Then, let each Lad select his Lass,
And beauteous Lasses, be not coy;
For, youth and beauty quickly pass:
Crown sweet St. Valentine's with joy;
    Improve the fleeting hour.

Poulson's American Daily Advertiser (PA) 1816 02 13 page 2 The Fish-Hawk or Osprey [Wilson's Ornithology] (widely reprinted)

Mr. Poulson, The following beautiful lines are from the pen of the late and much lamented Alexander Wilson. The enthusiastic ardor with which he pursued his studies, traversing " an extensive territory of woods and fields, unfrequented forests, solitary ranges of mountains, swamps and morasses, in successive journeys of more than ten thousand miles," is well-known, no less than his zeal to rescue from unmerited obloquy the character of many species of useful Birds, whom a blind and mistaken prejudice, handed down from sire to son for many a year, has doomed, as outlaws, to unpitying destruction. Though the Fish-Hawk has been considered, by many, as a useless member of the Feathered Tribes, yet it appears "so much respect is paid to him by the fishermen and inhabitants of the neighbourhood, that a person go should attempt to shoot one of

them, would stand a fair chance of being insulted."

"The regular arrival of this noted Bird at the vernal equinox, when the busy season of fishing commences, adds peculiar interest to its first appearance, and procures it many a benediction from the fisherman. With the following lines, illustrative of these circumstances, I shall conclude its history."

"Soon as the Sun, great ruler of the year !
Bends to our Northern climes his bight career,
And from the caves of ocean calls from sleep
The finny shoals, and myriads of the deep;
When freezing tempests back to Greenland ride,
And day and night the equal hours divide;
True to the season, o'er our sea-heat shore,
The sailing Osprey high is seen to soar
With broad unmoving wing; and, circling slow,
Marks each loose straggler in the deep below:
Sweeps down like lighting! plunges with a roar!
And bears his strug'ling victim to the shore,
"The long hous'd fisherman beholds with joy,
The well known signals of his rough employ;
And as he bears his nets and oars along,
Thus hails the welcome season with a song.

THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN,

The Osprey sails above the sound,
The Geese are gone—the Gulls are flying;
The Herring shoals swarm thick around;
The nets are launch'd—the boats a plying;
Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep;
Raise high the song, and cheerily wish her;
Still as the bending net we sweep,
"God bless the Fish-Hawk and the Fisher !"

She brings us fish—she brings us spring,
Good times, fair weather, warmth, and plenty:
Fine store of *Shad, Trout, Herring, Ling*,
Sheepshead and Drum, and *Old-wives* dainty.
Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep;
Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her;
Still as the bending net we sweep,
"God bless the Fish-Hawk and the Fisher !"

She rears her young on yonder tree,
She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em ;
Like us, for fish, she sails to sea,
And, plunging, shews us where to find 'em.

Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep :
Ply every our, and cheerly wish her i
While the slow bending net we sweep,
" God bless the Fish Hawk and the Fisher!"

New-Hampshire Gazette (NH) 1816 02 20 page 4 The Combat by T.L. Stevens

Heard ye the Eagle's pinions clash the sky!
Saw ye his deathful crest and blazing eye?
Saw ye on high his jetty wings unfold
With nerves herculean ting'd with burnish'd gold?
Saw ye bright meteors gleam around his sight
In circling halos of celestial light?
Saw ye o'er ocean's wave his form advance ?
Saw ye Sol's glory fade around his glance ?
Heard ye the rampant Lion's fearful roar,
Roll round the shudd'ring deep and shake the shore?
Saw ye his blood stain'd eye, his horrid mane,
His deep scar'd form, embru'd with many a stain?
Saw ye his gory front, his reeking jaws,
His adamantine nerves, alcidean paws ?
Saw ye the Eagle o'er the wave alight ?
Saw ye the Lion stalking to the light?
saw ye reclined, beyond the Western wave?
Columbia's form, where purest waters lave?
Heard ye her pray, beside the impending strife,
The god's to guard her birds most precious life>
And proud Britannia, from the isle afar,
Frown with vindictive hate and dare the war !
Saw ye the smoky skies, the bloody ground?
Heard ye the combat stun the affrighted air ?
Saw ye old Ocean shrink beneath the war?
Saw ye his trembling waves in silence wait,
Forget their rage, and stay the impending fate?
Ready to give the victor's brow the gem,
Their brightest meed, old Ocean's diadem?
Saw ye the Lion, dim with death respire,
And faint, beneath the ocean's surge retire ?
Loud howling sink deep, neath a watry grave
And *own* the *Eagle Victor of the wave!*

Salem Gazette (MA) 1816 02 23 page 4 Description of a beautiful valley at the foot of the Andes by W.L. [William Lisle] Bowles ["Missionary, a Poem," via *The Monthly Review* April 1814 (source uncredited)]

Beneath the aerial cliffs, and glittering snows,

The rush-roof of an aged Warrior rose,
Chief of the mountain tribes: high, overhead,
Andes, thy wintry solitudes were spread,
Where cold sierras shot their icy spires,
And Chillan trail'd its smoke, and smould'ring fires.

A glen beneath—a lonely spot of rest--
Hung, scarce discovered, like an eagle's nest.

Summer in its prime;—the parrot-flocks
Darken the passing sunshine on the rocks:
The chrysomel and purple butterfly,
Amid the clear blue light, are wand'ring by:
The humming-bird, along the myrtle bow'rs,
With twinkling wing, is spinning o'er the flow'rs,
And all the farther woods and thickets ring,
So loud the cureu and the chenca* sing.

In such a spot, by frozen summits bound,
That wintry wilds and solitudes surround,
Bidding the world's tempestuous noise farewell,
Meulen, the gentlest fay of earth, might dwell,
And listen only, as the green leaves move,
To sounds which quietude and nature love.
And look! the cataract that bursts so high,
As not to mar the deep tranquility,
The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,
And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends;
Through whose illumin'd spray and sprinkling dews,
Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues.

Check'ring, with partial shade, the beams of noon,
And arching the grey rock with wild festoon,
Here, its gay net-work, and fantastic twine,
The purple engulf threads from pine to pine,
And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.
There, through the trunks, with moss and lichens, white,
The sunshine darts its interrupted light,
And, 'mid the cedar's darksome boughs, illumes,
With instant touch, the lori's scarlet plumes.
So smiles the scene.

* Birds of Chili, remarkable for the melody, richness and compass of their notes[35].

Salem Gazette (MA) 1816 03 01 page 4 Description of Morning in Chili

[Bowle's Missionary]

Tis now rare dawn:—the Andes' distant spires,
One after one, have caught the orient fires.
Where the dun condor shoots his upward flight,
His wings are touch'd with momentary light.
…
The Llama's fleece fumes with ascending dew;
The birds, from brake to brake, their songs renew;
Whilst the Flamingo, in its crimson pride,
By the blue lake, or devious river's side,
Stalks on, in richest plumage bright array'd,
With snowy neck superb, and legs of lengthening shade….

The Columbian (NY) 1816 03 06 page 2 [N.Y. Gaz]

A number of blue birds were seen yesterday morning at Greenwich. The arrival of this delicate and periodical visitor, must put all doubt of an early Spring out of countenance; as it is universally known in the part of the United States to be the messenger of benevolence, announcing to the farmer the certainty of fine weather and that the winter has passed away.

The Northern Post (NY) 1816 03 07 page 3 "A Gun"

"Don't meddle with that gun, *Timmy*," for though it have neither "cock, lock, stock, nor barrel," it may *go off*, and expose to merited contempt, a parcel of fellows, who mock at *religion* and *morality*, set at defiance laws human and Divine, and equally regardless of their own duty and the feelings of good men, form *Sunday* pleasure-parties, profane the *Christian Sabbath*, by "hunting, shooting, or sporting," and neglect the ordinances of *religions* for the pursuit of *birds* and *bull-frogs*,—Now hereby "*hangs a tale*."—But "*verbum sat*:" A word to the wise is sufficient.

Boston Daily Advertiser (MA) 1816 03 09 page 2 The Eagle (widely reprinted)

It is thought worthy of notice that eagle should visit us at this inclement season, it being a native of the south and seldom advancing further north than the state of Pennsylvania, where it usually resorts during the summer months for the purpose of incubation. Two of these birds were seen a few days since hovering over Weston and its vicinity, on of which was brought to the ground from an immense height, with a single ball, by Capt. G.W. Smith. From its size and color it is adjudged to be of the species of the Grey Eagle and one of the largest of the kind. Its companion, which was perfectly white, has since disappeared.

Boston Commercial Gazette (MA) 1816 03 11 Indication of an early and warm Spring

To the account given of a pair of Eagles, passing over Weston, who had seldom

known to reach a more Northern distance than New-Jersey; it may be added, that a number of *blue-birds* were seen at Greenwich, (near the city of N. York), on Thursday last, who are known to be the messenger of benevolence , announcing, to the farmer the certainty of fine weather, and that the winter has passed away.

New-York Courier (NY) 1816 03 12 page 2 For the Courier from "Q. in a corner"

I have made many enquiries: but I cannot learn that any more Shad have arrived at Philadelphia, nor Smelt in the Rariton, nor Blue Birds, at Greenwich. This is very remarkable, when we consider what an early spring we have had, and are to have, this year.

"Father had a special knack,
At making of an Almanac."

Boston Commercial Gazette (MA) 1816 03 14 page 2

The late severe frost, and snowstorm, seem to laugh at the Weston Eagle, the fresh eggs and blue birds of Goshen, as well as the early shad of Philadelphia. Something more of natural history may be expected from these occurrences.

The Albany Daily Advertiser (NY) 1816 03 18 page 2 [from the Albany Gazette]

The inhabitants of this city have already been informed that exertions have been made for the instruction of the Africans, and their descendants, so far at least, as to enable them to read their bibles…At a meeting of the friends of this measure, a committee was appointed…and to invite the favorable attention of the citizens toward it; which they be leave to do in the following Address:

Citizens of Albany…

Awake sons of Africa! arise, your winter is past, and the birds of America invite you to sing. By instilling principles of sound knowledge into your minds, they will teach you to abhor folly and sensuality. They will bring you to their own fold and shepherd, who promises, I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not—I will lead them in paths that they have not known—I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight—These things will I do unto them and not forsake them?...

Boston Commercial Gazette (MA) 1816 03 25 page 4 [N.Y. Gaz.]

The late severity of the weather has stopped the *running* of the steam-boats, shad, smelts, and the *flying* of the blue-birds, etc.

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1816 03 27 page 4 "Wonder upon Wonder"

Eagles.—an account has appeared in several papers of two grey Eagles—one of which was perfectly *white*—making their appearance in Weston. It states that one was

brought to the ground from an immense height, with a single ball, by Capt. G.W.Smith, and strange to relate, that the other had since disappeared. That these delicate birds, natives of a warm climate, as the writer conjectures, should proceed so far north at such an inclement season of the year, may to some appear very wonderful. But should it be found to answer the description of the *Columbarius* [Merlin], given by Mark Catesby, the astonishment might be considerably lessened. It is to be hoped that Capt. Smith will preserve this proof of his sharp shooting by presenting it to the museum, or some one of the societies whose object is to collect natural curiosities. The above account is by many thought more unaccountable than that of the *earthquakes*, lately noticed in that place.

The Repertory (MA) 1816 03 28 page 2 Caution

While the papers are teeming with exaggerated accounts of the baneful effects produced by the consumption of spurred rye, the tables of the rich and luxurious are daily covered with a food more unequivocally noxious. The woodcock whose flesh at the proper season affords a salutary diet, is in the early part of the year known to be loathsome, and often venomous. So notorious is this fact that in New York and other cities of the south, a penalty is inflicted by the laws both on the vendor and the purchaser of this bird at any period prior to the first of July. The causes of the peculiar unwholesomeness of the flesh of the woodcock in its first arrival among us are well known to the sportsman and naturalist. It arrives here from the south early in the month of March in the greatest poverty while the earth is yet bound by frost or covered with snow, and as it lives entirely by suction [!], is compelled to seek a scanty subsistence by inserting its long bill in the reeking excrement of hares, skunks, and other quadrupeds, or by extracting the juice of the poisonous plants which abound in our swamps. At this season the woodcock is covered with vermin and its skin, particularly that of the legs, is red and mangy and its general appearance squalid and disgusting. The man of true taste would as soon eat of the flesh of the turkey buzzard and carrion crow, birds appointed by nature to be the scavengers of the earth, consuming the filth and offals in its surface as diet on such garbage. To those who feel an interest in the preservation of this species of game, the consideration that every bird killed at this season, if permitted to breed, would produce from six to a dozen in the autumn, affords the strongest inducement to discourage by all means their premature destruction.

The Columbian (NY) 1816 04 03 page 2 Hunting the Harpies

"Nor Thebes nor Colchis such a monster bred."

When an eastern writer lately cautioned sportsmen and the public against killing or eating the Woodcock, which arrives in the spring from the southward,—lean, lousy and poisonous; it was not supposed that a more squalid and filthy brood, should take wing from Washington and perch in Philadelphia—But such is the fact. This foul bird is of the Harpy-race, described in Virgil's Aeneid.—As they were reckoned *monsters*, the naturalist (and moralist) thought they should b come extinct—but we are disappointed. These birds greatly annoyed the tempest-tost Trojans, and are called the "foul Harpies."

Monsters more fierce offended heav'n ne'er sent
From hell's abyss for human punishment—
With virgin-faces, but with paunch obscene, &c.
With claws for hands, and looks forever lean.

These birds of the Strophades,—(the types of Slanderers about to be exposed,) were apt to disturb the poor mariner at his meal, polluting all the viands they touched

They snatch the meat, defiling all they find,
And parting leave a loathsome stench behind.

The "*proluvies ventris*" of the Harpy is equalled by the *proluvies oris* of the slanderer. But, as we pursue this chase for our own amusement, the punishment of the calumniator, and the reader's pastime, we must crave some indulgence for copying so much of the " foul" description.

A letter-writer at Washington, or a fabricator at Philadelphia, has taxed the public with a series of letters, written with affected pleasantry but filled with bitterness and calumny. He is probably a clerk in a public office, and receives extra pay for abusing great names, lest the people should learn their true character. As he dates his falsehoods from Washington, and publishes them in Binns's Press, we shall suppose the correspondence of Washington origin:—

"To" Binns's shop "the ready lies repair;
Ne'er was lie made which was not welcome there,
Thence on maturer judgment's anvil wrought
The filthy falshood's into public brought
Quick circulating slanders mirth afford,
And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word."

The 8th and 9th letters of the Harpy are attempts to ridicule the idea of Virginia influence, (which has merely and modestly sought to appoint *another* president by 65 out of 218 members of congress,) and to blacken the reputation of Mr. De Witt Clinton, of New-York. However there is some sport to be had in hunting this harpy through the Press of March 29. Laughing at the idea of Virginia influence, he says,

"It is little to be wondered at, that people who were not long ago so much afraid of the dominion of Bonaparte, should now have transferred their fears to Virginia, which is just as likely to govern us, as Rhode Island, or Delaware, or even your great monster of a scholar politician D—t C—n, backed by his mighty canal and all. By the way, Jack, should these wretched and desperate politicians in New-York, at last draw the people of that state into this enormous folly, I confidently predict the impoverishment of the state, and the utter ruin of the contrivers. The first will be a lamentable catastrophe, but the latter a thing of no consequence, since it is impossible for men to be lower than they are already."

What a feeling concern this genius has for New York!—The grand canal,—" De Witt Clinton, backed by his mighty canal and all" haunt his imagination like a ghost. He dreams of them all day; they keep him restless all the night. So much tender solicitude does he harbour for New-York, that he becomes an instrument to divide her

from Pennsylvania by jealousy and slander, and (if his words could avail) to distract New-York, by proscribing the greatest advocates of the grandest schemes ever formed for public wealth and happiness.

There is not an intelligent, good man in the state, who is not a friend to the canal. Our laughing philosopher grows grave at this; he pronounces them "wretched politicians" who are the "contrivers of this enormous folly he predicts from it "the impoverishment of the state." That is, the greatest improvement is equal to "impoverishment," and all this he confidently predicts—In this he plays the Harpy still; one of them was a prophetess; and when the rest were repelled, she seated herself cu a craggy, cliff and thus alarmed the followers of Aeneas:

Th' Italian shores are granted you to find,
And a safe passage to the port assign'd:
But know, that ere your promis'd wells you build,
My curses shall severely be fulfill'd—
Fierce famine is your lot—for this misdeed
Reduc'd to eat the plates on which you feed."

Which means; "the canal is practicable; but, nevertheless I confidently predict the impoverishment of the state, and the utter ruin of the contrivers."

The classical reader knows how pleasantly the prophecy of Celaeno was fulfilled, amidst feasts and fun: for the Trojans sat down to a jovial repast on the carpet of nature; with wheaten cakes for plates and trenchers, which they devoured; and were then reminded by Ascanius, of the awful prediction thus accomplished. Just so shall the modern prophet appear, when the grand canal shall have been completed; which he thinks impossible. His ignorance is therefore manifest.

England has cut above 1100 miles of canal navigation in fifty-six years, with all her wars, and subsidies, and folly and madness; yet New-York, flowing with wealth and abounding in enterprise, cannot cut 300 miles of canal in 12 or 20 years,—though she has no rapacious clergy to swallow tythes; hereditary nobles to prey on the fruits of her labour; and there is no appearance of war, to interrupt the industrious operations of peace!

In England, canal navigation has been found more steady and useful than navigation of the rivers; all attempts having failed to improve the latter there and elsewhere. But here, we have advantages over almost every country in Europe, Holland and Belgium excepted. The author of the "Serious Appeal," proves or maintains,—That the New-York canal will require no reservoir;—that it will need no tunnel; that it will require no embankment; that the number of locks are determined, as well as their expense, and the descent precisely ascertained. The inestimable benefits of the canal are pointed out both by the author of the Appeal, and by Mr. Clinton in the New-York Memorial.

Yet, all this, says the Harpy, is a trick to divide the republican party!!! Oh! if our politicians at Washington would but play such tricks as this, intrigue had ceased ere now, and we should not have beheld a little conclave of members seduced into a

usurpation, to appoint presidents contrary to the constitution, and in contempt of the will of the people. Had our chief magistrate and heads of departments looked diligently to their trust as some of our private citizens do to the interests of the state; the post-office abuses had not called forth executive screen, or congressional enquiry; the public accounts would be sifted, and the stables cleansed ere this; heads of departments would be confined to the discharge of their duty; and laws would not have been set at nought by executive "orders" and "regulations"—nor, should we have had a Harpy-hunt; for, no perquisites would have been allowed to clerks and paragraphists for traducing virtuous men !

Let us detect more folly and wickedness of the Harpy:

"For D—C—, is obliged to keep himself up by recommending schoolmasters in the newspapers; attending juvenile exhibitions at all the academies; and co-operating with all the old women in the Bible, common prayer books, and Religious Tract Societies. By those means he manages to put people sometimes in mind of his existence, which otherwise would be soon quite forgot."

Perhaps of all men living, Mr. Clinton is the most frank.—Without disguise, without reserve, without artifice, he harbors the most ineffable contempt for hypocrisy, political or religious; and it is a fact that the study of half his life has been to root out duplicity and fraud, by furnishing the community, the whole population, with the means of detecting imposture. To this end, he has labored to diffuse the lights of education among all classes; has fostered free schools, husbanded school-funds and lastly formed the scheme (in conjunction with Mess. Eddy and other trustees of the Free-school Society) of spreading Lancasterian institutions over the state. Establish seminaries of education, he thinks, and vice cannot lord it over virtue, cunning and ignorance cannot rule generosity and knowledge; the arts of the hypocrite and the demagogue shall be unavailing ; "knowledge is the proper aliment of liberty, and the surest antidote of faction. Hence the abuse poured on Mr. C. by those who tremble at the downfall of ochlocracy. Much as Mr. Clinton strives to promote the advancement of solid information, never till now did we hear of his obtruding himself on juvenile assemblies, or recommending schoolmasters, for sake of publicity. Never till now did we learn, that he was a member of any Bible Society, for he despises all fuss about religion—and never till now did we hear it whispered, that these arts were necessary to apprise the public of his existence, "which otherwise would soon be quite forgot." How silly is this tissue of slanderous invective! While Philosophy has disciples, and true republicanism has votaries, the name of Clinton shall be imperishable as the friend, ornament, and cultivator of both.

The worst part of the Harpy slander is reiterated in the following strain:

"The canal, you may be assured, is not the real object of all this noise—for I do not believe even these two men would dare take upon themselves the responsibility of such a fatal, and dreadful undertaking—which I venture to say would swallow up the whole state, in a mad and desperate speculation."

If the Harpy means his own "noise," he is right! The canal, the welfare of New-York, is not his object—he wishes to traduce eminent worth, and put it politically *hors*

de combat. And, HE is afraid of divisions in New-York! He ought to have recollected, that in this delicate point he and his employer are very vulnerable. [pointing hand icon] Was it not his master who said at Washington, " So long as Pennsylvania is republican, we care not if New-York be federal; we had as lief, or rather, she should be so as not."? Ponder on this profligate remark, of a petty New-England intriguer, sold to ——, and living on the public. Yes, fellow-citizens, the intriguers have endeavoured to place the republicans of New-York in the road to ruin?' and you shall be informed of all, even if out of season. The band of southern directors have found pretended republicans here too, willing to assist the impious undertaking. They reason thus: "If a Cato or a Fabricius arises into power in New-York, he may shake our throne, and break our sceptre; he may "pour in light on Pluto's dark abodes," and exhibit us before the world as corrupt politicians and defaulters. Let us study self-preservation, "move heaven and earth," and paralyze the republican party in his state, in order to keep him out—'So long as Pennsylvania is republican, we care not about New-York'. Let us use instruments there who may baffle him and the real friends of New-York, but who cannot rival us."

Reader! there is nothing chimerical in this; it is matter of fact, part susceptible of proof in a court of justice, and the remnant—is it not written in the Chronicles of these times? Hereafter, if necessary, you shall know names and actors. Let us suspend the hunt for the present, and renew it again for recreation and instruction, hereafter.[36]

Poulson's American Daily Advertiser (PA) 1816 04 04 page 3 Fatal accident

Last Saturday as William Forman of Brooklyn, and his son, were fowling in a small boat in Flatland Bay, the father in his over anxiety to bring down a bird that was rapidly passing over the bow of the boat where his son sat, discharged the whole of the contents of his gun into his son's head, which almost instantaneously put a period to his existence: So unconscious was he of what he had done, that he had proceeded to load his gun and almost finished before he discovered the shocking accident.

National Advocate for the Country (NY) 1816 04 05 page 1

The Evening Post has asserted that which he did not know to be a fact, and which, in fact, is false. We never conversed with Walter Bowne, or Walter Bowne with us, on the subject alluded to. We really supposed the editor of the Post too wary to be so imposed on by a hoaxer. We considered him as *too old a bird* to be caught by *chaff*. However, there is no accounting for these things, any more than for *Mr. editor Lang's blue birds and early spring*!

The Western Herald (OH) 1816 04 05 page 2 Something Ominous

Two eagles have been seen hovering over Massachusetts, early in March. It is remarked that the eagle is seldom seen further north than Pennsylvania—one of them, it seems, was shot with a single ball from an immense height by capt. G. Smith, near Weston, Mass. the other it is said, was perfectly white and has since disappeared. Does the visit of the American eagle portend a change in the political horizon of

New England? It would seem as if it did. Their appearance just previous to a pending election, is certainly ominous of a great change—we hope the one that still lives, may seize the *Hartford Owls*, and carry them from the land which they have disturbed by the ugly screeching noise, and land them safe in Canada, so that the Canadians may see the *ugly birds* that screeched this nation into a war with them, and then refused to fight in a cause, where their interest was deeply at stake.

Providence Patriot and Columbia Phenix (RI) 1816 04 06 page 2 Examination of Crary's Balances continued.

One would have thought that the resolution of April 10, 1780, was precise enough to have convinced all ordinary seekers after money, that none of that article was to be obtained from the United States through the medium of "the claims." Whether the "harpies" were of the class of ordinary seekers, or of some other, we do not undertake to decide; we will barely remark, however, that "harpies" of the "old school" were "foul birds with long claws."—…

The Columbian (NY) 1816 04 12 Ode to May page 2

This beautiful invocation is copied from the poems of R. West, vol 10 of the British Poets. It is expressive of our impatience for Spring, which certain prognostications induced us to expect a month ago! Farmers and mariners had better pursue Virgil's directions (allowing for difference of climate) than depend on almanac makers: the former, perhaps may regard the stars and winds with care; the latter ought to watch the migration of birds, the return of wild geese, woodcocks, &c from the south. It would seem from late observations that the *blue birds* are not to be relied on! We may probably view this as an extraordinary season, since bees have swarmed by the 25th of March, and the frosts of March powdered the ground in January!... [poem not about birds]

Rhode-Island American, and General Advertiser (RI) 1816 04 30 page 1 The Suggester, No. III[37]

Grandis, et, utita dicam, pudica oratio non est maculo sa nec turgida, sec naturali pulchirudine exsurgit. Petronius.

An elevated and chaste style of oratory is not tricked out with cumbrous ornament; but recommends itself by its own natural beauty.

How often do we look back on the past with melancholy regret! In my earlier years, I made the Latin, Greek, and British classicks my principal study. I praised that simplicity in them, to which I was a stranger; and admired that elegance and sublimity, at which I never expected to arrive. *But I have of late experienced a literary conversion, or in the more powerful language of the New-Lights, have been "brought out."* Those once admired classicks have now but few charms for me. Their simplicity savours too much of weakness; their elegance has no splendour; and their sublimity has none of the boldness of genius….In spite of all that Rhetoricians have advanced

to the contrary, I am fully persuaded in the belief, that elegant writing is not so much indebted to ideas as words; not so much to sublimity of thought as loftiness of phrase… The subject on which I hope to give some good evidence of my conversion is Spring. I am aware that in departing from the beaten path of custom, I shall make myself many enemies; yet I hope to meet the approbation of all whose opinions I ought most to regard—I shall be applauded at least by those gentlemen who write elegant July orations, by the Reverend poetical President, who has the honour of being acquainted with the author of the Columbiad; by innocational Noah; and, what is most flattering to my pride, by two Virginian philosophers, whose political is as great as their literary fame.

Escaped from the icy embraces of the Genius of Winter, that dread monarch of the seasons…

The feathered tribes, till late somnisick, are now awakened. From the aerial bird of Jove, that banquets on the lambkin, to the garrulous red-wing, clad in the crimsoned coat of Mars, all, impelled by the eagerness of hope, or urged by the impatience of expectation, are either fluttering on the wing of animation or caroling the variegated notes of life-cheering joy.

Animate creation seems now an instrument of musick, whose chords, touched by the hand of rosy-fingered Spring, emit sounds more seraphick than the enchanting musick of the spheres, or the demi-semi-quavering strains of the divine violin. To this musical panorama of nature, every youthful heart beasts time…

This is imagination's golden season—this her richest triumph…She nasally inhales the nectareous odours, emanating from the wildest, fairest, sweetest parterres of posy-crowned Flora; thence, swift as lighting flashes from the sablest cloud, or the humming-bird darts from the most honied flower, flies to the umbrageous retreats of foliated groves, catches auricularly the sound of waters and the cantations of birds, ruminates on lovers' vows, and manually joins the mystick dance of salient wood-nymphs….

Bangor Weekly Register (ME) 1816 05 04 page 4 The time of the singing of Birds is come [*Albany Gazette*] (widely circulated)

The shot has surprised me! It has made all the woods echo with its noise! Oh! I perceive a poor Robin has fallen a victim to the fowler. Barbarous man! how could you deprive such an innocent creature of its existence, and at the very time it was attempting to soften your cruel breast with its delightful song! Sure it was doing you no harm; nor is its little carcase of any use or benefit to you, for I perceive you have left it lying at the foot of yonder tree.—Poor Robin! no more wilt thou visit our garden—no more shall thy cheering notes salute the open day—No! thou are gone, and hast nothing to reckon for hereafter; but trifling as thy death may seem to thy murderer, I will not say, but he will have to answer for that very act; for, not a sparrow falleth to the ground without the knowledge of its great Creator, the universal Judge.

Nor is this all!—By this wanton deed, an innocent creature is deprived of its

life—its mate of a partner—the young of a parent, and the groves of a peaceful tenant. Strange depravity! that any man can take pleasure in going pain to others, or in the destruction of harmless animals! I am very much afraid, that among all the instructions which parents give their children, that of being merciful to brutes is too often neglected.

The merciful man is merciful to his beats—Solomon.

"Take not away that life thou canst not give,
For all things have an equal right to live."—Pope.

New-York Courier (NY) 1816 05 06 page 3. Advertisement. Henry I. Hassey. Loaves and Fishes

King of the Poles, &c. at his New-England Shaving and Dressing Academy, No 136 Fly Market; respectfully announces to his customers and the public, that he returned in health and safety from the east last week, with an ample supply of Loaves and Fishes; but disdaining the idea of interfering with the election, he purposely deferred offering them to either party 'til that important business was settled; being long convinced that such articles will influence occasionally, the most independent voter.

He has for distribution the following, viz.

Gold Fish—the very name will tempt both sides.

Loves and Cakes of Soap, which is warranted to shave or wash, so as to make even the disappointed feel comfortable.

Mocking, Canary, and various other kinds of birds, among which will be found a number who will celebrate the late even with songs of joy and triumph; others with plaintive strains, will sympathize most pathetically with the defeated…

Connecticut Courant (CT) 1816 05 07 page 3 Advertisement. Museum

The public are respectfully informed that there is now in the Hartford Museum, one hundred and eighty kinds of American Birds, taken from Wilson's celebrated Ornithology. The birds are taken, with the greatest exactness, the color, size, attitude and expression of life; and are much admired by observers of nature…

New-Bedford Mercury (MA) 1816 05 10 page 4 Spring (reprinted)

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty—thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair, thyself bow wondrous then!
Unspeakable!"—Thompson (sic)

Of all the seasons, Spring is the most delightful…Not only birds and animals but even the inanimate creation seem to rejoice in something like that universal joy expressed on the appearance of the first Spring…yet strange as it may appear there are men in the world to whom all these glorious manifestations of the Deity…are

overlooked, despised, and utterly neglected…Great God!...May thy goodness teach me humanity; thy greatness a contempt for those who call themselves great; and the constant succession of day and night, feed time and harvest, cold and heat— this glorious truth, that thou art our kind and universal Parent, and we Brothers in one great family.

Washington Whig (NJ) 1816 05 13 page 2 Gleanings and Lubrications. No. XIX. On Spring by "M."

…He who has any taste for the beauties of nature can never want pure and sincere pleasures in this season….whilst the air resounds with the songs of birds, whose concerts are hymns of joy to their Creator, expressive of their happiness and love…

New-Jersey Journal (NJ) 1816 05 14 page 4 A Country Life

Do you see yonder cot, so humble and low,
  Where the oak spreads its branches on high?
That cot never pour'd forth the voice of complaint,
  Its walls never echoes a sigh!
…
There, the birds of the air dwell securely from harm
  There the wood-robin opens the day;
The cottager smiles and the birds see a friend
  And all join the dear friend to repay….

Dedham Gazette (MA) 1816 05 24 Political Miscellany. The Remembrancer, No. 16

…Benjamin F. Bache, then editor of the Aurora, in 1797, published a pamphlet under the auspices of the leaders of democracy, and circulated it extensively, entitled, "Remarks occasioned by the late conduct of Mr. Washington, President of the United States… "When we strip from him however the borrowed plumage which he has so long worn with an apparent innocence; it is solely because he has chosen to associate himself with birds of plunder and of prey…"

New-York Evening Post (NY) 1816 06 17 page 2 Extraordinary weather. Hallowell,Maine.

There has not been within the memory of the oldest person, nor probably since the settlement of the country, such weather in June as for the week past…. A variety of birds, among which are the humming bird, the yellow bird, the martin and the beautiful scarlet sparrow have been so benumbed as to be taken by the hand and great numbers have actually perished with cold.

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1816 06 21 page 2 From a Correspondent (Jackson, Maine)

…In the evening the atmosphere so intensely cold, that the small birds, our annual visitors from the southward, sought for shelter in people's houses and barns, and many of them, with the Swallows were found starved and frozen to death on the morning of the 8th….

New-Bedford Mercury (MA) 1816 06 21 page 3 Snow Storm (Montpelier, Vermont)

Many sheep have perished with cold; the birds have sought shelter by flying into houses, and great numbers have been found dead in the fields….

New-England Palladium & Commercial Advertiser (MA) 1816 06 25 page 2 Lower Canada

…Among the many unusual circumstances which accompanied a state of weather so unexampled in the memory of the inhabitants or in the annals of the country, we have to notice that, on Thursday, great numbers of birds, which are never found but in the distant forests resorted to the city, and were to be met with in every street, and even among the shipping. Many of them dropped down dead in the street, and many were destroyed by thoughtless or cruel persons. The swallows entirely disappeared for several days….

New-York Courier (NY) 1816 07 04 page 2 A Card

Centum Vir presents his compliments to Vice Versa and confesses that he is unable to predict a seven years famine by means of any "phenomenon in nature" whatsoever, and humbly begs information from the subject from Vir Centum. If he can inform Centum Vir what that phenomenon is, he shall be his "Magnus Apollo." Centum Vir cannot even predict with certainty a plentiful harvest or an early spring, as even the appearance of *blue birds* and *swallows* are equivocal omens…

New-England Palladium & Commercial Advertiser (MA) 1816 07 05 page 2

Catesby says when the Rice Birds arrive (as they do annually) in South-Carolina, *they are all females*. [38]

The Pittsfield Sun (MA) 1816 07 11 page 1 To a Robin by Anna. [from the Geneva [NY] Gazette]

Why, sprightly chirper dost thou fly
  When I approach thy nest?
I love to hear thy younglings cry,
  But will not them molest.

Then cease thy anxious ditty, cease,
  I will thy guardian prove;
O let me ramble here in peace—

This is the spot I love.

I love to view thy shining breast,
And cull the ripen'd fruit:
Here still I wander when opprest—
My soul these groves doth suit.

And here the rustling of the leaves
Gives life a double spring;
Each bough a genial bower receives,
Fann'd soft by Zephyr's wing.

My heart here shills at friendship's voice,
And here my griefs subside;
'Tis here I sorrow and rejoice—
How can I be denied?

Yet see I thee most fearful stand
Upon the trembling spray—
Indeed, I have no giant's hand,
Nor mean thee for my prey.

Nay, simple bird, I cannot harm—
Nor would I if I could;
For thy shrill notes can sweetly charm
And echo through the wood.

Then dare I cherish such a thought!
No; sure it cannot be !
Long, long thy lone retreat I've sought
And listen'd but to thee.

Then why, dear chirper, dost thou fly
When I approach thy nest?
I love to hear thy younglings cry,
But will not them molest.

Hallowell Gazette (ME) 1816 07 24 page 2 National Character by Manlius

…There is one circumstance about that imbecility of mind which we have called want of independence or servility that we think altogether peculiar;—which is, that the persons who are afflicted with this mental malady appear perfectly unconscious of its existence…It would seem as if they were held in a state of mental thralldom by superiority of mind, or the pomp and circumstance of wealth; very much as birds are said to be inveigled by the Egyptian snake….

Poulson's American Daily Advertiser (PA) 1816 07 24 page 3 Communication

Surely it is not less pleasing than wonderful to read the following character of an Abyssinian, found in Salt's Travels in Africa[39]:

…His mind seemed to be formed upon the purest principles of the Christian Religion…He would often, to ease his Mule, walk more than half the day…constantly when he saw me engaged in shooting partridges or any other birds, he would call out to them to fly out of the way, shaking his head and begging me in a mournful accent not to kill them…"

The American (NH) 1816 07 31 page 4 The Hermit. In imitation of Chatterton

A clyffe beathe, onne the furze-crowned heathe,
A hermit dwelt ynne olden time…
Bent o'er hys cave, dothe the green wood wave,
And many a sylvan sound arise
Of birds that synge onne joyeful wing,
And leave their track in the morning skies.

American Telegraph (PA) 1816 07 31 page 4 The moon and the nightingale

Now while within their wings each feathered pair
Hide their bush'd heads, thy visit, moon renew;
Shake thy pale tresses down, irradiate the air,
Earth, and the spicy flowers that scent the dew.
The lonely nightingale shall pipe to thee,
And I will moralize her minstrelsy.

Ten thousand birds the sun resplendent sing,
One only warbles to the milder moon,
Thus for the great, how many wake the string,
Thus for the good, how few the lyre attune[40]

Daily National Intelligencer (DC) 1816 08 01 part 2 Forbes' Oriental Memoirs [from the *London Quarterly Review*]

…Mr Forbes[41]…like a wise and good man…could sympathize with whatever was good in the character of the people and treat their prejudices with tenderness and respect. The inhabitants of Dhuboy requested that their fellow citizens, the monkeys, and the water-fowl who frequent their lake, might not be fired at by the Europeans of the garrison; alleging as a reason for this request not merely their own belief but that those creatures were useful in keeping the city and the tank free from dirt, nuisance, and reptiles. The monkeys, indeed, as well as the peacocks and many other birds destroy great numbers of the deadly serpents with which India is infested…Mr. Forbes readily granted the request and the protection which was asked for these creatures who had the public claim for it he extended to all, and prevailed upon his countrymen never

to fire a shot within the fortress. Every bird, therefore, which flew over the walls, found an asylum; every house was crowded with monkeys—trees were filled with peacocks, doves, and parrots, the lake covered with aquatic fowl, and the surrounding groves enlivened with bulbuls and warblers of every kind.

Baltimore Patriot & Evening Advertiser (MD) 1816 08 22 page 2

Birds of a Feather,
Billing and cooing together.

When the federal papers quote "From the Aurora," they never fail to add "A Democratic paper." The reason is obvious; a reading of the matter would never induce any reader to suppose that the paper from which the quotation was made could possibly be "a Democratic Paper."…

Boston Intelligencer, and Morning & Evening Advertiser (MA) 1816 08 24 page 1 Study of Animals[42]

Few are they so utterly insensible to the finer operations of the mind, who could not derive pleasure from the art of comparing the capacities of animals with the inferior orders of animated beings; their superiority over vegetables in procuring their subsistence; and in their powers of sensation, perception and memory. Observing their contrasts, unions, and harmonies;—calculating where instinct retires, and reason begins.—who could not be proud, after proving the fallacy of that doctrine which would teach, that all animals under the rank of man are mere automata, to finish with a persuasion, that even beasts, birds, and other animated beings, have an internal system of morality and conscience, by which they are secretly and intuitively governed.

The New-York Weekly Museum, or Polite Repository of Amusement and Instruction (NY) 1816 08 24 page 9 Aurora; An Allegory. From the German of Herder.

Aurora was complaining to the gods that, although she was much praised by men, she was little beloved or visited by them, and least by those who loudest sang her praises… "Do not grieve about thy lot," said the goddess of wisdom… "The whole creation worships thee; all the flowers awake and clothe themselves by thy roseate beam in new and bridal beauty. The choir of birds welcome thee and seem intent wholly on varied arts to charm thy presence. The laborious boor and the industrious sage never disappoint thee…doubtly pleased that they enjoy thee undisturbed and uninterrupted by the prating crowd of sleepy fools…"

Concord Gazette (NH) 1816 08 27 page 4 [Midd. Gaz.]

…The present season is allowed by all to be very cold and backward—and if man cannot be supposed to understand futurity, they ought at least to reflect, that out of what is called evil "good often comes; and we may fairly calculate, that the cold and frosts, which have unexpectedly visited our land this season, will be the means of destroying

those insects which have so long been a scourge to our fruit trees. It is asserted as a fact, at the Southard, that birds which feed on insects, have devoured cherries and other fruits even before they became ripe, for want of their common sustenance; we have reason to believe that to be the case in this vicinity….

Trenton Federalist (NJ) 1816 10 07 Scott's Visit to Paris

…and as a bit of amiable sentiment, which must always be introduced by the French in whatever they do, birds were set free, with light collars on their necks, inscribed with the rights of man, that in their flight they might carry to Heaven, from the Jacobin club, and the crowd of September murderers, "testimonials of the restoration of liberty and happiness on earth!" It was on this day [August 13, 1793], that the worshippers of the National Genius and the invokers of the National Spirit, proceeded to St. Denis to consummate their national celebration by dismantling its fine and venerable Abbey, destroying the tombs of their kings and heroes, disinterring their remains and administering to the wanton merriment of the rabble by furnishing them with the skull of Henry IVth to use as a foot ball…

Dartmouth Gazette (NH) 1816 10 09 page 1 The Eagle

…Lambs, hares, fawns, pheasants, and even kids, are the ordinary food with which these birds bring up their young; and in the remote parts of France, if we may credit travelers, a gentleman, who happens to have an eagle's nest or two on his estate, thinks them equivalent to a good farm's rent; the game which the eagle bring to their young, being sufficient both for them and a large family. The peasants, by placing ladders against the craggy mountains on which they make their nests, when they have seen the old ones depart, ascend thereto, and take away the dainties the old ones have collected, and replace them with garbage and offal, keeping the young ones hungry, by which the old ones are more active in the pursuit of prey.

The New-York Weekly Museum, or Polite Repository of Amusement and Instruction (NY) 1816 10 19 page 7 Vindication of the Tongues of Women [from Smellie's *History of Natural Philosophy*]

One very singular observation remains to be made. Contrary to what almost universally takes place in the human species, the females of the inferior animals are not so loquacious as the males. This remarkable difference, if we scrutinize impartially the intentions of nature, will be found, like all her other intentions, to be productive of the wisest and most beneficent purposes. Among those brute animals who pair or marry by mutual selection, and particularly almost the whole of the feathered tribes, when not corrupted by domestication, the language of the males is more extensive and more frequently repeated, than that of the females. It is for this reason, that, in purchasing singing birds, great attention is paid to those characters which distinguish the males from the females, the latter being considered as comparatively mute and useless. When the female thrush, or blackbird, is brooding over her eggs, the male sits upon a neighbouring tree; and when no danger appears, he tells her, in melodious

and encouraging strains, not, to be afraid, because he is keeping the strictest watch. But when he perceives the too near approach of man, of birds of prey, or of any other rapacious animals, he instantly changes his addresses to her. Instead of his former soothing notes, he flies from branch to branch, or from tree to tree, uttering dismal alarming, and harsh cries. In this manner he tells her to beware of the enemy. When the danger is greatly increased, by a still nearer approach, the male again changes his language, he then by quick and precipitate sounds, commands her to fly, and to save herself even in preference to her eggs or her defenceless brood. Here the intentions of nature, as well as the necessity of a varied, though limited language, are evident both to our ears and eyes; for on such occasions, the sounds are uniformly accompanied with the most expressive gestures. When boys are about to carry off a nest of young birds, both parents, notwithstanding their natural dread of man, which is too often augmented by cruelty, make a much nearer approach than at any other time. Their almost invincible attachment to their offspring seems, in a great measure, to deprive them of the principle of self-preservation. Their cries are low, mournful, and not unfrequently resemble those uttered by human beings when placed in similar circumstances. But when despair removes all hope, another change of language is exhibited. Both parents then fly round the assailant, screaming and uttering threatning cries; and sometimes they even attempt to repel the spoiler.

When a boy, I carried off a nest of young sparrows about a mile from my place of residence. After the nest was completely removed, and while I was marching home with them in triumph, I perceived, with some degree of astonishment, both parents following me, at some distance, and observing my motions in perfect silence. A thought then struck me, that they might follow me home, and feed the young according to their usual manner. When just entering the door, I held up the nest and made the young utter the cry which is expressive of food. I immediately put the nest and the young in the corner of a wire-case and placed it on the outside of a window. I chose a situation in the room, where I could perceive all that should happen, without myself being seen. The young animals soon cried for food. In a short time both parents, who understood the language as well as the peculiar voices of their mutual offspring, having their bills filled with caterpillars, resorted to the cage, and after chattering a little, as we would do with a friend through the lattice of a prison, gave a small worm to each individual. This parental intercourse continued regularly for some time, till the young were completely fledged, and had acquired a considerable degree of strength. I then took one of the strongest of them and placed him on the outside of the cage in order to observe the conduct of the parents after one of their offspring was emancipated. In a few minutes, both parents arrived, loaded, as usual, with food. They no sooner perceived that one of their children had escaped from prison, than they fluttered about and made a thousand noisy demonstrations of joy both with their wings and their voices, These tumultuous expressions of unexpected happiness at last gave place to a more calm and soothing conversation. By their voices and their movements, it was evident that they earnestly entreated him to follow them and to fly from his present dangerous state. He seemed to be impatient to obey their mandates, but by his gestures and the feeble sounds he uttered, he plainly told them that he was afraid to try an exertion he had never before attempted. They, however, incessantly repeated their solicitations; by flying alternately

from the cage to a neighbouring chimney top, they endeavoured to shew him how easy the journey was to be accomplished. He at last committed himself to the air and landed in safety. Upon his arrival, another scene of clamorous and active joy was exhibited. Next day, I repeated the same experiment by exposing another of the young on the top of the cage I observed the same conduct with regard to the remainder of the brood, which consisted of four. I need hardly add, that not one, either of the parents or children, ever after revisited the execrated cage.

We have already seen, and everybody knows that, in general, the males of the inferior animals are more loquacious than the females. But, in the human species, it is likewise an unquestionable fact, that the females are much more talkative than the males. It is even remarkable, that female children, though of the same family, and receiving the same instructions and example, acquire the faculty of speaking one year, and sometimes two, sooner than the males.

We shall now endeavour to investigate the intentions of nature in creating such a marked distinction….

Pittsburgh Gazette (PA) 1816 10 29 page 2 Amusing and Simple Experiments in Galvanism

We know not any science which furnishes more experiments that are both entertaining, amusing and useful, than Galvanism.

Experiment 1st. Take any small bird such as a linnet whose life has been extinguished not more than two hours, place a small piece of silver in its mouth, and a small piece of zinc or gold in its tail. Connect the two pieces with an iron wire, and the bird will immediately rise up and expand its wings and flutter around the room as if alive….

Boston Patriot and Morning Advertiser (MA) 1816 12 28 page 4 The Fine Arts [From the *National Intelligencer*]

The lovers of the fine arts, and all persons of taste, will see with the greatest pleasure, at the Capitol, the American Eagle, to be placed in the House of Representatives, designed and executed from nature by Signor Valaperta[43]…

1817

The New-York Evening Post (NY) 1817 01 04 page 2 The Young Bostonian's Letters No III [from the *Boston Centinel*] (widely reprinted)

…The [NY] museum is small but the birds and beasts are very well preserved. It required little imagination to suppose the smaller of the feathered tribe singing; to see the larger American eagle on the wing…"

Connecticut Courant (CT) 1817 01 07 page 2 The Brief Remarker (widely reprinted)

He that formed man and that knew best what was in him and what he was made for, saw it was not good that he should be alone…As Zoologists tell us "It has long been observed that those races of animals which live in societies, and united their efforts for the attainment of one common end, exhibit a great superiority of intellectual faculties over those which lead a life of solitude and seclusion…It has also been noticed by careful observers, that the gregarious races of animals, in many instances, evidently learn of one another, and so come to be more sagacious and more expert in their operations, by reason of their living in a social state. Young singing birds, for example, are known to improve in voice and skill by listening to the notes of an old and experienced songster….

Washington City Weekly Gazette (DC) 1817 01 11 page 5 Serious Duel [from London paper of Nov 12]

…Unmindful of the heinousness of the act they had in contemplation, and of the direful consequence likely to result from it, they met…each armed with a brace of pistols…where the ground being marked out, the combatants exchanged six—words; and then probably recollecting the penalty to which persons are subjected for letting off fire arms at that place, on account of the injury done thereby to the gardens in frightening away the birds, they mutually agreed to adjourn to a neighboring public house…

The New-York Evening Post (NY) 1817 01 15 page 2 Curious fact [from the *Democratic Press*] (widely reported)

On the 6th of January, 1817, there was discovered in pursuit of prey, on the premises of capt. Isaac and David S. Yerkes, a large grey EAGLE, which being shot on the morning of the 7th inst. by Uriah Mitchener, was taken alive; upon examination, it appears, his wounds are very slight, and that he previously had, by some means, lost one foot, the stump of which had perfectly healed over.

This rare bird, called by the Latins, "Rex Avium est Aquila," or the king of birds, has made its appearance for the first time in the township of Mooreland, and county of Montgomery, fifteen miles from the city of Philadelphia, the old inhabitants of this vicinity have no recollection of a similar fact. The wings of this uncommon bird being extended, in presence of several spectators, measured seven feet one inch and a half between the two extremities, and its weight was eight pounds and four ounces; its color is a beautiful mixture of white and black or dark brown, but no one yet is able to make any discovery as to its age. This reigning tyrant of the feathered race might however, make a useful addition to a newly established museum.

Georgia Journal (GA) 1817 01 28 page 3 (widely reprinted)

Perhaps the following may not be a miss to insert in your useful paper, as a warning to persons shooting near houses.

Yesterday morning a truly affecting scene took place about three miles from this

town; a young couple of the name Henry Pickard and his wife, were on their way to the Western country, and stopped at a friend's house for the night. The following morning his wife went into the yard to make the necessary preparations to start, when a young man of the name Corbey who lived at an adjoining plantation, was shooting with his rifle at birds, missed his mark, and melancholy to relate, the ball struck Mrs. Pickard in the shoulder, entered and lodged in the opposite shoulder, which terminated her existence in a few hours—what makes this unfortunate business more affecting, she was about 15 or 16 years of age and was married for only 5 or 6 weeks.

True as the Scripture says, man's life's a span,
the present moment is the life of man.

Merrimack Intelligencer (MA) 1817 02 01 page 4 A Winter Song [from Bell's Magazine]

Now winter is come, with his cold chilling breath,
And the verdure has dropp'd from the trees;
…
When the poor timid hare may be traced to the wood,
By her footsteps indented in snow;
When the lips and the fingers are starting with blood,
And the woodlands resound "Tally-ho!"
When the poor robin red-breast approaches the cot,
And the icicles hang at the door;
When your board smoaks with viands reviving and hot,
'Tis the time to remember the Poor!

The Raleigh Minerva (NC) 1817 02 07 page 3 For the Minerva by "T.R.A." (widely reprinted)

Mr. Editor.—The following fable has never yet been published—and you will oblige more than one of your readers by giving it an early place.

A gentleman, who kept an extensive aviary, found a very profitable employment in receiving the red birds, canaries and American nightingales, of his neighbors, and teaching them the notes of his more experienced songsters. For several years he succeeded admirably; and was, as the phrase is, getting on in the world. But being of rather a visionary turn, all of a sudden he altered his method, and instead of pursuing the old plan set all his own birds, and those placed under his care, about the hopeless task of teaching melody to the crows and owls of an adjacent forest. The consequence may be easily imagined. The owls never stirred but at night and could only be instructed at that time which should have been devoted, by the birds of day, to repose. These became from this circumstance soon dispirited. Besides, the owls were addicted to bad habits—such as stealing a farmers' chickens or ducks, and robbing his barn of eggs and there was no small danger of their attempting, if hungry, now and then to snatch off a canary or mocking-bird. At all events they set these innocent warblers so many bad examples; and with the croaking of the crows and their own nocturnal

hootings, produced an effect so destructive of true harmony that every owner of a bird sent for it to his own home, determined to remove it for improvement elsewhere. The gentleman lamented his imprudence only after he had been reduced to poverty—for, like most projectors, the opposition of others served only to make him persevere with more obstinacy in his scheme. He, however, could never turn a crow into a canary nor an owl into a nightingale!

Lancaster Intelligencer (PA) 1817 02 19 page 3 Pheasants and Partridges by A Friend to the People [from the *Freeman's Journal*] (widely reprinted)

From the excessive hard weather lately, the birds have been obliged to feed on whatever they could collect, that would sustain nature. And it has been correctly ascertained that both the Partridge and Pheasant feed on the Laurel Berry; several persons have been seriously injured by eating Partridges—and owing to the great stress of weather, many of both kinds of game have been trapped, and brought to market, by persons who regard nothing but the price they can obtain for them, without the least feeling for the consequences to those persons who might be injured by eating them. Epicures would do well not to indulge their appetites with those birds at this season or they may suffer inconceivable agony which may produce a speedy death.

Lancaster Journal (PA) 1817 02 19 Communication by "Mark" [Freeman's Journal]

I observed in your paper of this morning a communication headed "Pheasants and Partridges," in which the writer notices the unwholesomeness of these birds at this season.—I should be very sorry, indeed, if their being poison should be the only means of preventing their destruction at unseasonable periods, which is truly shameful. I should like to be informed through the medium of your paper, if there is not a municipal law to prevent and punish the selling of game in our markets out of season, and whether partridges and pheasants are included in it or not? If not, it is a shame a law was not made that would prevent and punish the killer as well as the vendor of those birds previous to the first of October and after the 31st of January; in a few seasons more there will not be a single partridge in existence within 50 miles of this city. The publication of the above may induce some more able hand to give a few remarks on the preservation of game, which may be useful in obtaining the necessary measures, and oblige the sportsman as well as the public at large.

The Portsmouth Oracle (NH) 1817 02 22 page 3 The King of Birds (widely reprinted)

A flock of Eagles has been seen in the neighborhood of this town the present week. Three of these birds have been shot on the other side of the river and brought in; they were of the grey kind, white head, yellow beak and talons, and measured from tip to tip about seven feet.[44]

The National Advocate (NY) 1817 02 24 page 2

How have the mighty fallen!

…Blue-Light Dwight, secretary of the Hartford Convention, has commenced his useful labours in this city by recommending in the Courier of Saturday last another convention for the purpose of destroying Mr. Jacob Barker's bank. *Mister Lang* has been playing the same tune for some days, but we did not think the effusions of his brain any more worthy of our notice than the articles which frequently appear in his papers about rats, blue birds and young ones….[45]

Hampshire Gazette. Publick Advertiser (MA) 1817 03 05 page 3

The following compliment to Mr. Calhoun of the democratic party, was lately paid in Congress by Mr. Grosvenor, of the federal party:—

"Mr. Speaker…The buzz of popular applause may not cheer him on his way—but he will inevitably arrive at a high and happy elevation in the view of his country and the world—and to those who surrender their conscience, their judgment and their independence, at the shrine of popular caprice and clamor, he shall finally hold the same relation that the Eagle in his towering flight holds to the groveling Buzzard."

Washington City Weekly Gazette (DC) 1817 03 08 page 8 On the Approach of Spring

At thy approach, enchanting Spring,
The meadows laugh, the vallies sing;
…
How sweet with a dear friend to rove,
When linnets warble through the grove,
  And black birds sweetly sing!
The mellow bulfinch and the thrush,
The concert join from every bush,
  To welcome in the Spring.

The Messenger (DC) 1817 03 10 page 2 Reflections upon the works of God, as displayed in Nature. [Philadelphia Am. Centinel]

March 4. State of some birds and animals during the winter.

We do not see any of those insects and birds which, during the summer, are floating by millions in the air and in the water, or resting upon the earth and among the groves. Of the birds some species at the approach of winter disappear, and retire to climes of a higher temperature, where they can find shelter and nourishment. The first stormy day is the signal for departure, when, quitting their abodes they assemble, and prepare to wing their flight to far distant countries. Nor do those that remain behind perish; but they continue through the rigours of the season…[S]urely that God who clothes and nourishes the insects and the birds, who provides them with retreats and places of repose in the wholes of the earth, and in the clefts of rocks, and guides their course to distant countries, will never abandon me in the time of want and of danger,

nor forsake me in the hour of my affliction and distress…

American & Commercial Daily Advertiser (MD) 1817 03 10 page 2 Extracts from the Letter of an English Gentleman in Washington to his Friend in Baltimore, dated March 7.

…A very singular and a very interesting circumstance took place whilst the new President was addressing his fellow citizens—An Eagle flew directly over the Capitol—This, in ancient Rome, at the inauguration of a Consul, would have been considered a most auspicious omen—I reflected on this curious circumstance and inwardly prayed, that the American Eagle and the British Lion might never again enter into mortal strife—But I have my fears—It is scarcely possible for rival nations long to continue at peace—Conflicting interests will arise and mischief-making politicians will urge them to an appeal to the Sword, instead of appealing to Justice….

New-York Courier (NY) 1817 03 15 page 2

The following little article from the Baltimore Telegraph and Federal Republican, of the 11th inst. discloses a new, and perhaps an important, fact, in our political concerns.

"Messrs. Editors.—An English gentleman in a communication published in yesterday's American, that "a very singular and very interesting circumstance took place while the new President was addressing his fellow citizens—*An Eagle flew directly over the Capitol*—"This," continued he, "in ancient Rome, at the inauguration of a Consul, would have been considered a most auspicious omen." Now Messrs. Editors, having made ancient augury very much my study—I should like to be informed in what direction this said Eagle flew over the capitol—or whether it was a he or a she Eagle—If it was a she Eagle flying in the direction of Montgomery Court-House, I should think the omen very infavourable—but if a he one, flying towards Bladensburg, a very favorable one. W."

It is well known to every person at all acquainted with ancient history, that the heathen nations were accustomed, on the most interesting occasions, to consult the augurs and prognosticators, and as they answered, or as the omens appeared, so they regulated their conduct. The appearance of a bird, or a flock of birds, the predicament in which they found the entrails of their victims at the sacrifice, &c. &c. have inspired armies to victory and triumph or withheld them from battle for fear of defeat and disgrace. We did not know, however, that this system of foretelling events had been introduced at Washington. It is a fact that there has been a strong disposition, in a certain great character who resided there for eight years soon after the government was transferred to that place, to give it a kind of Romanish, that is, a heathenish, character. The building in which Congress met was called the "Capitol"—the spot on which it stood the "Mons Capitolinus," or Capitol Hill—the place where the Chief Magistrate's house stood was fairly entitled to be called, and, if we are not mistaken, was by many persons called "Mons Palatinus"—a brook which run through part of the city, and emptied into the Potomac, which passed originally by the appropriate name

of Goose-creek, was changed by Mr. Jefferson into the more sonorous, dignified and classical, "Tyber," Now, it seems, the omens have commenced their reign. "An Eagle flew directly over the Capitol," says an English gentleman," "whilst Mr. Monroe was addressing his fellow-citizens." We hope this foreigner did not intend, in this sly mode, to utter a sarcasm. And yet, when we recollect to what country he belongs, and bring to mind other circumstances connected with the place, and the subject of the omen, if the bird was not seen by anybody but by him, we shall entertain but little charity for him.

One thing, however, we cannot but regret, viz. That in the summer of 1814, the Roman system had not been carried to a somewhat greater extent, so that a very different sort of bird from an Eagle might have hovered over Mr. Monroe's head, and proved the means of saving the Capitol.

New-York Gazette & General Advertiser (NY) 1817 03 17 page 2

The southern papers are quarreling about the species of birds that flew over the Capitol during the late Presidential inauguration—one had it an EAGLE, another a CROW, and a third an OWL. The omen cannot be given satisfactorily, unless it be ascertained to which species of the feathered tribe the bird belongs.

Democratic Republican and Pennsylvania Advertiser (PA) 1817 03 17 page 3

It is rather ludicrous to a discerning mind when we perceive the twinges and twists which are given in some federal papers to everything the prominent features of which might tend to the aggrandizement of the republican party. In a late federal paper at the suggestion of some sapscull, the editor in commenting on a paragraph from the Georgetown Messenger respecting the flight of an Eagle over the capitol at the inauguration of Mr. Monroe, suggested the probability of the bird's being a s—p—e. True it is, the "gentleman" might be correct in his observations for we confess to the naked eye things in the air and other elements too, sometimes wear a very deceiving aspect, and in fact, altho' we do not profess to be the most sharp sighted people in the world, if himself (not withstanding he is much larger than an Eagle about the head) had been flying over capitol hill and we placed in a convenient situation to make astronomical observations, we certainly would have been so much imposed upon by his similarity to the bird as to call him a s—p—e[46], and it would, as the learned commentator remarks be "immaterial" as they are nearly at par!

Columbian Museum and Savannah Daily Gazette (GA) 1817 03 21 page 2
Wonderful!! An Eagle as a Crow.

It is rumored that the eagle that flew over the capital in honor of Mr. Monroe's nomination, turns out to be a *Crow*, which the democrats there assembled mistook for the bird of Jove.

New England Palladium & Commercial Advertiser (MA) 1817 03 21 page 2

A bird flew over the Capitol at the moment of Mr. Monroe's inauguration.

Observers do not agree what bird it was. Whatever it was, its visit was a favorable omen! If an Eagle, it denotes dignity and power—if an Owl, wisdom—if a Crow, sagacity—if a Buzzard, diplomatic skill—if a Goose, plenty!

Salem Gazette (MA) 1817 03 21 page 3 [Georgetown Messenger March 4, Franklin Repository, NY Gazette]

[*Messenger*] This installation seems to have excited more curiosity than any previous event of the kind. Many persons came from a considerable distance to witness it. And certainly the City of Washington never pretended so gay and so numerous an assemblage. The weather was peculiarly favorable, it being a delightful spring day. We hope it may prove a happy presage of the prosperous character of Mr. M's administration. It is said, however, that a more decisive omen of the future destinies of our country was discovered, in the flight of an eagle over the capitol during the inauguration.—We did not see it ourselves, but we heard it spoken of by many.

[*Repository*] A gentleman of this place, on hearing the above story related, suggested the possibility of the bird spoken of being, a s— p—e! —It is certainly immaterial, as its flight would be as ominous of good as that of the eagle.—It will be remembered that the sycophants of Napoleon Bonaparte told the people of France that whilst that chieftain was receiving the vows of his perjured dignitaries at the Champ de Mars, after his return from Elba, an eagle hovered over the champ, as it were to witness the hold work and give assurance of future victory! In less than one short month, the power of Napoleon departed from him—he was a prisoner, and his sycophants celebrated the restoration of Louis 18th!—The flight of six vultures proved a bad omen to Remus, and twelve a favorable one to Romulus! but the days of Roman superstition are past, and the destinies of nations, we hope, no longer depend upon the flight of birds.

[*Gazette*] The southern papers are quarreling about the species of birds that flew over the Capitol during the late Presidential inauguration—one had it an EAGLE, another a CROW, and a third an OWL. The omen cannot be given satisfactorily, unless it be ascertained to which species of the feathered tribe the bird belongs.

Columbian Museum and Savannah Daily Gazette (GA) 1817 03 26 page 3 An Error Corrected

We stated two or three days since, upon the authority of the Federal Republican, that the Eagle which flew over the capital at the time of Mr. Monroe's nomination, was a crow. Upon a further examination of this momentous subject, we discover that we committed a great error, and we now candidly acknowledge it. It appears that the supposed eagle was not a crow but a Turkey-buzzard! Its flight was toward Montgomery court-house. We humbly beg pardon for our mistake and hope it will be a warning to all editors, and brother typos, who are in the habit of publishing weighty facts, without sufficiently examining into their correctness.

N.B. We beg leave to remark that our first notice of the above mentioned Eagle, Crow, or Buzzard, was extracted, verbatim, from a Baltimore paper. This important

document has been criticized by a certain paper, with that ability and critical acumen, which so stupendous a subject deserves. We therefore disclaim all concern in this composition, and leave all the credit of it to its author; if indeed, any of its credit has survived the destructive assault of the critic…

Dartmouth Gazette (NH) 1817 03 26 page 3 A doubtful Bird.

One of the southern gazettes asserts, that during a late inauguration an Eagle was seen hovering over the Capitol at Washington—Another paper denies this, and declares, that the spectators were divided in opinion on the subject;—some averring it to be a Turkey Buzzard;—some a Wild Goose; —others a Hawk, (not a War one) while a large majority were confident it was nothing but a Gull.

Columbian Museum and Savannah Daily Gazette (GA) 1817 03 27 page 2 An Eagle [Fed. Rep. and Baltimore Telegraph]

With regard to that stupendous important affair of an eagle's flying over the capitol while president Monroe was inaugurated, we are assured that it was an eagle—yes, ye gods, it was an eagle. The matter turns out to be this, that a live eagle was kept by a sculptor as a model, and in honor of the day was let loose, and, astonishingly as the tale may appear, he did actually spread his wings and fly. Now had an eagle alighted on the capitol at that time, it might have furnished some pretext for all this uproar of the newspapers; but what favorable augury is to be derived from his aerial majesty's flying away at that moment, we are at a loss to discover—it might properly be called the Bladensburg[47] race of an eagle.

Hampden Federalist (MA) 1817 03 27 page 2 Be Cautious

On Tuesday last, four persons in this town, partook of a supper of partridges and woodcocks—It will be recollected, that about one year ago, a Mr. Jenkins and wife, were near loosing their lives by eating those birds. Three out of four, who partook fo the supper, on Tuesday last, were attacked in the same manner, with violent vomiting, and dizziness in the head; which lasted 8 or 10 hours, with extreme pain. This circumstance should urge our citizens not to eat such Birds, at this season of the year.

American & Commercial Daily Advertiser (MD) 1817 03 28 page 2

When our Correspondent (the English gentleman now on his travels in this country) informed us of an Eagle flying over the Capitol whilst the ceremony of the inauguration of Mr. Monroe was performing, we did not consider it a very extraordinary circumstance, as the American Eagle, since the year 1812, has made itself conspicuous in many places, both on land and water—The Opposition Editors, however, with their usual industry, seized the opportunity of making their customary jokes and invidious remarks on the circumstance, indicating their attachment to the English Lion rather than to the American Eagle—We have heard of flying Griffins, but, we believe, the utmost stretch of Heraldic ingenuity has never imagined flying Lions—The Lion, when properly guided, is a noble animal—It was not the British Lion that

destroyed Washington—It was a Tiger dressed in a Lion's skin.

Amongst the number of ill-numbered remarks on this occasion, we copy the following article from an Eastern paper, as it displays some ingenuity, and but little party asperity—"Observers (says this Eastern critic) do not agree what bird it was that flew over the Capitol at Mr. Monroe's inauguration— Whatever it was, its visit was a favorable omen! If an Eagle, it denotes dignity—if an Owl, wisdom—if a Crow, sagacity—if a Buzzard, diplomatic skill—if a Goose, peace and plenty!"

Relfs Philadelphia Gazette and Daily Advertiser (PA) 1817 03 29 page 2 Advertisement. Peale's Museum.

> …The long room displays an elegant range of cases, containing Birds from every quarter of the globe to the number of 1240…

Farmer's Cabinet (NH) 1817 03 29 page 4 Monitorial. Seeds

…And, what is still more admirable is, that nature seems to have given to some birds the care of planting trees. The sow the nuts, which afterwards shoot and grow. Ravens have been thus seen to plant oaks; and this is their method: They make a hole with their bill, and drop an acorn in it, which they afterwards cover with earth and moss. It must not be supposed they do all this with an intention to plant trees. It is instinct alone which prompts them. They bury the acorn for their food. It shoots and becomes and oak. Many seeds, by their agreeable taste and smell, invite the birds to swallow them; and thus transport them here and there, and render them fruitful by the heat of their bowels. After having kept them some time on their stomachs, they let them fall on the ground, where they take root, shoot, blossom, and produce new seeds.

Let us here admire the wise and tender care of Providence…

The Columbian (NY) 1817 04 03 page 3 Communication. A Dissertation on Shad—Prophesies and Monuments, Fish, Flesh, and Blue-birds by "An Admirer of Blue-Birds"

"Yesterday morning (says Mr. Lang) two large and two small shad were exhibited in the Fly-market…"

We…hope that Mr. Lang will compose an almanac or table of prices at the Washington-Market and Fly-Market, for every day in the ensuing year—of saliad, anchovies, bacon, tripe, lobsters, rabbits, codfish, terrapins, pheasants, sturgeon, snipes, and blue-birds, &c. &c. &c. &c. It will be a vast convenience to house-keepers and cooks…Man is not the only animal who can foresee things, but is the only one who can prophesy prices of shad in market for every day in the week, month, year, or cycle.

The Carolina Federal Republican (NC) 1817 04 12 page 3 On the proposed plan of instructing the deaf and dumb. [from the *Connecticut Mirror*]

A captive bird of plumage fair

Within a wiry prison hung,
And *silent* too, it linger'd there
While cheerful throngs around it sung.

No mark of restlessness, or rage,
Its motions or its eye exprest,
As if the hand that clos'd bis cage
Had pour'd submission o'er its breast.

But when o'er vale and distant glade
With flowers emboss'd, & verdure bright
Its pleas'd companions gaily stray'd.
With drooping head, it trac'd their flight

Or when the glorious orb of day,
Illumed the mountain, stream and dell,
It pensive mark'd how scant the ray
That glimer'd through its narrow cell.

Love with unwearied care, had toil'd
To loose the close barr'd prison gate,
But still bewilder'd, weak and soil'd,
Had mourn'd with tears its hapless fate.

At length, an hand with sacred skill,
Approach'd the captive to unbind,
And bid it range each flow'ry hill,
Free, unmolested, unconfin'd

It came, o'er vallies rich and wide,
O'er lofty forests dark with dread,
O'er fields of either vast, to guide
The wand'res wing with rapture spread.

What tho' no sweetly warbled note,
Its joy or gratitude conveys,
Though on the gale no sound must float
Of mingled harmony and praise.

Each changeful tone its spirit knows,
Is through the eyes' clear mirror given,
And on its varying plumage glows
The brightest, purest dies of Heaven.

And if its happy flight attain
Congenial climes serene and high,

Ah! who can tell how sweet the strain
Of long imprison'd melody

Long-Island Star (NY) 1817 04 16 page 3

In a small yew tree in the garden of Mr. Samuel Warbuton of Sheffield, a wren, linnet, and blackbird, have all built their respective nests:—These little musical tenants of the tree live in perfect harmony together; and according to the *fashion of the times*, pay their rent to Mr. W. in *notes*.

Lancaster Journal (PA) 1817 04 21 page 2 Anecdote of an American Crow by William Bartram [from *Barton's Medical and Physical Journal*]

It is a difficult task to give a history of our Crow. And I hesitate not to aver, that it would require the pen of a very able biographer to do justice to his talents.

Before I enter on this subject it may be necessary to remark, that we do not here speak of the crow, collectively, as giving an account of the whole race, since I am convinced, that these birds differ as widely as men do from each other in point of talents and acquirements) but of a particular bird of that species, which I reared from the nest.

He was, for a long time, comparatively a helpless, dependent creature, having a very small degree of activity or vivacity, every sense seeming to be asleep, or in embryo, until he had nearly attained his finished dimensions, and figure, and the use of all his members. Then, we were surprised and daily amused with the progressive development of his sense, expanding and maturating as the wings of the youthful phalaena, when disengaged from its nympha shell.

These senses, however, seemed, as in man, to be only the organs or instruments of his intellectual powers, and of their effects, as directed towards the accomplishment of various desires, and gratification of the passions.

He had great talents, and a strong propensity to imitation. When I was engaged in weeding in the garden, he would often fly to me, and, after very attentively observing me in pulling up the small weeds and grass, he would fall to work, and with his strong beak, pluck up the grass; and the more so, when I complimented him with encouraging expressions. He enjoyed great pleasure and amusement in seeing me write, and would attempt to take the pen out of my hand, and my spectacles from my nose. The latter article he was pleased with, that I found it necessary to put them out of his reach, when I was done using them. But, one time in particular, having them a moment, the crow then being out of my sight, […] the bird's mischievous tricks, returned quickly, and found him upon the table, rifling my inkstand, books, and paper. When he saw me coming, he took up my spectacles, and flew off with them. I found it in vain to pretend to overtake him; but standing to observe his operations on my spectacles, I saw him settle down at the root of an apple tree, where, after amusing himself, for awhile, I observed that he was hiding them in the grass, and covering them with chips and sticks, often looking round about, to see whether I was watching him. When he thought he

had sufficiently secreted them, he turned about, advancing to me, at my call. When he had come near me, I ran towards the trees, to regain my property. But he judging of my intentions, by my actions, flew, and arriving there before me, picked them up again, and flew off with them, into another apple-tree. I now almost despaired of ever getting them again. However, I returned back to a house, a little distance of, and there secreting myself I had a full view of him and waiting to see the event. After some time had elapsed, during which I heard a great noise and talk from him, of which I understood not a word, he left the tree, with my spectacles dangling in his mouth, and alighted with them on the ground—After some time, and a great deal of caution and contrivance in choosing and rejecting different places, he hid them again as he thought very effectually, in the grass, carrying and placing over them chips, dry leaves, &. and often pushing them down with his bill. After he had finished this work, he flew up into a tree, hard by, and there continued a long time, talking to himself, and making much noise; bragging, as I supposed, of his achievements. At last, he returned to the house, where not finding me, he betook himself to other amusements. Having noted the place, where he had hid my spectacles, I hastened thither, and after some time recovered them.

It would be endless (observes my ingenious friend, in the conclusion of his entertaining account of the crow) to recount instances of this bird's understanding, cunning and operations, which, certainly, exhibited incontestable demonstrations of a regular combination of ideas, premeditation, reflection, and contrivance, which influenced his operations.

Dedham Gazette (MA) 1817 05 02 Death of the Robin. In imitation of Burns* by Mariana.

It was a summer's morning,
I woke, and waited long;
My robin, though the light was dawning,
Had not begun his song.
'Tis now quite time dear bird to raise
A tribute to thy Maker's praise.

The choir are serenading,
Sweet from the tower and tree;
Say little seraph, why not aiding
The general melody?
Sure he has made a far retreat,
For yestermorn he sung most sweet.

Ah, from my window I descry
A lifeless member of the wing;
Perchance this is the reason why
Bobby neglects to sing.
Alas, twas he full well I know,
For to my poplar long he flew.

No more, poor bird, you can repeat
Your happy, loving strain;
I fondly hop'd you'd often greet
My listening ears again.
A savage (not with bow and dart)
Has wanton pierced thee to the heart.

Let this, a future lesson teach
To every cruel boy;
For God's high praise sustains a breach,
When little songsters die.
Then learn blest mercy to adore,
And slay the innocent no more.

*"An imitation would not have been attempted if the original could have been found"

American Yeoman (VT) 1817 05 13 page 4 Communication.

Mr. Ide,

Sir—The following address[48] appeared in a Philadelphia paper, in the year 1800. Although you may recollect it, it is, perhaps, not known to all your readers. Please insert it in the *Yeoman* for the information of the husbandman. Gustavus.

Vermont Intelligencer and Bellows Falls Advertiser (VT) 1817 06 09 page 4 Poetical Department

The United States are pestered with certain pin-feathered popinjays of literature, who would fain pass for genuine birds of Minerva, and do indeed resemble the owl in some of its characteristics, exhibiting all the stupidity without any of the impute sapience of their right worshipful prototype. These croaking creatures commonly perch among the leaves of periodical publications and shielded by anonymous obscurity and relying for impunity upon their native insignificance gratify their malice and annoy the public by hooting and screeching at every American passenger who presumes to set his face towards the temple of the Muses….

Middlesex Gazette (MA) 1817 06 14 page 2 In Senate (widely reported)

…A Committee was appointed to consider the propriety of authorizing towns to raise money to be applied as bounties for the destruction of Wolves, and other animals, or birds, mischievous in their natures, and which destroy the labours of the husbandman and defeat his vigilance and care….

Providence Gazette, and Moral, Political & Commercial Register (RI) 1817 06 14 page 1 State of Punishments and Rewards in a future life [Chateaubriand's

Beauties of Christianity]

The Elysium of the Ancients….

Mahomet promises…The angle Israfil sings, without ceasing, the most enchanting songs; the immortal virgins with their voices accompany his strains; and the souls of virtuous poets, lodged in the throats of certain birds that perched upon the tree of happiness, join the celestial choir….

The Shamrock (NY) 1817 06 14 page 8 The Farmer [*London Monthly Magazine*]

O happy he, happiest of mortal men
Who, far remov'd from slavery as from pride
Fears no man's frown, nor cringing wants to catch…
The scenes of innocence and calm delight
There the wild melody of warbling birds
And cool refreshing groves of murm'ring springs
Invite to sacred thought, and lift the mind
From low pursuits, to meditate the God.

Utica Patriot and Patrol (NY) 1817 06 17 page 2 No. 6 by Jonathan [Mount Vernon, a poem, rural, romantic, and descriptive by John Learson sic Searson 1800]

Mr. Editor, I met with a volume of poems a short time since, by John Learson, of which I take the liberty of sending you a few extracts for the edification of your readers. The principal piece is styled, Mount Vernon, a poem, rural, romantic, and descriptive; and begins thus:—

To please the fancy and divert the mind
Most beauteous scenes will all our thoughts refine;…
  There were birds it seems at Mount Vernon;
Hear our author's description of them.
Behold the birds, they hop from spray to spray
And praise the God of seasons all the day
Who taught you pretty birds to sing so fine?
Sure 'twas the God of nature all divines
But what strikes me and makes me think betimes
That different birds are found in different climes
This show the goodness of the God of heaven
That such variety are to man given
Were I to speak of every bird we see
It would a volume large make unto me
But since I last returned these states to view
Mock birds and red birds with some others too
In many cages I have seen them fed

With food suits them as well as any bread
Yet to them confinement must be severe
But yet they sing melodious all the year
The God of seasons tun'd their notes to sing
That harmony so fine to man might bring
Music so pleasing without aid of art
To every bird of air this gift impart

Strange are the mysteries of nature: and thrice wonderful are the workings of the old dame, in educating her feathered offspring. From the hook-billed eagle that flies sunward. From the hook-billed eagle that flies sunward, till he is lost in the meridian blaze, down to the ignoble ground-hopper that scarcely aspires to the top of an ordinary mullen, all, all are "smitten with the love of song," and pour forth their self-taught melodies, till their bills cease to peep and their feathers float unheeded on the gales of winter.

The robin red breast oft to us appear
But winter's cold draws him to us more near
In Europe none of them they wish to kill,
Because the babes of the wood they covered still;
The story is affecting to all there
Therefore they choose poor robin now to spare.
So fortunate 'tis to get a good name, &c[49]….

New-England Palladium & Commercial Advertiser (MA) 1817 06 24 page 2
[From the Phila. Freeman's Journal]

Friend M'Corkle, While we all lament the more than common devastation committed by the cut worm and Hessian fly, perhaps the cause is not sufficiently understood. The late frost and other severe weather in the early part of last summer, made unusual destruction among the eggs and nestling of every species of wild bird. We know that their own food, and that for their young, especially of the smaller and most numerous tribes, consists chiefly in flies, caterpillars, grubs, and worms of every description—and it is easy to conceive what immense quantities they must devour in the six summer and autumnal months. This providential warfare against vermin, having been last year almost entirely suspended, and, as few can have failed of remarking, small birds being this year, perhaps, not in the proportion of one to twenty, it has naturally followed, that winged and creeping insects have increases, and do abound in singular ruinous degree. If this statement of the calamity, and its cause, be thought worthy attention, might in not be well, (setting the example in thy own useful paper,) to call upon printers generally, to insert a serious caution against shooting any of these harmless and valuable creatures. ONE JUBILEE YEAR allowed them, will recruit their numbers, and I am convinced we shall find in our orchards and gardens, a plentiful reward for the mercy extended to them. Even crows have their use; but robins, cat-birds, jays, wood-peckers, larks &c, and the numerous little clans who amuse us with their chirping and singing, appear almost extinct in many districts and are so evidently our fellow laborers that I fear we shall suffer heavily if we cannot be induced to spare

them in their season of distress.

Providence Gazette, and Moral, Political & Commercial Register (RI) 1817 06 28 page 3 Items of News

…It is supposed, the severe weather last year having destroyed great numbers of birds, may account for the unprecedented number of worms and insects this Summer, which would have been eaten by the birds. If this be the fact, sportsmen should desist from wantonly shooting them….

Farmers' Cabinet (NH) 1817 06 28 page 4 Monitor. The Pleasure of cultivating fields and gardens.

The culture of fields and gardens is one of the most agreeable employments, and perhaps the only one that is compensated by a thousand pictures for the trouble it gives…The air abounds with the songs of birds, expressive of their joys, their loves, and their happiness. Their concerns are hymns of praise to the Creator, whose blessings they feel, in the agreeable light and heat of the sun, the relinquish of their food, the sweet instincts of nature, their alacrity and joy. Would it be possible, at the sight and sense of so many pleasing and affecting objects, that the heart should not be touched with delight, with love, and gratitude towards God?...

The New-York Evening Post (NY) 1817 07 02 page 2 Shooting accident [*Philad. Gazette*] (widely reported)

In the course of last week two gentlemen in Jersey being out on a shooting party, while one of them was in the act of bringing down a bird, the gun of the other, who was close behind him accidentally went off, and the whole of the load entered his side. What is remarkable in this case, is, that the discharge of both guns was so simultaneous, that the survivor was unconscious that his piece had gone off until he saw his friend fall. This is a serious caution to gunners of every age.

Boston Daily Advertiser (MA) 1817 07 08 page 2 Advertisement.

> Lost—having escaped from a cage, in a house in Essex-street, a beautiful scarlet bird with a crest, of the size of a robin, having a singular mode of singing.—He is supposed to be on some of the neighboring trees. Whoever will secure said bird and return him without harm, to Mr. Salmon, in Short-street, so that the owner may get him again, shall receive a suitable reward.

Daily National Intelligencer (DC) 1817 07 10 page 2 Hybernation of Swallows [Extract of a letter from Joseph Wood, Esq to a gentleman in this city. Marietta, GA]

"I came to this country in the autumn of 1785, and resided at Belleville, about 30 miles below this place, on the Virginia side, till 1791. During my residence there, I observed, one evening a little after sun-set, a vast number of Swallows collected

together high in the air, and hovering over a particular spot; this was in the autumn, when the weather began to grow cool. Having been informed by some of my school mates, when a boy, that they had seen Swallows dive into a mill-pond, and disappear, I was determined to watch these—and, in about ten or fifteen minutes, as darkness approached, they lowered their flight, and concentrated in a smaller circle, and at length, to my surprize, poured into a very large hollow sycamore tree,about seventy feet above the ground. I observed, that they came out for several successive days, and returned in the evening in the same manner. In the following year, some of the settlers cut down the tree to make smoke-houses; the hollow was about six feet in diameter and was filled six feet deep with bones and feathers, and other remains of dead birds—such probably as were too old and feeble to fly out in the spring. They must have occupied the tree for many years. I have since seen two other trees that had fallen, with similar appearances."

Essex Patriot (MA) 1817 07 12 page 3

The worms and bugs which lately swarmed to such an alarming degree in our public journals have become extinct. It will be recollected that we sometime since expressed some doubts relative to the extreme danger in which we were said to be placed by the ravages of insects. It is very probably that, owing to the diminished number of birds, with which we have been blessed this season: the number of destructive insects may have been greatly increased; and it is not strange that Editors, while they knew that in indulging the gloomy hypochondriac they were becoming favorites with a large portion of citizens, should avail themselves of the only interesting topic on the tapis. The consequence was that for sometime past almost every paper in the United States has been filled with alarming accounts of the ravages of insects. At length after the people had been nearly frightened out of their senses and made to believe that ghastly famine was approaching with rapid strides—when the whole train of insects dire were careering in the full tide of successful experiment—the President started from Washington—a dreadful event for the buggy world. In an instant their reign was over—their occupation gone—and their remains consigned to the tomb of the capulets. Had the President's tour no other object than to excite attention among the people, and giving editors something to talk about, we think the measure enough to identify him as the father of the republic.

Connecticut Courant (CT) 1817 07 15 page 1 The Brief Remarker (widely reprinted)

As if there were not enough, and more than enough of prattlement from human tongues alone, a great deal of pains are taken in some parts of the world to learn birds to talk. Families, of opulence and rank, in one country and another, are said to have devoted a considerable portion of their time to the advancement of this species of education; nor would it be altogether time lost if they would mind to teach their birds a few sound and pithy maxims for domestic use, and the benefit of their visitors.

The following anecdote I will cite as an example, for the purpose of showing to what good account the lingo of speaking birds might be turned if their education

were conducted either on moral principle, or upon principles of domestic economy. In the city of London, as Goldsmith informs us, two men living directly opposite to one another, in the same street, had a quarrel together on account of the one having informed against the other for not paying the duties on his liquors; and that the aggrieved party, after teaching his parrot repeat the ninth commandment, placed the cage at the front of his house; so that whenever the informer on the opposite side of the street stepped out of his own door, he heard from the parrot this admonition, *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour*.

New-Hampshire Patriot (NH) 1817 07 15 page 3 The Swallow (very widely circulated)

It was remarked by many persons during the cold season of 1816, that the good effect might result of a thorough destruction of those worms, bugs and insects which are so injurious to vegetables; but it will be noticed that the present season, following that cold year, has been more prolific in these destructive vermin than any previous year. On what principle to account for this we were at a loss, until the suggestion from an experienced agriculturalist, that the cold season of 1816 either drove away or destroyed those useful birds, particularly the swallow, which appear to subsist on air, but in fact feed on the myriads of insects with which the air abounds. The insect at first deposits the egg in the ground or on trees or vegetables—this egg in the spring becomes a worm or caterpillar; and this last, in the course of the summer, turns again into an insect, as a bug, a butterfly, a miller etc. It will be observed that the present season brings with it very few of the insect-destroying birds; and it may be calculated, if the hypothesis here laid down be correct, and the God of Nature should not furnish some other means to destroy the vermin which infest our air and our soil, they will be even more numerous another season than they are the present.—The *swallow* claims our protection, not only because it is inoffensive, but because it protects our fields, our gardens—nay, our lives; for who knows that the same insects which lay waste one, do not generate those diseases which destroy the other? Some farmers are in the habit of shutting up and darkening they barns and outhouses to prevent these birds from building their nests and rearing their young. We think an act of the legislature paying a bounty on the rearing of *swallows* would be as useful to the community as the passing a law paying a bounty for killing *crows*.

Lancaster Journal (PA) 1817 07 25 page 3 Franklin's Waggery[50] [extract from Franklin's letters] (very widely circulated)

"For my own part, I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative, he is a bird of bad moral character—he does not get his living honestly—you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labour of the fishing hawk—and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues him and takes it from him. With all this injustice he is never in good case, but like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally very poor and often very lousy. Besides he is a rank coward—the little king-bird, not bigger than

a sparrow, attacks him boldly, and drives him out of the district. He is therefore, by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Americans, who have driven all the king-birds from our country though exactly fit for that order of knights which the French call *Chevaliers d'Industrie* I am on this account not displeased that the figure is not known as a bald eagle but looks more like a turkey. For, in truth, the turkey is, in comparison, a much more respectable bird, and withal, a true original native of America. Eagles have been found in all countries, but the turkey was peculiar to ours—the first of these species seen in Europe being brought to France by the Jesuits from Canada, and served up at the wedding table of Charles the Ninth. He is besides (though a little vain and silly 'tis true, but not the worse emblem for that) a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British Guards, who should presume to invade his farm yard with a red-coat on."

National Intelligencer (DC) 1817 07 29 page 4 Selected Toasts

> …At Lexington, Ken.…
> Mongrel politicians and no-party men—
> "—in their middle way of steering,
> Are neither fish nor flesh, not good red herring
> Not whigs nor tories they, nor this nor that;
> Not birds nor beasts, but just a kind of bat,
> A twilight animal, true to either cause
> With tory wings and whiggish teeth and claws."…

New-York Daily Advertiser (NY) 1817 07 30 Advertisement.

> *American Ornithology; or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States*, illustrated with elegant plates—engraved and coloured from original drawings taken from nature—By Alexander Wilson, in nine volumes. One copy of the above celebrated work just received and for sale by Samuel Campbell, 124 Pearl-street.

The Ladies' Weekly Museum, or Polite Repository of Amusement and Instruction (NY) 1817 08 16 page 10 Of the Humming Bird by Buffon

"Of all animated beings, the fly-bird (*Oiseau mouche*, angl. humming-bird) is the most elegant in its form, and the most brilliant in its colours. The precious stones and metals polished by our art cannot be compared to this jewel of nature. Her miniature productions are ever the most wonderful; she has placed it in the order of birds, at the bottom of the scale of magnitude; but all the talents which are only shared among the others, nimbleness, rapidity, sprightliness, grace, and rich decoration, she has bestowed profusely upon this little favourite. The emerald, the ruby, the topaz, sparkle in its plumage, which is never soiled by the dust of the ground. It inhabits the air; it flutters from flower to flower; it breathes their freshness; it feeds on their nectar, and resides in climates where they blow in perpetual succession.

"It is in the hottest part of the new world that all the species of fly-birds are found. They are numerous, and seem confined between the two tropics; for those which

penetrate in summer within the temperate zones make but a short stay. They follow the course of the sun; with him they advance and retire; they fly on the wings of the zephyr, to wanton in eternal spring."

"The Indians, struck with the dazzle and glow of the colours of these brilliant bird's, have named them the beams or locks of the sun. The Spaniards call them tomineos, on account of their diminutive size, tomine signifying a weight of twelve grains. I saw, says Nieremberg, one of these birds weighed with its nest, and the whole together did not amount to two tomines. The smaller species does not exceed the bulk of the great gad-fly, or the thickness of the drone. Their bill is a fine needle, and their tongue a delicate thread: their little black eyes resemble two brilliant points; the feathers of their wings are so thin as to look transparent; hardly can the feet be perceived, so short are they and so slender; and these are little used, for they rest only during the night.—Their flight is buzzing, continued and rapid. Marcgrave compares the noise of their wings to the whirr of a spinning wheel; so rapid is the quiver of their pinions, that, when the bird halts in the air, it seems at once deprived of motion and life. Thus it rests a few seconds beside a flower and again shoots to another like a gleam. It visits them all, thrusting its little tongue into their bosom, and caressing them with its wings; it never settles, but it never quite abandons them. Its playful inconstancy multiplies its innocent pleasures; for the dalliance of this little lover of flowers never spoils their beauty.

"They who imagine they have a complete idea of the little tribe of Manikin birds, [he probably includes the Creepers,] from the pictures we have of them, will find themselves deceived, when they compare their draughts with nature. The shining greens, the changeable purples, and the glossy reds, are beyond the reach of the pencil; and very far beyond the coloured print, which is but a poor substitute for painting."

Poulson's American Daily Advertiser (PA) 1817 08 15 page 3 For the American Daily Advertiser

A notification appeared in your paper a few days since, to call a meeting of Sportsmen to protect their Dogs.—Quere would it not be advisable for the inhabitants of Passyunk and Penn Townships, to have a meeting to protect their lives and their property from Sportsmen. There passes not a day, in which the lives of the people residing or traveling in the vicinity of this city, are not endangered by boys and idle men, shooting for their amusement.—A few days since, two fellows amused themselves by shooting pears from a young tree, within thirty feet of the tenants house, and when ordered to desist, they expressed much anger, and loaded their guns and fired, in defiance of the order.—A day or two previous, two men received a charge of shot, while at work in the garden—in short, cattle, fowls, fruit and vegetables, are all sacrificed to the amusement or larceny of Sportsmen.

Franklin Herald (MA) 1817 08 19 The Weekly Monitor No. LI. Humanity. [by Edward Hitchcock[51], uncredited]

If thou shalt find a bird's nest in the way, thou shalt not take the dam with the

young: But thou shalt in any wise let the dam go: that it may be well with thee that thou mayest prolong thy days. Deuteronomy.

Humanity is generally considered as a benevolent tenderness towards mankind only: But it seems proper to extend it to the treatment of other animals….

The question naturally occurs, in what cases we are justified in taking the lives of animals? In the first place, the practice of all creatures shows it to be a law of nature that in self-defence life may be destroyed. It cannot however be called self-defence to destroy a creature because it is possible we may at some future time be incommoded by it. A solitary robin is endeavoring to pass the winter with us; and robins sometimes devour cherries and currants—yet it would be cruel to destroy him on that account: And it is questionable how far men are excusable in the eye of heaven, when they shoot hundreds of that innocent bird to preserve a peck of cherries—since a bell hung on the tree answers a better purpose. If we should extirpate those birds, perhaps we might be inundated with swarms of some kind of insects which that bird devours; for it is probable that the various creatures operate as a check on each other, and if we root out one kind some other will superabound….As far as [necessity is concerned] we are justified in destroying animals, but no farther. How then can those gentlemen of the chase be excused who spend whole days in shooting birds and animals merely for the pleasure of killing them? But such persons will abound so long as boys are permitted without censure to destroy young birds, pull off the wings of butterflies and string flies with a pin! The savages of the wilderness live chiefly upon game, yet even they are not so inhuman as to deprive animals of life without a cause. Says the compassionate Cowper—

"I would not enter on my list of friends
"(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense
"Yet wanting sensibility) the man
"Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm?"…

In short let no man pretend to be merciful who is cruel to animals: for "the merciful man is merciful to his beasts." Let him not be called righteous who taketh their lives wantonly: for "the righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; and let these sporters with life whoever they may be, expect to be brought into judgment by Him who hath said—"not a sparrow falleth to the ground without the notice of your heavenly father!"…

Pennsylvania Correspondent and Farmers' Advertiser (PA) 1817 08 19 page 3

A neighboring Farmer, who is a man of observation and reflection, invites the Printer to suggest the impropriety of their conduct, to that class of Idlers who perambulate the fields of the Landholders, with no other view than to kill time, and shoot small birds, (which are of no value, when killed.) During this season, when Grub-worms—and Cut-worms—Locusts—and a variety of other vermin, have been preying upon the tender vegetable productions of the earth—the destruction of the small Birds is very injurious to the interests of Agriculture. When the ploughman is furrowing his fields—do not the feathered tribe follow him, and regale themselves with the variety

of worms and insects, which the inverted earth exhibits to their view? Does not the innocent Robin perch on the tree directly under your window, and chant his morning lays—as if he would say—"to you I look for protection—and my Notes shall all be cheerfully expended for your amusement?" And shall he be deprived of existence by the wantonness of those who only destroy to shew their dextrous use of the gun?—Forbid it humanity—forbid it every generous sentiment.—Let the feathered songsters live—and they will repay you for the scanty pittance they glean from your fields—by enlivening music, and by the destruction of an immense number of worms and bugs—which elude the vigilance of the most scrutinizing Farmer and Gardener.

Poulson's American Daily Advertiser (PA) 1817 08 19 page 3 Letter from "Pointer"

Mr. Poulson, A person in your paper of the 15th inst. has undertaken to censure Sportsmen, for calling a meeting for the purpose of protecting their Dogs from being stolen.—Not such dogs as were more likely attendant on his cattle, vegetable and young pear tree sportsmen! No! but dogs of as much value to a true sportsman, as a horse would be to the writer above mentioned. But perhaps he may not be more fond of a Horse, than he appears to be of a Dog. I will, therefore, take the liberty to suppose him fond of something, and that something might possibly be an Ass! However, it is most certain, he does not know how to apply the term sportsman, when he compares them to boys and idle fellows, who shoot men in the garden, and eat birds and pears from the same young tree.—For his information, I will give the outline of a true sportsman: his only feather game is grouse, pheasant, partridge, woodcock and snipe, (not may of either to found in Passyunk or Penn Townships,) neither of which will he shoot out of their proper season, upon any consideration, nor will he injure the property of any person,—now, the idea of such men shooting at cattle and fruit, and stealing vegetables is truly ridiculous.

American Watchman (DE) 1817 08 23 page 3 Agriculture by Jacob Gibson, Murengo, Talbot County, Md. [from the (Easton) *Republican Star*]

That the Fly is within our control, I have said before, and hope to satisfy the public of its truth. That they are nourished, reared, and retained among us, by our own neglect, is notorious…I beg of you, my fellow sufferers, to adopt the plan which I shall in future pursue, and I pledge my all for its success…There are two kinds of worm that persecute the corn, commonly known among us by the arbitrary names of ground worm and bud worm….Crows almost entirely feed their young on [ground worms] as you may see by examining the young ones' craws before they leave the nest. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand farmers yearly complain of the crows and other birds destroying their corn, and waste pounds of powder and shot, as well as their time, in killing and driving them from their fields. This is wrong—I have not been one of those crow killers for twenty-five years past; about which time I discovered that the feathered creation were necessary to agriculturists—and I have long supported the doctrine that crows, and other birds, were a blessing, instead of a curse, to the human family. I will admit that crows and black-birds pull up some corn every year; so will

our favorite partridges scratch up the corn like dung hill fowls. Watch a crow when she alights in your corn field; you will not see her begin to dig immediately like a hog; but you will see her walking from hill to hill, for 20,30,40, or 50, nay, 100 yards square, not looking for corn to pull up (for that she can't go amiss) but in search of the worms and black bugs to feed her young with. The young cannot eat the corn till they leave the nest. And by that time the corn is out of danger of the feathered tribe. The crows, I will acknowledge, pull up and devour for their own use, a small portion of the corn, which with me they are welcome to; for well am I convinced that they save me more barrels, by the destruction of the worm, etc, than they destroy quarts of corn, for their own use. Common sense tells us that the whole animal creation were made for some wise purpose; and ever since I began to reason on the subject, have been convinced of the great wisdom, and unbounded goodness of God to this creation, especially to Man, his greatest favorite. It is necessary that the surface of the earth should be full of insects, to puncture it, to keep it open, and admit the air and moisture to give health to the whole vegetable list—It is as necessary as air, sun, or water….

American Yeoman (VT) 1817 08 26 page 3 Singular Scarecrow! [Alb. Argus]

A farmer near Herkimer, (N.Y.) last spring manufactured a sort of likeness about the size of one of the would-be kings of N. England, to which he affixed this label in large letters,—"HARTFORD CONVENTION." The consequence was that neither Crow nor Black Worm destroyed a single blade of corn in that field, nor for any considerable distance around. In another field, "it is said," he exposed a board, decorated with white roses, on which was written in flaming capitals, "WASHINGTON BENEVOLENT SOCIETY," It had the same effect—all the crows and worms, and even Woodchucks quitted the premises. Some of the learned in the nature of crows imagine that these unerring birds were apprehensive, that they might be taken to be members of the society, and fled ashamed. Others conclude, that both crows, worms, and woodchucks thought they had actually joined the society, and concluded it to proper to imitate the Benevolents, by skulking into obscurity about these times.—Hence we learn that the Hartford Convention and Washington Benevolent Societies[52] are good for something, not withstanding the unmerited abuse cast on them by the Democrats!

The Gleaner (PA) 1817 08 29 page 3 (Dialogue between farmer and young sportsman) signed "C." (widely circulated)

Mr. Meddler, I have not heard from you for some time and have sent you the following to put you in mind of it.

Taking a walk the other day along a winding path which goes through the meadows near the margin of the river, I could not forbear observing how invigorated every part of creation appeared, upon the return of uniform seasons, and a prospect of a fruitful year. Indulging in such reflections as these ideas would naturally produce, I seated myself inadvertently upon a bank covered with short grass by the side of a fence, and under the shade of a thickly growing orchard which extended over an adjoining field. The mountains, the town, and the rich meadows of Kingston lay before me, and

I had indulged, I know not how long, in reflections upon the various occupations of men, when I was startled by the noise of a gun not far from me in an adjoining field, when on looking round I observed one of our bucks who amuse themselves from day to day by rambling these plains with their fowling pieces, running towards an apple tree, under which he picked up a robin which he had just killed. The tree stood in an orchard in which a crop of flat was there growing very luxuriantly. Not far from the orchard stood a farm-house, and the report of the gun called out a very respectable looking old gentleman, who came up to the fence near the young gentleman, and the following dialogue immediately took place between them, and being sufficiently near I overhead the whole of it without being discovered. I was so much pleased with it, that I cannot forbear sending it to you. The old gentleman began the conversation by enquiring,"What have you killed, Sir?" "Nothing but a robin, Sir," was the reply. "And have you killed no other game." "Oh, yes, sir, I have, as you see, a bag full of small birds, of various kinds." "We have fine deer and pheasants on our mountains," said the old gentleman,"why do you not hunt them?" "Because, sir, the exercise is too fatiguing, and I find it much more pleasant to hunt upon these meadows," "It may be so to you," said the old gentleman,"But not so to those who own these meadows. Do you observe what a path you have made through my flax; to-morrow I intended to have began pulling it, and now there is a strip two feet wide through the whole field tangled down, so that it will be as much work to pull it as it is worth; and one minute of this foolish pleasure of yours, must give me and my boys two hours work. I have seen a number of young men of your description, almost every day, strolling over the meadows through fields of grain and grass in pursuit of birds, which, when you have caught as many of them as you can carry home, art not worth one cent. You squander away your time, neglect your business, and wear out your cloths, though this is not so much a concern of mine as tangling my flax. But there are other considerations which I should suppose might operate on a young gentleman of feeling—I mean the cruelty of killing these harmless and peaceful birds simply for amusement; for neither your dress nor your equipage show that you do it to prevent starvation. This robin is one that has lived about my house this whole season. She has every morning sat upon that plum tree and awakened me and my family at sun rising with the sweetness of her notes. She has a nest and several young ones in the top of yonder pear tree and as her mate was killed ten days since by one your brother sportsmen while singing to me at dinner, in the top of yonder cherry tree, these young robins must now starve to death for the want of some one to feed them, unless myself or one of the boys climbs the tree, and at considerable risk, bring the nest down that the children may feed them. This they will freely do, for you see they are now crying because their favorite robin is killed. How many hundreds of young birds do you suppose you have left thus destitute, by bringing away in your bag the only beings on earth which knew where to carry them the means of subsistence? —Oh young man! there are a thousand things which you never consider when you thus indulge in this foolish amusement. These small birds are never so numerous as to injure our crops, on the contrary they greatly assist them. They follow the ploughman as he drives his team through the meadows and pick up the worms which his ploughshare exposes to their view, and which otherwise might destroy the crop on which he then builds his hopes. It is thus that these birds put bread into the mouths of his children, and into the mouths of yours too if you have any, for it

is from these fields that all this people is fed.—Go and remember that when you throw that blackbird to your cat or give that robin as a choice morsel to your children that you deprive mine of a piece of bread.

Having said this, the old gentleman walked deliberately towards the house, and the young man went off with his robin, muttering something which was not intelligible; but as he came a little nearer I heard him say—"D—d particular about his flax."

Now, Mr. Meddler, some people are of the opinion that all you can say to such beings does no good, but I really cannot believe but what this fellow will remember this lecture the very next time he attempts to run through a field of flax.

Vermont Gazette (VT) 1817 09 02 page 3 Federalism, No. 9

We object to any federal candidate, because,

1. Delegates from the federal party met in conclave at Hartford from Thursday Dec. 15th, 1814 to Thursday, Jan. 5th, 1815, with the avowed intent of establishing a tone for New-England, in a resistance to law, and a destruction of the holy bond of our union. (a) A convention so abhorrent, and yet so inefficient, that it has become a bye-word for reproach and sarcasm (b)…

(b.) Their six resolves were quite unsatisfactory. "A farmer in Herkimer, N.Y. the spring past, broke the second commandment, by forming a likeness of one of the members of this noble (or ignoble) body, to which he affixed the label in large letters, "HARTFORD CONVENTION." The effigy had so ludicrous a seriousness that all the birds

> For twenty rods and more,
> Flew off and cried encore.

Even the worms retired from before the majestic Harlequin and suspended all their contiguous ravages. Not a blade of corn, it is said, was destroyed in that or the adjoining fields."

New-York Daily Advertiser (NY) 1817 09 10 page 3 Advertisement. Ease, Taste, Fashion, &c. Henry I. Hassey,—Hair Dresser &c.

> … "At the particular desire of many persons of distinction," he has banished from the Court, all his favorite birds, not excepting even his scolding Parrot. This last was a severe stroke to his feelings, and nothing but the repeated request of some of his old regular customers (married men as well as himself) could have induced him to such a parting. H.I.H. however reconciles himself with the hope that the public with shew their sympathy by calling to get rid of their luxuriant tresses, and long beards, even though they might be as dear to them as his own poor Poll was to him….

Essex Register (MA) 1817 09 17 page 2

Last Saturday was taken here, the Osprey, by one of our Sportsmen. It is the *Falco Halinetus* of Wilson, allowing for a difference in the plumage. It was 22 inches long, and 5 feet with expanded wings. The Cere of a faint blue, feet strong, scaled, of a pale blue, the nails semicircular, and about the same length. Weight 3lb. and 3-4ths, Top of the head black, wings and tail of a deep brownish black, and the extremity of the feathers white. The wings extending a little beyond the tail. The upper feathers of the thighs long, the lowest short and close, all white, and none below the knees. The tail 9 1-2 inches, brown, with eight black bars, and the shafts of the feathers white. All the feathers of the throat, breast belly, and thighs, white, excepting a ring of brown feathers below the throat. Under the tail, the bars fainter with white between them. The iris a bright orange, pupil large and black. Opening of the beck cleft under the eyes, opening of the nostrils blue, a black bar from the eyes, and around the eye black: The tuft on the head darker than the feathers on the body, but, the feathers tipped with white, and raised in anger with the feathers below. The nostrils expanding on the lower side. In comparing European and American descriptions, it is evident the plumage of this bird varies, but the great lines of the Osprey remain. Among fifty birds which have been seen here, this has not been seen by us before.

Susquehanna Democrat (PA) 1817 09 19 page 1 The Doves by Cowper

Reasoning at every step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way,
While meaner things whom instinct leads
Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wander'd late,
And heard the voice of love;
The Turtle thus addressed her mate,
And sooth'd the list'ning Dove:

"Our mutual bond of faith and truth,
No time shall disengage;
Those blessings of our early youth
Shall cheer our latest age.

While Innocence without disguise,
And Constancy sincere,
Shall fill the circles of those eyes,
And mine can read them there,

Those ills that wait on all below
Shall ne'er be felt by me,
Or gently felt, or only so,
As being shared with thee—

When Lightnings flash among the trees,

Or Kites are hovering near,
I fear lest thee alone they seize,
And know no other fear.

'Tis then I feel myself a Wife,
And press thy wedded side,
Resolv'd a union form'd for life
Death never shall divide.

But oh! if fickle and unchaste,
(Forgive a transient thought,)
Thou could'st become unkind at last,
And scorn thy present lot—

No need of Lightnings from on high,
Or Kites with cruel beak—
Denied th'endearments of thine eye,
This widow'd heart would break."—

Thus sang the sweet sequestered bird,
Soft as the passing wind,
And I recorded what I heard,
A lesson for mankind.

Boston Intelligencer, and Morning and Evening Advertiser (MA) 1817 09 20 page 1 A good Shot.

One of the Cheltenham visitants lately exhibited his superiority in shooting with a double barreled gun; he threw 15 eggs, successively, about 30 or 35 yards distance from him and struck 13 of them before they reached the ground…In pigeon shooting he has frequently killed, in a similar manner, two birds fired from the same trap at the same time.

Columbian Museum and Savannah Gazette (GA) 1817 11 04 page 2 Foreign News (widely reprinted)

Petersburgh Aug 15. Our Gazette contains an article dated Voronetz, July 9, which says that in the environs of the city of Bobo an immense quantity of worms was discovered upon a sandy soil. These worms growed and destroyed all the vegetation upon the surface to an extent of nearly 200 acres. Their number increased like locusts. Every means was attempted to destroy them, but without success; at length, a solemn procession was made, and holy water sprinkled. The next day a cloud of ravens and other birds arrived, who eat all the worms up in three days.

Lancaster Journal (PA) 1817 11 24 page 2 Varieties (widely reprinted)

…On Thursday last, Charles Philpot of Amersbury, laborer, was convicted by country magistrates of Wilts, in the penalty of 5*l*. under act 5 of Queen Anne, for *willfully* firing at and killing a partridge whilst employed in *keeping birds* from the corn, and not being qualified by law….

The New-York Columbian (NY) 1817 12 22 Advertisement. Museum page 3

> The Public are respectfully informed that Mr. Scudder has engaged Messrs. Antoine and Gilley to perform a few nights longer at the Museum, on the "*Italian Lyre*." The rich treat afforded to Amateurs and the lovers of music, by the blended tones of the Lyre, and the accompaniments of the human voice in the imitation of birds, the Proprietor trusts will be favorably received by his friends, and an indulgent Public…

Poulson's American Daily Advertiser (PA) 1817 12 24 page 2 Advertisement.

> A Variety of Books for Children & Young Persons, for sale by Benjamin and Thomas Kite…
>
> Amongst which are:…
>
> Tales of the Robin, and other Small Birds[53], by Joseph Taylor

Bangor Weekly Register (ME) 1817 12 25 page 4 To the Unknown God. Acts xvii. 23.

…Much there was in that elegant city [Athens] to attract the eye and ear of a man of taste like Paul: but he was not entertained… "Ye men of Athens, I observe that in all things ye are too much addicted to the worship of demons." Superstitious they certainly were to an unusual degree. An idiot was executed for killing one of the sacred sparrows of Æsculapius…[54]

1818

Boston Intelligencer, and Morning and Evening Advertiser (MA) 1818 01 24 page 2 Massachusetts Legislature (widely reported in New England newspapers)

…The House of Representatives have been engaged during this forenoon in the transaction of a great variety of private and public business of no very material importance. The Resolve authorizing the bust of the Hon. John Adams and appointing the Hon. Mr. Quincy, Mr. Greenleaf, (of Quincy) and Mr. Tudor (of Boston) a Committee to carry the object into effect. A Committee was appointed to consider the expediency of passing a law to prevent the destruction of certain useful birds at unseasonable times of the year…

Boston Daily Advertiser (MA) 1818 01 26 page 2 House of Representatives.

…On motion of Col. Fay, of Cambridge, a committee was appointed to consider the expediency of passing a law to prevent the destruction of certain useful birds, at unseasonable times of the year….

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1818 01 28 page 1 House of Representatives

…On motion of Mr. Fay, a committee was directed to report on the expediency of prohibiting the destruction of certain birds (woodcocks, snipes, &c.) at unseasonable times of the year.

Boston Commercial Gazette (MA) 1818 01 29 page 1 Massachusetts Legislature. Winter Session, 1817…1818.

…Fowling. On motion of Col. Fay, of Cambridge, a committee was appointed to consider the expediency of passing a law to prevent the destruction of certain useful birds, at unseasonable times of the year….

The Repertory (MA) 1818 01 31 page 2 House of Representatives (this is the most detailed version of widely reported news)

…The committee on the subject of a provision to prevent the destruction of certain useful birds, reported a bill for that purpose, which was read and refused a second reading. … Col. Fay, of Cambridge, moved a reconsideration of the vote refusing a second reading of the bill to prohibit the destruction of certain useful birds. The bill prohibits killing partridges and quails between the 1st of March and 1st of Sept. and snipes, woodcocks and robbins (sic) between the 1st of March and the 4th of July.

The motion excited considerable debate[55], and prevailed 96 to 21. The bill was then read a second time and after a full debate ordered to a third reading tomorrow 83 to 28 and in the meantime was committed….

Boston Commercial Gazette (MA) 1818 02 02 page 2 House

…Killing of small Birds[56]

A bill passed to a second reading for preventing the killing of certain birds at improper seasons….

Aurora General Advertiser (PA) 1818 02 04 page 4. Advertisement. American Ornithology

> Wm. Charles, No. 32 South Third Street, proposes to publish by subscription a new edition of this valuable and interesting work. The publisher does not consider it necessary to state in what manner the work will be executed. But hereby respectfully informs those who wish to patronize the undertaking that a specimen of the work will be ready in a short time, and when it has undergone the examination of a discerning public, let it recommend or condemn itself.
>
> CONDITIONS.

The work will be proceeded with immediately.

To be printed on a fine wove drawing paper, super-royal quarto-to consist of ten numbers, which will contain all the birds in the former addition with editions, and colored from nature, at eight dollars per number, (payable on delivery) neatly done up in boards.

Boston Commercial Gazette (MA) 1818 02 05 page 2 Communication (widely reprinted)

The employment of the Legislature of a state affords a criterion by which one may judge of the flourishing state of the community. If we find the members amusing themselves with the names of the days and months of the year, or discussions upon the habits, manners and morals of little birds, we may be sure no serious evils exist, requiring attention. A state debate caused the following parody.

Who kills Cock Robin?
I, says one, for my berries,
I, says another, for my cherries,
And we kill Cock Robin.
Who'll see him die?
I, says eloquent S—
With great earnestness,
And I'll see him die.
Who'll spill his blood?
I, said, Mr.— , &c. &c.

Boston Daily Advertiser (MA) 1818 02 06 page 2 In Senate. Thursday, Feb 5

…A bill to prevent the destruction of certain useful birds at unseasonable times of the year—severally passed to be engrossed…The bill to prevent the destruction of certain birds came down from the Senate with amendments which were concurred….

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1818 02 07 page 2 In Senate. Thursday, Feb 5, 1818.

…Among the bills passed to be engrossed, was the one to prevent the destruction of certain useful birds, to which the Senate made several amendments, adding snipes to the number of protected birds[57]….

The Portsmouth Oracle (NH) 1818 02 07 page 1 Philadelphia. [From the London Literary Gazette]

…The Museum in Philadelphia is worth seeing; it contains more than 1240 birds…

Commercial Advertiser (NY) 1818 02 11 page 1 The Lewchew [Ryukyu] Islands [from the *Quarterly Review*]

…They had no warlike instruments of any description; no weapons, offensive or

defensive; and when they saw the effect of the English fowling pieces, they entreated that they would not kill the birds, which, they said, they were pleased with seeing about their houses; adding that if they wished to get them merely for the purpose of eating, they would supply them with plenty of fowls; of course, an order was immediately given to desist[58].

Boston Daily Advertiser (MA) 1818 02 13 page 2 In Senate, Thursday Feb 12.

…An act to set off Wm. Hunewell from the town of Charlestown and annex him to the town of Cambridge—respecting the Trustees of the Baptist Education Fund—to prevent the destruction of certain useful birds at unseasonable times of the year…were severally passed to be enacted….

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1818 02 14 page 3 By Authority. Laws of Massachusetts. (widely reported)

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

In the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighteen.

AN ACT to prevent the destruction of certain useful Birds at unseasonable times of the year,

WHEREAS, there are within Commonwealth many birds which are useful and profitable to the citizens, either as articles of food, or as instruments in the hands of Providence to destroy various noxious insects, grubs and caterpillars, which are prejudicial or destructive to vegetation, fruits and grain; and it is desirable to promote the increase and preservation of birds of the above description, and to prevent the wanton destruction of them at improper seasons.

Sec. 1. *Be if enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same*, That hereafter it shall not be lawful for any person to take, kill, or destroy, any of the birds called Partridges and Quails, at any time from the first day of March, to the first day of September in every year; and no person shall take, kill or destroy, any of the birds called Woodcocks, Snipes, Larks and Robins, at any time from the first day of March to the 4th day of July in each year; and if any person shall take or kill, or shall sell, buy or have in his possession after being killed, or taken, any of the Birds aforesaid, within the times limited as afore said respectively, he shall forfeit and pay for each and every partridge, quail, or woodcock, so taken, killed or in his possession, two Dollars; and tor each and every snipe, lark or robin, so killed, taken, or in his possession, one Dollar; the forfeitures aforesaid to be, recovered by any person, who will sue for the same, within one year from the time of the offence committed, to his own use, in an action of debt, in any Court having jurisdiction of the amount demanded; or said forfeitures may be recovered by complaint to any justice of the Peace in the name of the Commonwealth, to the use of the county where the prosecution may take place; and on failure to pay such forfeiture and cost on conviction, the offender may be committed to prison for a term not less than five, nor more than fifteen days.

Sec. 2. *Be it further enacted*, That if any person shall shoot at or kill any of the birds aforesaid, or any other birds, upon lands not owned or occupied by himself, without licence from the owner or occupant of such lands, at any time from the first day of March to the fourth day of July in each year, such person shall forfeit and pay to the occupant, or owner of such lands, where he may shoot at, or kill such bird, ten Dollars, as a penalty in addition to all other actual damages to be recovered by the party injured, by an action of trespass, in any court having jurisdiction of the amount demanded. Provided however that nothing in this act shall be construed to prevent the killing of Crows, Blackbirds, Owls, Bluejays, and Hawks, at any season of the year. And provided also, that the inhabitants of any town in the Commonwealth may at their annual meeting in March or April in any year, by vote suspend the operation of the prohibitions and restrictions contained in this act, in whole or in part, within such town, and for such term of time not exceeding one year, as to them shall Seem expedient,

Approved by the Governor, February 12, 1818.

Copy examined by A BRADFORD, *Secretary of Commonwealth*.

The Salem Gazette (MA) 1818 02 20 page 3 A government of Laws (widely reprinted)

Americans have long boasted of the Freedom of their Constitutions of Government and of the wisdom of their Laws. Other nations, however, from a superficial observation of our actions would be induced to doubt the sincerity of our pretensions; for almost every State in the Union is struggling for a new Charter of Liberty: New-York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, and many others, manifest deep discontent at their present systems of government; and all the States, so far from being satisfied with their *Laws*, are laboring under an effervescence of Legislation and agony of "Codification."…

The Legislature of this State at their present session have exhibited to their constituents a laudable example of industry and activity. They have entered, what the sage of Monticello calls, "the great field of human concerns," and have tasted and touched and handled every object within their view; nothing has been too vast for their comprehension, nothing to minute for their perception. They have very gravely deliberated on Pickerel and the Militia,—Logs, Masts and Spars, and Constables, Collectors and Sheriffs,—Salaries and State Paupers,—Reviews, Civil & Military …and a Bill for Snipes, and for the preservation of Woodcocks and Robins. The sympathies of all, who have wept at the perusal of the Ballad of the *Children in the Wood*, must be excited in behalf of

"Little Robin-Redbreast that sat upon a stump,"

and general joy will be expressed at this interesting bird's having met the favor of the Legislature. The bill was drawn with all due caution, for it has doomed *Crows* and *Owls* to the deadly aim of the fowler. It is well this law was not passed by Congress; for, about fifteen years since, one of its members from New-York, Mr. [Lucas] Elmondorph, was familiarly denominated the *Bird of Wisdom*, and it would have

looked as if the lawmaker intended to make game of him. It would be rash to declare there are no Birds of *Wisdom* in our General Court, and it would be equally rash to assert there are *Birds* of Wisdom there; therefore with the leave of the Honorable House we will *blink* those questions. The Small Bird Law is a sample of thorough legislation, for it takes up the subject *ab ovb*; and we have no suspicion the object of the legislators is to feather their own nests, for they are more disinterested than the famous Patriot, *John Wilkes*, who sneeringly declared that the Public was a Goose, and he a fool that would not pluck a feather.

When the public finds the pigeon holes of the Clerk of the House stuffed with bills for Robins and other birds of the air, the following extract occurs to mind:

"Really, Sir," said Mr. Windham in the British House of Commons, "Really, Sir, in turning from the great interests of this country and of Europe, to discuss with equal solemnity such measures as that which is now before us, the House appears to me to resemble Mr. Smirk, the auctioneer in the play, who could hold forth just as eloquently upon a ribbon as a Raphael. This petty, meddling, legislative spirit, cannot be productive of good[59]."

Newburyport Herald (MA) 1818 02 24 page 4 On the Death of a favourite Bird

What mournful sound invades my listening ear,
What sighs are those which prompt the pitying tear,
From yonder cage these plaintive notes arise,
Where the dear friend, the much lov'd partner dies,
With mournful voice the chirping bird complains,
Relentless death awakes these cheerless strains.

Why did these eyes behold the painful light,
Why was I spared from everlasting night,
With secret grief my body here must pine,
No friends to mix their flowing tears with mine,
Till life's gay gleam forsakes these shaded eyes,
Till the last spark of animation dies:

For thee, my friend the toils of life are o'er,
The sounding blast shall shake thy breast no more;
No marble stone shall grace thy simple tomb,
No rose for thee shall waste its sweet perfume,
But oer thy grave, oblivion spreads her veil,
No long inscription tells thy mournful tale:

Adieu, my friend; no more with you I dwell,
This parting sigh proclaims my last farewell.

Swift fly ye months and move ye passing years,
Time's lenient hand shall wipe my falling tears,

O! break the shades ye tints of parting day,
And gild my path with hope's deceitful ray,
Here will I rest and breathe my latest sigh,
Till life shall end and hope itself shall die.

Yet why for Birds this piercing grief express?
Death stops their pain and ends their deep distress
Their mutual joys by sympathy they know,
And learn to feel for griefs incessant flow,
While life endures they act the faithful friend,
And friendship lasts till life and being end.

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1818 02 28 page 1 By Authority. Laws of Massachusetts

…AN ACT to encourage the destruction of Bears, Wolves, and other mischievous animals.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That from and after the passing of this act, it shall be lawful for the inhabitants of any town, district or plantation, within this Commonwealth, qualified to vote in town affairs, at any meeting of the same legally warned for that purpose, to raise any sun of money they may think proper, and the money, so raised, may be distributed in bounties, to encourage the destruction of Bears, Wolves, and other mischievous animals, or birds, in such sums as the town, district or plantation, which may levy the same, shall direct.

Approved by the Governor, Feb. 20, 1818.

Copy examined by A. BRADFORD, *Secretary of Commonwealth*….

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1818 03 14 page 2 Caution

We deem it our duty to caution our country brethren who are in the practice of supplying our markets with game that the Law [See Centinel Feb 14] for the preservation of Partridges, Quails, Woodcocks, &c is *now in force*.—And will be strictly enforced against every person who shall *buy, sell*, or *have in possession*, any of those birds, by whomsoever, or wheresoever, killed or *taken*.

New-York Daily Advertiser (NY) 1818 03 28 page 2 The Neologist No. LXXIX

…The season of spring has ever been a delightful theme of the poet….The prominent emotion which a contemplation of the beauties of spring ought to produce in the heart, is that of gratitude….The melody of the birds, the murmuring of the brook, the cheerful voice of the distant ploughman, speak a language to the ear, which is the music of nature….

Franklin Gazette (PA) 1818 03 31 page 3 Advertisement. New Books

M. Carey & Son, Corner of Chestnut and Fourth-streets,

Have just received, and will open in a few days, per ship Superior, a very Valuable Collection of Books, in all departments of literature and in most splendid bindings. Among which are the following…

Kirby and Spence's Entomology…

Bewick's Birds….

New-York Gazette & General Advertiser (NY) 1818 04 06 page 2 Advertisement. Shaving Notes &c.

… Henry I. Hassey begs leave to remind the public that he continues business as usual…He has just received an excellent and, he may truly add, unrivalled collection of Mocking, Red, Canary and other Birds, whose Notes he wishes in exchange either for Jacob Barker's or any…equally melodious.

H.I.H. warrants that there shall be danger of counterfeit or forgery…except from the Mocking Bird. They are such skillful imitators and […] to deceive the best judges….

Christian Messenger (VT) 1818 04 08 page 4 Home of my fathers by A.K. [*Boston Centinel*]

Dear is the home of my fathers, and dear
The elm that spread o'er it its long aged arms:
When I think of that home, how I wipe off the tear
And feel in my bosom a crowd of alarms!

Dear is the woodbine in Summer's mild gleam,
That encircled my window delightfully fair,
And dear is the sound of the neighboring stream
Responsive to wild birds that sung in the air…

As the bird to the mountain I'd flee to that home
Like a bird caught and caged, I repine far away,
In the paths of my childhood, my steps shall not roam
By the side of my fathers, my dust will not lay…

The New-York Evening Post (NY) 1818 04 15 page 2 Pigeon Shooting [from London paper]

A second match of pigeon shooting took place in Black-rock Botton, Sussex, by nearly the same party noticed by us there is a short time since, on Wednesday. On the former occasion the slaughter was but trifling, but on the latter, it was skillfully the reverse.—The number of birds which took wing from the trap was eighty-four, of which seventy-six were bagged, four were brought down by the distant field-shooters,

and four only escaped. Not a bird survived the deadly level of the fowling piece of Mr. T. Poole; captain Lane was nearly as successful; and fatal trophies to the feathered tribe marked the blazing process of all engaged.

New-England Galaxy & Masonic Magazine (MA) 1818 05 01 page 1 The Bird Law signed John Ploughshare, jun.

Mr. Editor, I have been what we call a young country sportsman. In the spring of the year, as soon as Robins, Larks &c. appeared, I was out betimes with my gun, in pursuit of them, much to the disturbance of the neighborhood, and to the regret of my father, who wished, and still wishes, to bring me up a plain, honest, industrious farmer, like himself. But I found, as I frequented the Boston vegetable market, a bunch of birds would frequently help me to some odd change; so that, at Election, I had enough to spend decently, pleasantly and even foolishly.

When I saw the late Bird Law, as we call it, I was struck with sorrow and anger. I threw out many invectives against our legislators, and said, in my father's hearing, that they would be better employed in making laws for the regulation of themselves and their constituents of which the makers would not be breakers.

My father told me, if I would go to work in his garden, which is considerably extensive, I would earn much more, with less labour, in the hours, usually allotted to sporting, as I called it. He also promised, if I would do it faithfully, that he would give me a new, complete suit of clothing for Election, a competent supply of money to spend on that day, and a further sum in addition to dispose of, in such a manner, that it might be accumulating. I closed with the proposal; and have followed his advice every pleasant day, with which we have since been favoured.

Having laboured several hours this morning, I am now seated in a comfortable arbour at one end of the garden, to inform you and your readers, that I highly approve of the law abovementioned. I find the birds more numerous, than was usual at this season, when every urchin, that could lift a musket, was frightening them away, if he could not hit them. Their morning and evening songs seem to be addrest to the Maker of them and of us, with as much harmony, melody, and, I fear I may add with truth, as much devotion, as ours, in too many of our churches. I find them much more tame, than formerly; and as they hop about me, while at work, and gather for their food the worms and insects, which would be detrimental, if not fatal to the fruits of my labours. I look upon them, as I do upon my tame poultry; I consider them, as preparing to produce a young brood, which I shall be at liberty to dispose of as I please, so soon as they shall begin to make depredations on our currants, cherries, strawberries, and other salutary fruits. Thus on or soon after the 4th of July next, you and some of your customers may expect to be furnished with materials for a bird pie, in much greater abundance, than could have been done had this law, under consideration not been enacted. I think the Law, however, deficient in one respect. I believe there is no section, forbidding the destruction of the eggs of the protected birds. The cruel practice of taking these has been, and I fear, continues to be too prevalent among us, and calls for legislative attention.

I must now return to my labour, after mentioning that I enclose to you a few lines, composed by a young cousin of mine, about my own age, say eighteen years, who like myself, has had no other education, than what a common country school afforded, and but very little even of that.

April Morn

How calm the hour, when rising dawn,
Her ray serene advancing,
With pearly light overspreads the lawn,
Each beauteous tint enhancing—
…
The plumy warblers hail the day,
Their mellow voices blending,
With sweetest accents hymn their lay,
In grateful notes ascending
But man, though blest with reason's power,
In sleep's soft bands reposing,
With dreams beguiles the genial hour,
His eyes on nature closing…

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1818 05 06 page 2 Game Law by T.G. (widely circulated)

This new law, if we understand it right, is put in operation in order to save those birds which it includes from being destroyed while hatching. In some measure, however, the fitness of it is to be questioned as it respects the robin. This is a bird we every year have in great quantities, and especially at this season of it, when quitting the woods (where they have taken refuge during the winter) they spread themselves in large and numerous bodies all over the country. Would not this law, therefore, if framed from motives of humanity only, be improved by extending only from the first of May, to about the middle of July, at which season, cherries being ripe, and this law in operation, it effectually prevents the farmer from protecting his property from these little noxious invaders; whereas, were it in operation only at the above mentioned time, every sentiment of humanity would be fully gratified by the protection afforded them during the months of incubation; they never even choose their mates till about the beginning of May; and by the middle of July, their young being sufficiently fledged for flight, it gives the farmer an opportunity to prevent the destroyers of his fruit, which, like locusts, always overrun and destroy it; but when suffered peaceably and unmolested to infest it, these troublesome invaders, coming forth reinforced by so many young, will infallibly destroy one quarter of this year's cherries.

[Editor:] There appears much reason in the remarks of our correspondent, and we have no doubt they will arrest legislative attention. The whole object of the law alluded to, was good, and not injury, to the farmer.

New-England Palladium & Commercial Advertiser (MA) 1818 05 08 page 1

One object of the Massachusetts Game Law, was, we believe, to increase the number of edible birds, that feed on the insects and reptiles that have become so injurious numerous since their foes have been diminished by the country's becoming more populous. The experiment should be fairly tried.

New England Galaxy & Masonic Magazine (MA) 1818 05 08 page 3 Correspondence

…We have not room this week for the supplementary communication of ***. Besides, the game he has in view is of a species, perhaps, that ought to find a shelter in the late law of the legislature, which protects *small birds*, at this season of the year….

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1818 05 09 page 1 The Bird Law by A Farmer

Mr. Russell—if your correspondent "T.G" in your last paper, who appears to have such an antipathy to poor "*Robin Redbreast*" had been as careful of his pen and ink, as he is of his Cherries, he would have perused the Law "*to prevent the destruction of useful Birds*," before he had troubled you to print and the public to read the evidence he has given of his ignorance of that law. Let him recur to the *Centinel* of Feb. 14, and he will there find, that the law in question, does not prohibit him, nor any other sharp shooter, from killing, taking, or destroying, not only his «*noxious Robins*," but also Snipes, Woodcocks, and Larks, *after the 4th of July* in each year! which is a fortnight earlier than he wishes for. But this ignorant complaint is but a sample of the others against this excellent law. I hope there are but few "T.G.s" in the community; but if there should be, please to remind them, that by the law of Feb. last, the prohibition to kill Partridges and Quails, extends from the first of March to the first of September in each year; but that the prohibition to kill Robins, Snipes, Woodcocks, and Larks, extends no longer than from the first of March to the fourth of July, in each year.

Cherries are never ripe before this last period, and therefore your *humane* correspondent, after having celebrated the anniversary of Independence, may finish his festival by killing, maiming, or playing the d---l with the annoyers of his dear cherry trees.

On my farm, Major, you know I have a large number of cherry trees; but I never allow a gun to fired among them; and I think myself well paid for the appropriation of a few trees to Robin Redbreast, and his brother vocalists, by the delightful music with which every morning and night they express their gratitude…

Pennsylvania Correspondent and Farmers' Advertiser (PA) 1818 05 12 (page 4) Communicated for the Olive-Branch by An Agriculturalist.

Mr. Miner, I recollect a publication in your paper some time ago, relative to the utility of Birds in the destruction of injurious insects. Subsequent reflection has satisfied me of the correctness of the remarks.

New and uncommon insects to our observation, have appeared in alarming numbers. Their ravages upon vegetation have been extensively felt. Works of Natural

History have been resorted to, for a record of their previous existence, either in this or in other countries; and when that record could not be found, the doctrine of equivocal generation, has been in some instances advanced to account for their appearance. It is not necessary, I apprehend, to resort to this dangerous doctrine for a satisfactory explanation of their appearance and increase. Most of these insects are peculiar to our own country. The Hessian Fly (improperly so called) is not known in Europe or any other country than America. The same observations may be made of most of the insects that have been so injurious to the agriculturalist: yet many of these insects remained unnoticed even by the prying eye of the naturalist, until by the increase of their numbers, their ravages upon vegetation, have drawn the attention of the community to them. How are we to account for this rapid increase of insects, which are rendering the labors of the husbandman abortive by the destruction of his grain and fruit? To my mind the cause is obvious. The Creator has wisely established in creation a balance that has been partially destroyed by the folly and inhumanity of man, who is now suffering for his indiscretion. These insects are the natural food of most of the birds of our forest; and I do not hesitate to believe we're created for that purpose. They have increased in the same proportion that the Birds have decreased; until their numbers have become alarming. This assertion will not appear incredible or unfounded, when it is recollected that a single insect will produce very many of its kind in a season. Before the Birds were reduced in numbers, they bore a proper proportion to the insects—and the daily destruction of those insects by the Birds, kept them within bounds.—While the balance was complete, man suffered no inconvenience. That balance is now destroyed, the consequence is serious. It is now a fact that will not be denied, that the birds are greatly diminished in numbers; several species that were formerly common have entirely disappeared; while those kinds that continue to visit us, do not appear half so numerous as they did a few years ago. The BLACK-BIRD, formerly the constant companion of the ploughman, devouring the grubs turned up by the plough in the spring of the year, is now almost a stranger amongst us. The RED-BREAST recognizing an enemy in man, retires from his habitation.

If the opinion is correct, that the increase of insects is the consequence of the decrease of Birds, every effort ought to be made for their preservation. The interest of agriculture requires it. Ought not the Legislature when in session, to be petitioned for the passage of a Law for their protection and preservation? And in the meantime as the period of brooding will soon arrive, is it not the interest and duty of parents and masters to prevent as far as practicable, their boys from destroying the young or robbing the nests of their eggs?

The New-York Columbian (NY) 1818 05 13 page 2 Natural History—Alabama Territory, No 2. Ornithology.

Our Birds are as follows.

The *Bald Eagle*, the king of the feathered race, and which is peculiar to America, is very numerous in Alabama. They build their nests in the tops of lofty dry trees, generally along the river on high buffs and elevated places, in order, no doubt, to command an extensive view, not only to enable them to descry better the approach of

danger, but more easily to discover distant objects of prey.

The *Fish Hawk* appears, from necessity, to be always tributary to this powerful despot of the air. For when this bird succeeds in catching a fish within the sphere of the Eagle's […], he is pursued by him till he is obliged to drop his prize to save his own life.

I recollect of being highly amused not long since, with the sagacious manoeuvre of an Eagle to rob a Fish Hawk of a fish he had caught in Tensa river in front of this town. The hawk had secured in his talons a fish of considerable size, and was steering his course to the neighboring wood, when an eagle met him, and occasioned his retreat over the water of the river. I perceived that the hawk was, at first swifter in the chase on the wing, than the eagle, which appeared by several direct courses of both through the air; but the eagle took care, at length, to get the hawk above him, and to compel him to ascend to a great height, till the hawk seemed greatly fatigued; when he finally dropped the fish, which was seized by the eagle before it fell to the water.

The *Hawks* of other parts of the U. S. are common to this section of the country.

Owls of all kinds are more numerous here than I have seen in any other parts. In passing up and down Mobile river, I have been many a time serenaded by the frightful notes of these gloomy midnight songsters, and frequently awakened at the dead of night by the dismal shrieks of the screech-owl.

Turkey buzzards, are here in countless numbers. These useful birds seem to be formed expressly to aid man in regulating the police of the towns in hot climates. No sooner do animal nuisances present themselves, than these winged scavengers assemble in clouds from every direction, to regale themselves upon the putrescent viands which so much annoy the human species. They continue to help themselves without ceremony till all is devoured, and not a single particle left to infect the air with its noxious effluvia.

In some of the southern States the lives of these friendly birds are protected *by law*, which imposes a fine on persons who may wantonly kill them.

Wild Turkeys abound in the Alabama, and afford a plenty of excellent game in the winter, when they are generally fat.

It is often said that wild Turkeys cannot be domesticated; but it is a mistake, for I have known them raised here like tame turkeys. The mode here resorted to by some people to catch them is worth relating. Pole pens are prepared in places frequented by turkey, into which a narrow avenue is dug in the ground, and strewed within and without with corn. The heedless Turkeys while picking up the corn, are insensibly drawn into the pen through this passage; but after they get in, they become alarmed, erect their heads, and never think of making their escape the way they entered. Thus many wild Turkeys are taken without the trouble and expense of hunting them. Their colour is that of the domestic dark grey Turkey, and of similar size.

Quails, or Partridges as they are called here, are very abundant in this country. They are too small game to attract much notice from sportsmen; but are not caught in

racks or falling traps by the boys; but in another more singular manner. People, who are acquainted with their mode of resting at night (which is by huddling together on the ground, and sitting in the smallest possible compass) seek them by torch light; and when they discover them by their clucking notes, a kind of basket prepared for the purpose, is cast instantly over them before they separate, and thus a dozen or two are often secured at once.

Mocking Birds are very numerous here.— These musical birds are infinitely more melodious than any other of the feathered songsters. Their size is about that of the Blue Jay; of a delicate form, and of a greyish dove, colour. They not only imitate the notes of nearly all the birds of the wood, but mock with surprising precision the notes of domestic fowls They sing frequently in the night, especially by moonlight. The sweet serenades they strike up just before day, are peculiarly charming to the musical ear. These intelligent birds seem pleased with human society, as they generally build their nests in orchards, gardens, and in groves around dwelling houses.

Parakites, or little parrots, are very numerous in our woods. Their colour is green.— They sail in flocks through the air, screaming in a most harsh and disagreeable manner.

Turtle Doves abound here and reside with us all the year. Their cooing notes are very plaintive and may be heard at a great distance.

Myriads of *Robins* visit us in the winter, but disappear in the spring.

Meadow Larks reside here all the year.

Crows and blackbirds also. Martin birds are plenty and build their nests in hollow trees. They disappear in Autumn.

Woodpeckers of various kinds, the Jay, the thrush, bluebird, wren, and a multitude of birds peculiar to this climate reside here all the year.

Our aquatic birds are Pelicans, Swans, wild-geese, brants, cranes, herons, ducks of many kinds, and a great variety of sea-fowls.

No part of the world perhaps affords a better field for the fowler's amusement, than the waters of the Mobile do in winter.

New England Galaxy & Masonic Magazine (MA) 1818 05 15 Rural Amusement by "Henry Harrow, jr."

Mr. Editor, I have read my neighbour John Ploughshare's observations on the Bird Law with pleasure and profit. Being myself in a similar situation, as to education, employments, and character, I was, perhaps, more forcibly struck with them, than most of your readers. I presented them to my father; and he very readily made me the same offers, that Mr. Ploughshare senior, had made with his son. Neighbor John and I have had a consolation, and proposed to our young comrades in the neighbourhood to form a society for the purpose for promoting sobriety, economy and industry. We have agreed, at the approaching Election, not to play at bowls, or any other game, for money, to be

moderate in our expenses on that day, and to return to our labours the day following. We intend to save a portion of what my be given us for spending money and all that may be allowed for an accumulating fund, to deposit in the SAVINGS BANK. We have also agreed to inform against all persons whatsoever within our knowledge, who shall infringe on the Bird Law. We hope that the young Bostonians will wait patiently, till the time shall have expired, during which the Birds are to remain unmolested; and then be careful not to mistake tame poultry for that which is wild...

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1818 05 18 page 4 Game Law by T.G.

Mr. Russell—The piece by "A Farmer," in the *Centinel* of Saturday, in answer to my last communication, I was dubious whether it was worthy of notice—it being so entirely replete with personal reflections; but I have at length determined to hand this to you. With regard to the law in question, I candidly confess that after several inquiries, I had understood that it was to continue in force from the first of March to the first of September. I was mistaken. But my actions, like my intentions, were pure, and I should have hardly supposed there could have been anything in the piece of Wednesday, to have roused the ire, even of a hot-headed "farmer." He hopes he says, "there are but few T.G.'s in the community;" I might say in the language of retort that, for the credit of the civilization and politeness of this country, I hope there are but few such "farmers;" but such language I disdain, and I deem it beneath the character of a gentleman to notice such rusticity, which, however pardonable it may be in a rustic farmer, is beneath the dignity of a man. With regard to the law, I was mistaken. But could he not have set me right without stooping to such language? Was it at all necessary for the proof of this affirmations, to call those who were so unfortunate as to mistake the law in that respect, fools, ignorant? But his opprobrium recoils upon himself, who in the bombastic language of self-boasted humanity, descends from the character of a gentleman, to throw scorn, contempt, and indignity at another.

Vermont Intelligencer and Bellows Falls Advertiser (VT) 1818 05 18 page 3

The Legislature of Massachusetts at their last session enacted a law to prohibit the wanton destruction of certain small birds that feed on insects and reptiles that have of late years devoured the substance of the farmer.

Lancaster Journal (PA)1818 05 20 page 2 Luxuries the poison of Republics [from the Boston Chron. and Patriot.]

…We are led to these humiliating confessions by reflecting on the vast sums of money thrown on the theatrical exhibitions and above all else ridiculous on singers. A singer male or female, after being worn out, comes over to America, a sort of cracked instrument, and soon yelps and screams to an overflowing house…The perfection of theatrical singing seems to be to make a shrill noise, as far distant as possible from the natural voice, more like a bird than a woman, a lion than a man, and this is pronounced charming!...We scarcely take up a newspaper without finding in it high econiums on certain vocal performers, who after having charmed all Europe by their bird-like

throats, have flown hither to charm us likewise, and carry off more money in one night than would support comfortably 20 widows with a small number of children for a winter…Of what possible advantage can it be to listen to a woman who makes a noise like a nightingale or canary bird?"…

Lancaster Journal (PA) 1818 05 20 page 3 The Spring [Richmond Enquirer]

"We have had an unusual spring here. Yesterday morning, a snow fell in about four hours, from about five to six inches deep…The little boys are today amusing themselves in catching the summer birds that have misunderstood the climate we inhabit, and from the coldness of the weather, have become so chilled they cannot fly…"

The Alexandria Herald (VA) 1818 05 27 page 3 From London Papers

…In London we see advertised a collection of original drawings of the Birds and Insects of Georgia, in America, by John Abbott [sic, Abbot]; in 20 volumes: upwards of 3,500 figures are given. The price is not stated….

The Weekly Visitor and Ladies' Museum (NY) 1810 05 30 page 5 Lord Amherst's Late Embassy to China [from the *London Literary Gazette*]

Journal of the proceedings of the late Embassy to China, &c. by Henry Ellis, Third Commissioner of the Embassy.

…Our travelers saw the fish-vulture[60] employed: these birds, about the size of Muscovy ducks, are trained to dive and catch fish for their masters….

Concord Gazette (NH) 1818 06 02 page 4 [*Portland Gazette*]

…The melody of the birds charms the ear; for many of the feathered tribe seem to frequent cultivated grounds; while the variety of the landscape decorates the scene. But, let us remember, that these are only earthly pleasures—that these are only momentary joys. If we direct our attention a little faster, we shall behold the emblems of mortality….Here then, while surrounded by plants and flowers;—while engaged in the gayer concerns of life, let us not forget, there was an garden, in which man once dwelt in perfect innocence; and, that there was a garden in which was found a new sepulchre, lay emtombed our dear Redeemer.

Pennsylvania Correspondent and Farmers' Advertiser (PA) 1818 06 02 page 4 Communicated for the Olive-Branch. No. II by An Agriculturalist.

Mr. Miner, Since I wrote my first number, I have met with a fact recorded by Saint Pierre[61] in his studies of nature, corroborating the opinion I there gave, viz: That the increase of Insects is the consequence of the decrease of Birds. "The Birds of our own groves," says this intelligent writer, "were quite sufficient to preserve our fields; if defended from the Bird-catchers who take them by whole coveys, not always to confine them in cages, but frequently for food. A fancy was adopted some years ago,

in Prussia, to exterminate Sparrows as enemies to Agriculture. Every Peasant was subjected to an annual tax of twelve heads of this Birds, of which they made Saltpetre; for in that country nothing is wasted. At the end of the second or third year, they perceived that the Harvests were devoured by Insects; and they were obliged to invite the Sparrows of neighboring countries to re-people the kingdom. In truth, these Birds do eat a few grains of Corn, when Insects fail them: but Insects and among others the Wevil consume bushels and whole granaries; nevertheless could we destroy the whole race of Insects, it would be very imprudent to do so; for with these we should destroy the greater part of the Birds of our meadows, who have no other food to give their little ones while in the nest." In Pennsylvania we have considered the Crow and Black-Bird as "enemies to Agriculture, and a statute was enacted granting a premium for their Heads; unlike the Prussians, however, we did not for a long time perceive our error; in endeavoring to exterminate two of our most useful species of Birds is the destruction of Insects, Ground Mice, &c, It is true they sometimes take up the Corn, but this is at once prevented by sowing a portion of Corn over the newly planted ground. Their services far exceed any injury we sustain by them, and I am happy to learn the act offering a premium for their destruction is repealed.

Many Birds, and particularly those of the Sparrow kind, have a preference in fixing their abodes near the habitations of Man. It was not till many of these Birds were destroyed, that the survivors exchanged their favorite haunts, for more secured and retired places. "In traveling through the deserts of Siberia," says *Saint Pierre*, "we always knew when we were approaching the habitations of Men, by the appearance of Sparrows. Permit these Birds to remain unmolested and they would effectually protect our gardens and fields from the ravages of Insects. We should then see our orchards guarded by the industry of the different species of Birds—among whom we should find the Shrike or Butcher Bird, providentially impairing different Insects upon the thorns of the trees, there to remain as a future store. Our forest-trees, would be secured from the effects of the Ant and other Insects, which are highly injurious to them, by the different species of Woodpecker. If our limits permitted us to pursue this subject, we should find that in every situation, where Insects are bred, they are the food of some particular species of Bird who prefers that abode to every other. Such an enquiry would lead to a conviction, that the order and harmony of Nature where undisturbed by the officious interference of Man, presents a balance to correct every evil that might otherwise exist. It would establish the fact, already too evident from its consequences; that Man the noblest animal of Creation, placed at the head of the great connecting chain, all other animals subservient to his interest and pleasure, and comfort, has partially destroyed that order and proportion, so indispensable to his own welfare. Moreover, such an enquiry could not fail to excite feelings of surprise, that the feathered tribes, so subservient to our interest, by the destruction of Insects, contributing so much to our pleasure, by the variety of their colors, and the melody of their songs, should have remained so long the objects of pursuit and destruction, without an effectual effort for their preservation.

The New-York Evening Post (NY) 1818 06 06 page 2

A stuffed pelican [American White] has been deposited in the museum, which was killed a few weeks since on the Mattapony river. It is a bird frequently to be met with on the banks of the Mississippi—but no instance is recollected of its ever having been seen before in Virginia. This stranger is a beautiful bird, white as a swan and considerably larger than a goose. The pouch, which hangs from its neck, and assists it in dipping up fish, is transparent, and before it was dry, very elastic; capable of being extended so as to hold more than half a peck. It has a hard horny tuft on the top of the head.

Daily National Intelligencer (DC) 1818 06 06 page 3 by "A Subscriber"

Messrs. Editors.—This day, about 3 o'clock, as several persons were passing along the Pennsylvania Avenue, between Mr. Leonard's and the bridge over the Tiber, they narrowly escaped being shot by a careless fellow, who was sporting with his gun on the south side of the canal. The shot passed close by two of the persons and struck the loose part of the garment of another person, who called out to the sportsman, but without effect—for he loaded and fired again at something, soon after they had passed. Now, gentlemen, this is an enormity that calls loudly for a corrective; and, if it be allowed to continue, no one can pass the streets and avenues of the Metropolis in safety. It is well known that raw sportsmen take little heed of anything but their game, and, when they fire, are thoughtless of danger to others—and, therefore, in most populous places, regulations are made very strict against discharging firearms, at all seasons. But, what sort of a sportsman can he be, who pursues the poor birds at this season? It may not be amiss to publish the existing regulation against this silly practice. This is by no means a solitary case.

Boston Intelligencer, and Morning and Evening Advertiser (MA) 1818 06 13 page 1The Albatross [Delano's Voyage]

The remarkable manner in which the Albatross make their nests and hatch their young, in what are called rookeries, is a great curiosity, and may be interesting to many of my readers; I shall therefore attempt to give a description of it. When they commence a rookery, they choose a piece of ground that is level and as clear of stones as possible, in the vicinity of the water, and lay out the land in squares, the lines running through at right angles, as true as they could be drawn by a surveyor, leaving the squares just large enough for nests, with room for alleys between them. They carry away all the stones which they can find or root out of the ground, and lay them outside of the outer walk, which would commonly be ten or twelve feet wide, running round on three sides of it; leaving the fourth side next the water open. The outer walk round the rookery was made as level, regular, and smooth, as the side-walks in any of our cities. They would many times occupy from three to four acres: but some of them are much smaller. After they had got their rookery prepared, each one chose and took possession of one square for a nest All the different kinds of birds that lay in the rookeries, except the albatross, make their nests as one family, and are governed by one law. They never leave their nests for a moment until their young are sufficiently large to take care of themselves. The male stands beside the nest when the female is on it, and when she was

about to get off, he would slip on, as soon as she made room for him; for where they to let their eggs be seen, their next neighbours would steal them. The king penguin was foremost in thefts of this nature and never neglected an opportunity to rob those near him. It sometimes so happened that when they hatched out their young, there would be three or four kinds of young birds in one nest.

To stand at a little distance and observe all their movements, was worthy the contemplation of a great mind. The observer would see them going round the outside walk, in pies, fours, sixes, and different numbers in a company, appearing like officers or soldiers walking on a parade, whilst the camp or rookery seemed to be in continual motion, some going through the alleys to their mates, while others were coming out. To view all that was doing, and the regularity in which it was performed, appeared incredible, when we consider that it was effected by no higher a rank of animals than birds. They are very numerous in all such places, as there are none to molest or make them afraid. All these species of birds obtain their living from the sea.

Village Record, or Chester and Delaware Federalist (PA) 1818 06 24 page 3 Weston School

…The view was remarkably pleasant. The surrounding country clothed in deepest verdure—broken into hills and valleys, woodlands and cultivated fields, interspersed with farm houses shaded by the bending willow or the aspiring poplar—the gardens at our feet now enlivened through their numerous walks by the scholars, just dismissed from their books, and rendered vocal by a thousand birds that seem here to have taken undisturbed possession, paying for protection with the sweetest strains of nature's minstrelsy…

New-England Galaxy & Masonic Magazine (MA) 1818 07 03 page 3 Second Invitation by John Brown

John Brown again doth take his pen,
  To thank his friends and neighbours…
To sportsmen true once more in view
  He brings fam'd ancient Natick,
In hopes that they to come this way
  Will quite convenient make it…
Snipes, larks, woodcocks, and numerous flocks
  Of robins, crows and blackbirds,
All soon may kill, who have the skill,
  And never need to lack birds….

Franklin Gazette (PA) 1818 07 09 page 2 Letter VII Cottage of the West, July 1, 1818

Sir—There is a wood hill-top near the Cottage, where all the birds gather daily, to wake the morning. The path that leads from the town passes to the Cottage along the side of this hill. The penny-post boy had just began to ascend it with his miscellaneous

charge, when the morning choristers opened. He was so enchanted, that he fixed his eyes on the spot, still continuing to advance, till an unlucky step let him fall over a precipice on the other side of the stream. Not at all disconcerted by the accident, he recovered himself, and made his appearance before me with a smile…He said his mother had taught him a great deal about God and Religion, and how Jesus Christ died for sinners; but she could not tell him half as much as he learned at Sunday School. There he had recited one hundred and fifty hymns, all his catechism, and the whole Gospel according to Mathew in a few months. He could now sing as early in the morning as the birds, and he thought some of the tunes prettier than the birds could raise….

Boston Intelligencer, and Morning and Evening Advertiser (MA) 1818 07 11 page 1 The Euterpeiad—No. 17

—By Music united, be all human kind—
And Friendship shall rivet what Harmony join'd.

Doctor Burney elegantly remarks that "Music is an innocent luxury, unnecessary indeed to our existence but a great improvement and gratification to the sense of hearing." Though the most ancient histories of Music are now lost, yet ever since the revival of literature, we find the Italians and Germans at a very early period, compiling general, critical and philological histories of Music; old and scarce books also contains much information on this head. What ancient Music was is not now very easy to be determined, but that it constituted the delight of human kind is evident: all the ancient Philosophers and Historians are diffuse in its praise—it however cannot be easily treated of; being enveloped in all those clouds of obscurity that hang over the pristine ages….

A Portamento implies that the notes he properly sustained. He who sings tremulously* fails egregiously as to the Portamento, and in order to acquire the faculty of sustaining notes, without which your good voice and ear will never conduct you to excellence….

* "Mr Twining judiciously observes on the following lines of Spencer:

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade
  Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet;
The angelic *trembling* voices made
  To the instruments divine, respondence meet."

"The singing of birds cannot possibly be '*attempered* to notes of a human voice. The mixture is and must be disagreeable. To a person listening to a concert of voices and instruments, the interruption of singing birds, wind and water falls, would be little better than the torment of Hogarth's Enraged Musician. Of the expressions, some are feeble and without effect, "*as joyous birds*" some evidently improper, as '*trembling voices*,' and '*cheerful shade*;" for there cannot be a greater fault in a voice than to be Tremulous….

Intelligencer & Weekly Advertiser (PA) 1818 07 11 page 1 Advertisement.

> The Child's Library of Useful Knowledge; Containing a variety of entertaining and familiar stories, adapted to the Capacities of Children, interspersed with the History of Birds. Calculated to form the Mind and mould the Heart to Sympathy and Love.

The New-York Columbian (NY) 1818 07 15 page 2 To the Enemy of the Jack-Daws by "Kelly & Tuomy" 475 Pearl st.

…Human speech does not imply that there are other kinds of speech different from human; since epithets do not always imply the existence of things different from those which they designate….[Nevertheless] Did you never hear of the language of beasts and birds? According to you, *human* reason, *human* understanding, *human* knowledge imply, that these faculties are common to other animals; but the operations of these faculties demand the exercise of speech to exchange ideas and communicate knowledge; then the faculty of speech is common to other animals and it no more follows that their sounds are not speech because you do not understand them, than the sounds of a language with which you are not acquainted[62]…

New-York Daily Advertiser (NY) 1818 08 06 page 2 [George Steuart Mackenzie's Travels in the Island of Iceland]

On the 8th, we went to see the Eider-ducks, which had now assembled in great numbers to nestle. At all other times of the year these birds are perfectly wild. They are protected by the laws; a severe penalty being inflicted on any person who kills one; and during the breeding season, the fine is thirty dollars for each bird. As our boat approached the shore, we passed through multitudes of these beautiful fowls, which scarcely gave themselves the trouble to go out of the way. Between the landing place and the Governor's house, the ground was strewed with them; and it required some caution to avoid treading on the nests. The drakes were walking about, uttering a sound very like the cooing of doves, and were even more familiar than the common domestic ducks. All round the house, on the garden wall, on the roofs, and even in the inside of the houses, and in the chapel, were numbers of ducks setting on their nests. Such as had not been long on the nest generally left it on being approached; but those that had more than one or two eggs sat perfectly quiet, suffering us to touch them, and sometimes making a gentle use of their bills to remove our hands. When a drake happens to be near his mate, he is extremely agitated when any one approaches her. He passes and repasses between her and the object of his suspicion, raising his head and cooing. The nests were lined with down, which the duck takes from her own breast; and there is sufficient quantity laid round the nest, for the duck to cover up the eggs when she goes to feed, which is generally during the time of low water. The down, which is a valuable article of commerce, is removed at two different times from the nest. Sometimes the poor duck is compelled to provide a fourth lining; and when her down is exhausted, the drake supplies the deficiency. A certain number of eggs is also removed, and they are esteemed a great delicacy. Our good friend at Vidoe used to send us two hundred

at a time. When boiled hard they are tolerably good, but much inferior to the eggs of common poultry. Swan's eggs, of which we got a few, are superior, and really excellent when boiled hard.

"When taken from the nest, the Eider-down is mixed with feathers and straws. To separate them and make the down fit for market, is part of the employment of the women during winter. As soon as the young birds leave the eggs, the duck takes them on her back, and swims to a considerable distance from the shore. She then dives and leaves the little ones to exercise themselves in swimming about. As soon as they have got the use of their feet in this way, the duck returns, and becomes their guide. Several broods, often great numbers, join company, and are seen quite wild for a few weeks; after which they totally disappear. Long before we left Iceland, there was not a single Eider-duck to be seen. Whither they retire is not known. These birds are found in the Hernon Isles, to the west of the Island of Lewis. They are seen in Shetland and Orkney; and they breed on the Island of May, at the mouth of the Frith of Forth.

Intelligencer, & Weekly Advertiser (PA) 1818 08 08 page 2

There are some Gentlemen, possessed of good sentiments and fine feelings, who from habit and the want of reflection, are in the practice of destroying the innocent and some of the useful part of the animal creation for their diversion by gunning and other amusements. Many of the feathered Tribe feed upon Insects and Worms, which are destructive to the labor of the Farmer: the Cutworm, for instance, so injurious to Indian Corn, is food for many Birds. Even the Owl and the Hawk are more the friends than the enemies of the Farmer, by their destroying the Field-mice.

On this subject, the Unfeeling and Ignorant need not be addressed. If they read, they will read the following Extracts, from *Cowper's* Task, in vain; a Book that will not sink into oblivion, while there are Readers, who are instructed and entertained by reading the writings of a Christian and a Poet.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of Animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.

To make him sport,
To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,
Or his base gluttony, are causes good
And just, in his account, why Bird and Beast
Should suffer torture; and the streams be dyed
With blood of their inhabitants impaled.
Earth groans beneath the burden of war
Waged with defenseless Innocence; while he,
Not satisfied to prey on all around,

Adds tenfold bitterness to death, by pangs
Needless, and first torments ere he devours.

The flight-performing Horse:
With unsuspecting readiness he takes
His Murderer on his back, and pushed all day,
With bleeding sides and flanks that heave for life,
To the far-distant goal arrives, and dies.
So little mercy shows who needs so much!
Does law, so jealous in the cause of Man,
Denounce no doom on the Delinquent? None.
He lives, and over his brimming beaker boasts
(As if barbarity were high desert)
Th' inglorious feat; and clamorous in praise
Of the poor Brute, seems wisely to suppose
The honors of his matchless Horse his own!
But many a crime, deemed innocent on earth,
Is registered in Heaven; and these, no doubt,
Have each their record, with a curse annexed.
Man may dismiss compassion from his heart;
But God will never.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Tho' graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the Man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a Worm.

If Man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish their's.

Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your Sons
To love it too. The Spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonored and defiled in most,
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,
Than *Cruelty*, most devilish of them all.
Mercy to him, that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty Man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn[63].

Long-Island Star (NY) 1818 08 26 page 1 Sketch, From a painting of a beautiful child sorrowing over her dead bird by Isabel [from the *Literary Gazette*]

‘Tis her first grief, the bird is dead!
How many a mournful word was said!
How many a tear was o’er it shed!

The anguish of the shock was past,
Yet Memory’s thoughts those eyes o’ercast;
As like the violet gemm’d with dew,
Glitters thro’ tears their lovely blue.

‘Tis her first grief!-motionless there
Is strech’d the fondling of her care.
No longer may she hear his voice,
No longer in its sports rejoice;
And scarcely dare she lift her eye’s
To where the lifeless treasure lies.
But yesterday who could forsee
That such a change as this might be,
That she should call and he not hear,
That bird who knew and lov’d her dear;
Who, when her finger touch’d his cage,
‘Gainst it a mimic war would wage;
Who peck’d the sweatmeat from her hand,
And on her ringlets took his stand,
All as these recollections rise,
Again does sorrow drown the eyes,
The little bosom swells with sighs.

Another bird!”—No never, never!
Empty shall lie that cage for ever.

‘Tis her first grief! and it will fade
Or ere the next sun sinks in shade.
Ah! happy age when smile and tear
Alternate in the eyes appear;
When sleep can every care remove,
And morn’s light wake to hope and love.
But childhood flies like spring time’s hour,
And deep’ning shadows o’er youth lower,
Even thou, fair girl, must one day know
Of life the painfulness and woe;
The sadness that sleep cannot cure,
Briefs that through nights and days endure;

Those natural pangs to mortals given,
To wean us from this earth, and lead our thoughts to Heav'n.

National Intelligencer (DC) 1818 09 22 page 1 by Civis

Among the numerous *mal-practices* which exist in this city, no one requires such immediate attention as that of firing pistols and fowling pieces on or near the avenues, by which the lives of our citizens are put in jeopardy. Nothing is more common than to see collections of boys near the bridge which crosses the Tiber at the market place, firing at marks across the avenue, endangering the lives of those who may be riding by; nay, even on the bridge, firearms are being discharged at birds by those who ought to see the impropriety of it. This morning a lady was very near being shot in the head, by a chap who carelessly fired across the avenue leading to the Eastern Branch bridge; the shot fortunately penetrated the side of the carriage, just behind her head. Ought these practices to be tolerated in civil society, and, in some parts of our city, too, under the nose of the magistracy? In the city of New-York no firearms are permitted to be discharged within 5 miles of the city hall, or within 100 yards of any road or highway in the country, under the penalty of 25 dollars, military duties excepted. Our corporation would do well to engraft some of the wise regulations of New York on their ordinances.

The American Beacon and Norfolk & Portsmouth Daily Advertiser (VA) 1818 09 22 page 2 Letters from Asia, no. 17 [Boston Patriot]

I have just returned from the ancient city of Ephesus, and although the journey has been extremely fatiguing, the pleasures derived by wandering among the ruins, far more than compensates for the trouble…At sunrise we continued our journey parallel with a ridge of high mountains, covered to the very summit with trees, through a valley, in as high state of cultivation as any I have seen in Europe or America. Instead of dead scarecrows in the field, we observed live negroes, mounted on small scaffolds, whose business it was to snap whips, and heave stones from slings, at the birds when they made their appearance….

The Yankee (MA) 1818 10 08 Federal Chickens on Republican Roosts

The ludicrous statement in the Patriot of the modern doctrine of amalgamation, under the signature of "Republican Cock," was well exhibited to excite ridicule, and to export the absurd idea of federal and republican reconciliation. Mr. Otis's chickens was an appropriate figure, to show the folly of an attempt

To associate old republican principles with modern. Young republican chickens to be brought up under the wing of old federal roosters, renders the breed in a few years of a mongrel species. Such an illegitimacy would never produce the true game, but rather dunghills, more fit to scratch up the dirt in a poultry yard, than to defend their own roost. They would partake of the timidity of chickens reared by ducks and geese, for while the old ones would be running to ponds and *Brooks*, the young ones would be chirping on the margin; afraid to venture far enough to wet their feet. In fact they

would be a species of birds not valuable either for food or plumage. They would be as ominous of storms and disasters as mother Cary's chickens.

We most cordially embrace the *old brood of federal Cock*, and are willing to take their young chickens under our protection, and to give them all the benefits of our republican government, but to cross the breed in the manner suggested by Fabius in the Chronicle, it is to be feared would destroy the old *republican game*, which has so long held their superiority in every farm-yard throughout the U. States— The republicans hold no enmity, but are only desirous to maintain the ground which they have obtained in the days of danger.

Boston Intelligencer, and Morning and Evening Advertiser (MA) 1818 10 10 page 2

The beneficial effects of the law passed by the last Legislature of this Commonwealth for protecting game at certain seasons of the year, have been rendered quite evident during the present summer. The different species of birds which have thus been protected by law, have been extremely plentiful and cheap—and we think we do not hazard too much in asserting that the Partridges, as an article of food, besides their luxury, have given at least $300,000 worth of additional value to the productions of the State. From the first of September to the first of March there are 180 days. If all the inhabitants of the State were to eat on an average two in the course of a week, there would be 3,640,000 of these birds consumed—which at twenty cents each amounts to $720,000. Allowing half the number to have increased since last year in consequence of the law, of which there can be little doubt, a very considerable saving is thus obtained as food for the inhabitants of the Commonwealth.

Connecticut Courant (CT) 1818 11 03 page 3 Show at New Haven. Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Middletown to his friend at Hartford.

"Your Cattle Show at Hartford was not as curious as the show at New-Haven during the session of the legislature. It consisted of domestic manufactures, of Birds & creeping things, and a more rare collection you never witnessed. Of these manufactures, a large pair of Bellows from Stonington, attracted much notice. They pufft and blowed and sometimes articulated. They were kept constantly in the Council Chamber and were much admired by all in the gallery. A piece of Webbing from Windham, nearly two yards in length was much spoken of. It was to be seen every day at the council board. A piece of brass burnished up in imitation of a guinea, and sent to the show from Sharon, as worth twenty shillings Sterling, was discovered, upon examination, to be of no value, and afterwards it was noticed only for an inscription legible by everyone, "Who has need of me ?"

"Of the Birds, there was the Owl from New-Haven, the Jackdaw, from Cheshire, and the—poke from Stamford. These were daily to be seen in the house of representatives, and the two latter were constantly chattering except towards evening when the —poke was always asleep. They all take their flight next fall for a southern climate.

"Of the creeping things, there were mice, rats, weazles, and wood-chucks, These were all in search of offals*, if nothing better could be had. It not being the season for distributing those offals, these animals will become torpid during the winter and creep up to Hartford on the same errand in the spring. They all look lank and hungry. It was laughable to see them crawling and peaking and fawning, and licking the hand of anyone who would encourage them. They seemed willing to take up with anything, such as shells, bran and skim-milk, though some insisted on cream, corn, wheat, &c."

*Sometimes spelt offices.

Providence Gazette, and Moral, Political & Commercial Register (RI) 1818 11 07 page 2 Scientific Traveller [*Lexington Reporter*]

C.S. Rafinesque, a member of the Royal Institute of Sciences of Naples…is lately arrived in Lexington, where he intends the make a short stay. We understand that this gentleman, who is the author several works on natural sciences, and who has selected the U. States for his permanent residence, has been induced to visit the Western States, for the purpose of ascertaining how far the natural productions of the Western region differ from those of the Eastern section of the U. States… He states that he…has ascertained many new birds, undescribed by Wilson….

The New-York Columbian (NY) 1818 11 09 page 2 Distressing accident [Gazette]

On Sunday, the 1st inst. a son of Mr. Kimberley Tryon, about 12 years of age, having obtained a fowling-piece, went into the Bowery, in company with several other boys, with the intention of shooting birds. While ranging the fields near Mr. Andrew Morris's place, the gun was accidentally discharged, and the contents struck the son of Mr. M. B. Walsh, lodging near the temple. He lingered until Saturday evening last when he expired.

The New-York Evening Post (NY) 1818 11 10 page 2 Coroner's report.

On Sunday last the coroner was called to view the body of Washington Walsh, about 10 years of age, son of Michael Walsh, no. 206 Bower, who was accidentally shot on Saturday the 31st October, by Henry Tryon, a lad about 12 years of age, son of Kim. Tryon. The circumstances which led to this unfortunate affair were these: Henry Tryon having clandestinely procured a fowling piece, went into the Bowery, near Mr. Andrew Morris' place, where he fell in with some other boys, among whom was Washington Walsh, and while rambling in quest of birds, the gun, owing to carelessness, was accidentally discharged, and the contents lodged in the head of Walsh, near the left temple. The jury, after a careful investigation, returned a verdict of accidental death. This melancholy affair ought to be a caution to parents and stimulate them to interdict to children of so early an age the use of firearms.

The Watchman (VT) 1818 11 10 page 4 Cruelty [Journal of the Times[64]]

The birds had sung a morning psalm,
The music of the grove was mute,
And all was silent, all was calm,
As in the passing shadow's foot;

The Poet's eye in phrenzy now
Roamed giddily from tree to tree
And caught from every tranquil bough
A deep and solemn reverie.

A strain of music soft and low
And destitute of art
Fell with a gentle lapse like snow
And melted on his heart.

He turned transported now
And gazed upon the wood.
He looked and on a dancing bough
The sweet musician stood.

Her little nest was her beside
Suspended in the air,
The Robin watch'd her callow pride
With all a mother's care.

Her plumage glittered in the sun—
While gazing on her nest,
The Poet heard the Sportsman's gun
And saw her bleeding breast.

Fain would lie sing in numbers meet,
He falters on the strings,
Unhappy Bird he saw thee beat
The ground with bloody wings.

But still thy young remain'd alive,
He climbed the nest to spy,
He counted and he found them five,
And left them there to die.

Alexandria Herald (VA) 1818 12 30 page 2 Great Flight of Pigeons, Rochester N.Y. Dec. 15.

On Saturday last, from about 9 o'clock in the morning 'till 2 o'clock in the afternoon, immense flocks of pigeons extending as far as the eye could reach, were seen passing over our village from the north. Their numbers, which were incalculably

great, and the novelty of the circumstance excited considerable attention. Some few of them were taken, and what is very singular, they were found to be very fat. It is an interesting enquiry where have they been and what have they been doing? It is a very unusual season to see birds of passage on their journey. We would suggest to Mr. Symmes the possibility of drawing from this singular fact, an argument in favor of pleasant weather at the North Pole.

1819

National Aegis (MA) 1819 02 03 page 4 Utility of Insects—From the second Volume of Kirby's Etymology (sic)

The grand service which Insects render mankind, is in the removal of corrupt vegetable and animal substances, which, without their aid, would infect the atmosphere with disease and pestilence. They are also eminently useful in devouring other insects, which would otherwise multiply beyond endurance; and supplying food to birds and fish, which in turn constitutes the food of man….

Winyam Intelligencer (SC) 1819 02 03 page 3 More sharp shooting (widely reported)

In Bennington, Vt. In 1814, Lieut. Scott, of the 26th U.S. rifle regiment, fired three shots successively 110 years…Lieut. S. has frequently shot birds upon the wing at 30 rods distance…

The Alexandria Herald (VA) 1819 03 01 page 2 Rural Sports [From the Second part of Cobbett's Years Residence in the United States]

There are persons who question the *right* of man to pursue and destroy the wild animals, which are called *game*. Such persons, however, claim the right of killing foxes and hawks; yet, these have as much right to live and to follow their food as pheasants and partridges have. This, therefore, in such persons, is *nonsense*.

Others in their mitigated hostility to the sports of the field, say, that it is *wanton* cruelty to shoot or hunt; and that we *kill* animals from the farm yard only because their flesh is *necessary to our own existence*. Prove That. No: you cannot. If you could, it is but the "*tyrant's* plea," but you cannot: for we know that men can, and do, live without animal food, and live well too, and longer than those who eat it. It comes to this, then, that we kill hogs and oxen because we *choose* to kill them; and, we kill game for precisely the same reason.

A third class of objectors, seeing the weak position of the two former, and still resolved to eat flesh, take their stand upon this ground: that sportsmen send some game off *wounded* and leave them in *a state of suffering*…Only think of the separation of calves, pigs and lambs, at an early age, from their mothers! Go! Ye sentimental eaters of veal, sucking pig and lamb, and hear the mournful lowings, whinings and bleatings; observe the anxious listen, the wistful look, and the dropping tear, of the disconsolate dams; and, then, while you have the carcasses of their young ones under your teeth,

cry out (as soon as you can empty your mouths a little) against the *cruelty* of hunting and shooting…A truce with you, then, sentimental eaters of flesh; and here I propose the terms of lasting compromise with you. We must, on each side yield something: we sportsmen will content ourselves with merely seeing the hares skip and the birds fly; and you shall be content with the flesh and fish that come from the cases of natural death, of which, I am sure, your compassionate disposition will not refuse us a trifling allowance.

Nor have even the Pythagoreans a much better battery against us. Sir Richard Phillips, who once rang a peal in my ears against shooting and hunting, does, indeed, eat neither flesh, fish, nor fowl….But he forgets that his shoes and breeches and gloves are made of the skins of animals; he forgets that he writes (and very eloquently too) with what has been cruelly taken from a fowl, and that, in order to cover the books which he has made and sold, hundreds of flocks and scores of droves must have perished…

Taking it for granted, then, that sportsmen are as good as other folks on the score of humanity, the sports of the field…tend to produce, or preserve health. I prefer them to all other pastime, because they produce early rising; because they have no tendency to lead young men into vicious habits…A hunter or a shooter may also be a gambler and a drinker; but he is less likely to be fond of the two latter, if he be fond of the former. Boys will take to something in the way of pastime; and, it is better that they take to that which is innocent, healthy, and manly, than that which is vicious, unhealthy and effeminate….

As to game laws there are none, except as to the seasons of killing game. People go where they like, and, as to wild animals, shoot what they like. There is the Common Law, which forbids trespass and the Statute Law, I believe, of "malicious trespass," or trespass after warning. And these are more than enough; for nobody that I ever heard of warns people off. So that, as far as shooting goes, and that is the sport which is the most general favorite, there was never a more delightful country than this island… [Long Island][65].

Newburyport Herald (MA) 1819 03 02 page 3 Game Laws

Gentlemen who are habituated to the sport of killing birds, should be reminded that the laws on this subject took place the first of March (yesterday,). Trespassers would do well to look out, and avoid the penalty, as well as disgrace, of disobeying these humane, as well as salutary laws.

The Reporter (VT) 1819 03 02 page 4 Letter by "H."

…
If Samson's innocent and pious
Sure he need not feel so jealous
'Tis guilt that makes the man to mutter
As bird when hit are known to flutter….

Boston Intelligencer & Evening Gazette (MA) 1819 03 13 To — —, Esq. at the request of a Lady by "M.[66]"

When the lone danger's of the wild
For science sake thou dared'st to brave,
Well might he love to call thee "Child,"
Who sought* with tears poor Lewis'† grave!

For when sweet Nature sunk to rest,
And blackly wav'd the forest-trees,
And every warbler in his nest
Shrank from the midnight's moaning breeze;

Then as he praised with word benign
The music of his favorite throng,
Oh, W*********! the power was thine
To sooth him with a sweeter song.

And when, to greet the dawning day,
Was swelling every glossy breast,
Didst thou not catch the grateful lay,
And steal of every tone the best?

The echo of some barren hill—
Some pebbly brook's melodious roll?
No—wilder, delicater, still,
Thy soul-born cadence meets the soul.

The sighs of some forsaken bower,
Where love's long-treasured blossoms glow—
The dew that from some brimming flower
Drops in the fountain-vase below.

Had Thracia's boasted Lyriast sung
Such strains as float upon thy breath,
Each jealous hand had dropt unstrung
And feared to close such lips in death.

If, as Libethrian maidens said,
The dew upon that minstrel's grave,
To every tenant of it's shade,
Such new, such heavenly warblings gave,

Oh! quit no more thy native plains,
But, when thy spirit seeks her home,
Let, o'er the dust which still remains

Thy native rose and laurel bloom!

The stranger then, who seeks our coast
In search of philosophic lore,
The *music* of his groves shall boast
And scorn our *brighter plumes* no more‡.

*The Ornithologist Wilson

† The unhappy Captain Lewis, who put an end to his existence at a hut, seventy-two miles from Nashville.

‡ 'Tis said that the birds of the New World excel in beauty of plumage, but are, in song, inferior to those of the old.

Columbian Register (CT) 1819 03 23 page 1 By Authority. James Monroe, President of the United States of America.

…[A] Treaty of Peace and Friendship between the United States of America and the Pitavirate Noisy Pawnee tribe of Indians, was made and concluded, at St. Louis, on the 19th day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighteen…

[signers include]

Taarakarnkaishta, the handsome bird

A] Treaty of Peace and Friendship between the United States of America and the Pawnee Republic, was made and concluded, at St. Louis, on the 20thth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighteen…

[signers include]

Aiuwechouoneeweeka, chief of the birds[67]

Hallowell Gazette (ME) 1819 03 24 page 2 "Lo! The Poor Indian!" [Salem Gazette] (widely circulated)

The following description of those Indians, whom we have recently been "cutting up in style" is extracted from Bartram's account of Florida. It is difficult to see the exterminating sword sent among such a happy race, without some feelings at least of commiseration for their fate.

"…Seminoles, or Lower Creeks, a tribe of Indians inhabiting East and West Florida. They enjoy a superabundance of the necessaries of life; contented and undisturbed, they appear as blithe and free as the birds of the air, and like them as volatile and active, tuneful and vociferous…. [this passage cited as from "Sampson's Hist. Dictionary"]

Easton Gazette, and Eastern Shore Intelligencer (MD) 1819 03 29 page 3 To the editor of the Patriot signed Logan. [*Baltimore Patriot*]

…My mind was filled with indignation and astonishment in the perusal of a letter, published in many of the newspapers, from an officer attached to the Yellow Stone expedition, dated "Martin's Cantonment, 14th Jan 1819." This letter states that a tribe of Indians, the Kansas…had become troublesome by intercepting occasionally the game of our hunters…These circumstances, we are informed, had induced Captain Martin…to seize their chief and several of the tribe and confine them in his guard-house, in irons….The charges brought against them were as follows:

"1st. Theft, stealing both public and private property.

"2d. With having repeatedly robbed our hunters of their game, ammunition and wearing apparel…

…I shall insert the reply made to them by the captive chief, who rising in his chains, and casting a disdainful look on the bayonets which encompassed him… exclaimed.

…"Father—these woods and streams are ours; the beaver which inhabits this river, and the buffaloe which range in these forests are ours; their skins afford us clothes and a shelter from the rude blasts of winter, their meat a luxurious subsistence. Shall we then, who are birds of the forest, quit the pleasures and the advantages of the hunt, and like you confine ourselves to one solitary valley, to practice discipline and subordination, to live in idleness and indolence? No Father—In pursuit of the elk and antelope, we will snuff the morning breeze on the mountains and in the evening repose among the lilies of the vale, revelling on the spoils of our hunters and in the embraces of our wives…

New-York Gazette & General Advertiser (NY) 1819 03 31 page 2 Singular Shot (widely reprinted)

Yesterday, Mr. Hillyer, shot a fine fat Woodcock that he discovered perched upon the corner of a store in South-street. About the same period a large flock of robins (not blue birds) decorated the trees on the battery for some time during the fog.

American Farmer (MD) 1819 04 02 page 2 Ruta Baga [Cobbett's Year's Residence]

…I, on one occasion, planted twenty turnips for seed, and the produce, besides what the little birds took as their share for having kept down the caterpillars, was twenty two and a half pounds of clean seed….

Rhode-Island American, and General Advertiser (RI) 1819 04 09 page 1 Traits of Indian Character [from *The Analectick Magazine* for February, 1814]

In the present times, when popular feeling is gradually becoming hardened by war, and selfish by the frequent jeopardy of life or property, it is certainly an inauspicious moment to speak in behalf of a race of beings, whose very existence has been pronounced detrimental to publick security. But it is good at all times to raise the

voice of truth, however feeble; to endeavor if possible to mitigate the fury of passion and prejudice, and to turn aside the bloody hand of violence….The rights of the savage have seldom been deeply appreciated by the white man—in peace he is the dupe of mercenary rapacity; in war he is regarded as a ferocious animal, whose death is a question of mere precaution and convenience…

…[T]he sachem, whose mother's tomb had been violated, in the moment of indignation, gathered his men together, and addressed them in the following beautifully simple and pathetick harangue….a pure specimen of Indian eloquence…

"When last the glorious light of all the sky was underneath this globe, and birds grew silent, I began to settle, as my custom is, to take repose…."

Alexandria Gazette & Daily Advertiser (VA) 1819 04 15 page 3 Indian History [from *Philadelphia Register and National Recorder*]

…William Penn said they, when he treated with them, adopted this ancient mode of their ancestors, and convened under a grove of shady trees, where the little birds on the boughs were warbling their sweet notes….This practice…continued until the year 1780, when the disturbances which then took place put an end to it, probably forever.

These pleasing remembrances, these sacred usages, are no more. "When we treat with the white people," so the Indians now say, "we have not the choice of the spot where the messengers are to meet. When we are called upon to conclude a peace…the meeting no longer takes place in the shady grove, where the innocent little birds with their cheerful songs, seem as if they wished to soothe and enliven our minds, tune them to amity and concord, and take a part in the good work for which we are met…."

Concord Observer (NH) 1819 04 19 page 4 Poetry by "H."

When the bright lamp of day has dispell'd the night's shade,
And Winter's deep gloom has retir'd;
When a morning in April in gray is array'd,
And the songs of the birds seem inspir'd;

How delightful to roam o'er the dear native hills,
Where the dew of our youth was exhal'd,
And list to the sound of the sweet murm'ring rills,
Whose musick our childhood regal'd!

The Lark and the Sparrow, the Black-bird and Jay,
With melody vie in the grove;
Such discord with harmony is mix'd in the lay,
As HANDEL himself would approve.

The Red-breast is perch'd on the old maple tree,
That stands in the midst of the glade,
And warbles her song as melodious and free,

As when twenty springs past there we play'd.

Such scenes, my dear Ellen, how charming and sweet,
When life's golden morn we review!
Ev'ry bird, ev'ry tree, all the objects we meet,
The endearments of childhood renew.

Tet we'll mourn not those hours, which as silently pass'd
As Summer's soft zephyrs at even;
But let the moral they teach, prepare us at last,
To enjoy Spring eternal in Heaven.

Boston Yankee (MA) 1819 04 29 page 2 (widely circulated)

The *Baltimore Morning Chronicle* noticing the leading articles of intelligence brought by the latest European arrival, says :—It may not be amiss on the present occasion to congratulate those who delight in the contemplation of happy human faces, to whom the fight of the ruddy cheek of infancy reposing on the maternal bosom, presents an object of tender interest and regard—who can sympathize in the joys of a happy family while enjoying the quiet and security of the hospitable hearth—to those, whose bosoms bound with delight at the presence of female innocence and beauty under the shade of the old family oak, listening in silence to the songs of the birds among the branches; to such of our readers who believe that spectacles of this kind are more endearing than scenes of blood and murder—to such, and to such only, do we tender our congratulation that Europe still presents such animating spectacles; to them, we tender our congratulation that a gracious Providence has still preserved the peace of the civilized universe inviolate. This we confess is not glory, in other words it is not a spectacle of blood and murder; but if such intelligence does not delight the reader, we may be assured that the Prince of Peace does not behold with indifference the advancement of his own empire.

American Farmer (MD) 1819 04 30 page 6. On the cultivation of Indian Corn by John S. Skinner.

…The great enemies to young corn in our country, are the crow and the blackbird—by which, soon after it makes its appearance, it is seized and pulled up. These vile robbers, in a state, naturally, either of restlessness or of constant apprehension, remain but a very short time at each hill; so that it would generally happen, that if they remained long enough to pull up, say two or three grains, the usual number planted, they would most probably "hop off," leaving still a sufficient number of surviving stalks, if six or eight had been planted. If none should be pulled up by the birds, they are easily thinned at a proper season…

Boston Kaleidoscope and Literary Rambler (MA) 1819 05 08 page 4 The Indian Farmer

An Indian in the western wild,
Nature's untutor'd simple child,
Was by a missionary found,
On a clear beauteous piece of ground.
Neat flocks and herds graz'd on the spot,
A barn appear'd, and decent cot;
While the fenc'd field, in turn displays
The waving wheat, and thrifty maize.

The pious priest was kindly greeted,
And by his host in friendship seated,
While he his history repeated.
"When young, a truebred Indian boy,
To hunt and fish was my employ,
When game was plenty, we abounded;
When scarce, with hunger, were surrounded.
At length beneath the stream I spied
The sunfish, struggling 'gainst the tide,
To raise a little wall of stone,
To guard itself and all its own;
The bird too, with its little bill,
Building its nest with wondrous skill
I noted; and observ'd, around,
The foxes, burrowing in the ground.
The beaver's cabin I survey'd,
For safety and convenience made.

Did the Great Spirit, then, thought I,
Make man in idleness to lie,
Or spend his time to search the wood
Or water, for precarious food?
I view'd my healthful body o'er,
And saw how infinitely more
'Twas fitted to sustain a part,
In works of labour and of art.

I left my former wandering way,
Determin'd on this spot to stay:
To till the soil for daily bread,
To see my sheep and cattle fed,
To tend my horses with due care,
And for a stormy day prepare.

That Spirit, who all things commands,
Has blest the labours of my hands,
With plenty; and to him I pay

My grateful homage night and day.
While others walk with painful stride,
On my fleet horse at case I ride.
While others famish with the cold,
I gather cloathing from my fold.
While others pinching hunger feel,
My farm supplies a plenteous meal.

Thanks to that Power, who made the birds
And beasts, without the help of words,
To bid me choose this situation,
And gave me strength and inclination,
To labour in this happy station."

The Salem Gazette (MA) 1819 05 11 page 4 Country Retirement

…
O that the cares which squander life;
And til the noise of busy strife,
Would yield me to the peaceful rest
With which a country life is blest.
I love when genial Spring again
With living verdure strews the plain,
I love a seek that soft repose,
Where murm'ring rill or fountain flows;
Under the trees where birds complain
I love to linger and remain;
Free as the birds among those trees
I love the sweets of rural ease.

Some times I'll muse on ancient lore
And books shall open all their store;
I'll read what crimes in every age
Still mar and […] th' historic page,
And mark the heav'nly virtues true
To which that page is faithful too,
Else fancy's actions shall beguile
My […] and all her cares awhile.
"Then to the well trod stage anon,
"If Johnson's learned sock […]
"Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
"Warble his native wood notes wild."
And then to sleep I'll yield my powers
Where flore fills her lap with flowers,
Or muse o'er woods and running brooks
And read as 'twere in nature's books.

Thus books, and sleep, and idle hours,
Shall […] and captivate my powers.

New-England Galaxy & Masonic Magazine (MA) 1819 05 14 page 4 Song. To a pair of robins, building their nest. by "A Sportsman"

1.
Sweet birds! how I do joy to see
  Your industry and faithful love;
By law secure of liberty
  And life, in orchard or in grove.
2.
Yes you shall feed around my cot,
  And in my garden build your nest;
By no rule gunner shall be shot; —
  No pilfering school boy shall molest.
3.
The mother bird her eggs shall lay,
  And sit upon them all day long.
The father on a neighboring spray,
  Shall cheer her with a lively song.
4.
And when the little young appear,
  Your parents back and forth shall fly,
Unhurt, unscar'd by any near,
  While you their needful food supply.
5.
And you shall teach them, as they grow,
  How they can use the little wing;
Teach them to make sweet music flow,
  And, like yourselves, melodious sing.
6.
On July fourth, fair freedom's day,
  Your matin songs my ears shall greet;
And I—will take my gun and slay
  You and your little ones to eat.

The Village Record, or Chester and Delaware Federalist (PA) 1819 05 26 page 2 The Speculator by John Harwood

…One forenoon having taken my fowling piece along with me, as well as my book, I sat listening to the melody of the birds, when a thrush ventured too near, and seemed to tempt me by the fairness of the mark. I fired and broke her wing. And this, said I, will be a present to Rachael—she may keep it in a cage; perhaps it will recover, and then it will make music for her parlor. So I returned to the house with my prize, and with my studied speech presented it to her. I never shall forget the look she gave the

bird and then to me! There was a slight flush of anger on her cheek, but more of pity and regret. "And could you indeed think so poorly of me, as to suppose that I should be pleased with such a gift? What pleasure can I receive to compensate this little sufferer for the anguish of a broken limb? for the misery of being separated from its little mates, its liberty, and all the thousand joys which the God of nature has spread through the grove for its pleasure? It seems to me," added she, looking at the blood on its breast, "the heart of man must be very cruel…."

Boston Kaleidoscope and Literary Rambler (MA) 1819 05 29 page 4 Song, In the fashionable style by "OH DEAR!"

The snow-clad and ice-enchain'd winter is gone,
The spicy-breath'd frost-killing spring has come on,
We greet thee, sweet-scented and flower-bedeck'd May,
While the nature-taught birds chaunt their love-inspir'd lay.
The red-breasted robin resounds his rude note,
The blue-tinctur'd bluebird bids mild musick float,
The tuneful-tongu'd thresher fills day with delight,
And the wild-whistling whip-poor-will warbles all night,
Shake sleep soporific from slumber-clos'd eyes,
Rise, dimple-deck'd Delia, to rapture arise,
With love-dying Lubin view nature divine;
She blushing shall own thee her charms to outshine!

The Carlisle Republican (PA) 1819 06 01 page 4 Wonderful!!! [Doylestown Dem.] (very widely circulated)

Incredible as the following account may appear, we can assure our readers that it is an indisputable fact, inasmuch, as the number of Birds killed, was satisfactorily ascertained by three respectable men who counted the number, as well as the corroborative testimony of near a hundred different persons, who went expressly to see them. The following is a brief statement as it occurred.

On Wednesday last, the 19th inst. at the house of Silas Preston in Plumstead township, in this county, a considerable noise was heard in the chimney. The female part of the family become alarmed and sent for Mr. Preston. It was ascertained that the noise was occasioned by the entrance of an innumerable body of Chimney Birds into a chimney, in which probably, no fire had been made for many years. Mr. Preston, accompanied by one or two persons, repaired to the roof of the house and by forcing waggon covers down the chimney propelled them into the room, where they were killed to the number of Four thousand two hundred and thirty !!!

What adds to the singularity of the above fact is, that they were apparently all old birds, and appeared to form a complete chain in the chimney of an extraordinary thickness, and reaching nearly from the top to the bottom. The birds are yet visible in the adjoining field. Impossible as it at first seems to many, all now appear to be satisfied of its correctness, and more than five persons of respectability are ready and willing to

qualify to the fact. [68]

Village Record, or Chester and Delaware Federalist (PA) 1819 06 09 page 2 A Proclamation by the Carriers of the Record, Henry, Edwin.

Whereas a number of the subscribers to the Village Record who reside within the Counties of Chester and Delaware, have put up boxes at the road side, and lane ends, for the safe deposit by the post boys, of the Record aforesaid,

And whereas certain mischievous wrens, blue birds, wood-peckers, & other of the feathered tribe that build nests in holes or boxes, have intruded upon, taken possession of, and now occupy the boxes aforesaid, building their nests, laying eggs, and hatching their young within the same, thereby compelling the carriers to lay the Record on the tops of the boxes exposed to the weather, to frequent injury and loss.

Now by these Presents, you, the said wrens, blue birds, wood-peckers, and other intruders as aforesaid, are hereby warned to surrender, leave and depart from, and give up said boxes, before the first day of August next, or you will be dealt with according to the utmost severity of the law in such cases made and provided.

Given under our hands at the Record Office this 28th day of May, A. D. 1819, and of the Village Record the 2d.

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1819 06 12 page 2 Extract of a Letter (widely reprinted)

Brewer, Me May 24, 1819….The alewife fishery, once a source of wealth to this section of Maine is now quite ruined; owing to the great number of wares which extend far into the river on either side. From those privileges, which once yielded from fifteen to twenty-five hundred barrells annually, I shall not obtain more than thirty. This alarming destruction of the fish in our rivers, demands the attention of the General Court—that body which protects the lives of birds ought never to forget the rights of fishes."

The Ohio Repository (OH) 1819 06 18 page 2 Summary

…On the 19th ult. at the house of Silas Preston, in Bucks co. Pa. 4230 chimney birds were driven down one chimney into a room and there killed. Incredible as this may appear, it is stated as a fact in the Doylestown Democrat….

Intelligencer, & Weekly Advertiser (PA) 1819 06 19 page 4 Interesting Anecdote from Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society [from "Philadelphia Paper"]

…Seating myself once upon a log, by the side of an Indian, who was resting himself there, being at that time actively employed in fencing in his cornfield, I observed to him that he must be very fond of working, as I never saw him idling away his time, as is so common with the Indians. The answer which he returned made

considerable impression on my mind: I have remembered it ever since, and I shall try to relate it as nearly in his own words as possible.

'My Friend (said he) the Fishes in the water, and the Birds in the air and on the earth, have taught me to work; by their examples I have been convinced of the necessity of labor and industry. When I was a young Man, I loitered a great deal about, doing nothing, just like the other Indians, who say that working is only for the Whites and the Negroes; and that the Indians have been ordained for other purposes, to hunt the Deer, and catch the Beaver, Otter, Racoon, and such other Animals.

But it one day so happened that, while hunting, I came to the bank of the Susquehana, where I sat down near the water's edge to rest a little, and, casting my eye on the water, I was forcibly struck, when I observed with what industry the Meechgalingus heaped small stones together, to make secure places for their spawn; and all this labor they did with their mouths and bodies, without hands!

Astonished as well as diverted, I lighted my pipe, sat a while smoking and looking on; when presently a little Bird, not far from me, raised a song, which enticed me to look that way. While I was trying to distinguish who the Songster was, and catch it with my eyes, its Mate, with as much grass as in its bill it could hold, passed close by me and flew into a bush, where I perceived them together busy building their nest, and singing as they went along. I entirely forgot that I was a hunting, in order to contemplate the objects I had before me. I saw the Birds of the air and the Fishes in the water working diligently and cheerfully, and all this without hands!

I thought it was strange and became lost in contemplation! I looked at myself, I saw two long arms, provided with hands and fingers besides, with joints that might be opened and shut at pleasure. I could, when I pleased, take up anything with these hands, hold it fast or let it loose, and carry it along with me as I walked. I observed, moreover, that I had a strong body capable of bearing fatigue, and supported by two stout legs, with which I could climb to the top of the highest mountains, and descend at pleasure into the vallies.

And is it possible, said I, that a Being so formed as I am was created to live in idleness, while the Birds who have no hands, and nothing but their little bills to help them, work with cheerfulness, without being told to do so? Has then the great Creator of Man, and of all living Creatures, given me all these limbs for no purpose? It cannot be. I will try to go to work. I did so and went away from the village to a spot of good land, built a cabin, enclosed ground, planted Corn, and raised Cattle. Ever since that time I have enjoyed a good appetite and sound sleep. While the others spend their nights in dancing, and are suffering with hunger, I live in plenty; I keep Horses, Cows, Hogs, and Fowls; I am happy. See, my Friend, the Birds and Fishes have brought me to reflection and taught me to work!"

Connecticut Courant (CT) 1819 06 22 page 3 Melancholy Accident (widely reported)

A melancholy accident happened at East Windsor, on the evening of the 7th inst.

Sanford Kingsbury, jr. and Joseph Blodget agreed that if they could borrow each of them a gun, to repair to the fields early the next morning, and kill some birds which had been destroying their corn. The muskets being soon procured, they met each other in the street, when Kingsbury, in a playful manner, says to Blodget, "we have each of us a gun in our hands, let us fight a duel." Blodget consented, the pieces were cocked and presented at each other's head, and both snapped at the same instant. The gun which Blodget had procured appears to have been loaded that day by one of the neighbors, at the request of the owner's boy, to kill a bird; but not finding any game, the boy placed the gun in the same spot where his father had left it. Its contents were lodged in Kingsbury's head, and he expired in about 40 minutes. Some accounts of this unhappy affair having obtained circulation, which are injurious to the feelings of all who are concerned, and totally untrue, it is proper to remark, that the two boys above named were very intimate friends, and that neither of them had the most distant idea that either of the muskets were loaded. The boy that was shot was a son of Mr. Sanford Kingsbury, of Warehouse-Point, aged 15; the other a son of Mr. Joseph B. Blodget, of the same place.

American Farmer (MD) 1819 07 02 page 1 Notices for a young farmer [Memoirs of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society]

…The absence of wild birds, whether owing to irregularities of season or wanton destruction, is often seriously felt in the increase of insects on our farms. The depredations of birds are fully compensated by the services they render to us; whilst, for their own support they are preying on our enemies. Our poultry are entitled to regard on this account…

The Plough Boy (NY) 1819 07 03 page 6. Weekly Summary

…On Wednesday the 16th ult. a Mr. Preston, of Buck's county, Penn., having ascertained that an extraordinary noise in the chimney proceeded from chimney swallows, went to the top of the house, and forced the birds down the chimney into a bed-room, where he actually killed four thousand two hundred and thirty! This fact is well authenticated—but why this wanton destruction of so many harmless birds? There is a degree of cruelty in it, disgusting to a well-tempered mind….

The Berks and Schuylkill Journal (PA) 1819 07 03 page 3 Chimney Swallow. *Hirundo Pelasgia*. [from *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser*] (widely circulated)

"Mr. Poulson, in your Daily Advertiser I perceive an extract from the Doylestown paper, headed WONDERFUL!!! giving an account of the destruction of a great number of Chimney Birds, by one Silas Preston of Bucks county and some others. What object this humane gentleman could have had in view in thus slaughtering in cold blood four thousand two hundred and thirty harmless swallows I cannot divine unless it was for the purpose of making a boast of his wonderful achievement.

I would fain hope that there are but few individuals in Pennsylvania who would

be willing to commit such an outrage upon humanity. And that Mr. Preston may have some idea of the injury he has done to Agriculture, I will enter into a rough calculation of the probable numbers of noxious insects which these swallows and their young would have devoured in the country which they had selected for their summer residence.

The Chimney Swallow has commonly two broods in a season, consisting of four individuals each brood. Now the first brood of the above, if hatched, were not fledged, consequently all the birds destroyed were old ones. Two thousand one hundred and fifteen pairs might rear, on an average, six young in two broods, making the whole numbers twelve thousand six hundred birds, allowing for accidents. Give to each individual only thirty insects per day*, which is a very low calculation, in four months, the period of their sojourn with us, this little army would have destroyed forty-five million three hundred and sixty thousand insects, which prey upon the labours, and often blast the hopes of the farmer and horticulturist. On this Occasion it will be thought sufficient if I name one insect, winch is eagerly sought after by all our small Swallows, the HESSIAN FLY, the visits of which destructive animal every member of society sincerely deprecates. I say nothing of the probable effects of the progeny of these insects, now suffered to revel at pleasure, or of the consequences of the wide chasm made in a species of bird, which appears to have been created, judging from our present knowledge, for the principal purpose of protecting vegetation.

All our Swallows, with the exception of one species, the Sand Martin or Bank Swallow, resort to the habitations of man for protection; and it is an established fact that these innocent birds dwell more securely, now that our country is settled, than they did when the aborigines only were the possessors of the soil. Perhaps this security is owing, in a great measure, to the belief, which almost universally obtains amongst the commonalty and children, that a house inhabited by Swallows is secure from the effects of lightning; and that if a farmer kills a Swallow his cows will give bloody milk, &c. Prejudices which, however absurd, no thinking person would wish to eradicate, but would rather countenance them, as they evidently originated in the amiable feelings of humanity.

*This calculation is made on great and small insects. If the latter were to be taken into account only, one hundred per day would hardly suffice for each bird, making one hundred and fifty-one million two hundred thousand insects.

The Carlisle Republican (PA) 1819 07 06 page 1 Reflections in the country [from *Philadelphia Gazette*] (widely circulated)

…How do the feathered Creation chaunt the praises of their brief existence? What a lesson do the birds of the fields furnish those who have a rational and immortal soul? At the approach of the glorious sun, which diffuses heat and light to the animal and vegetable world, all nature seems to join in a universal concert of joy and thanksgiving.

Well may the Poet exclaim…

"The cheerful birds too, on the tops of trees

Assemble all in choirs and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun."

…The "lowing herds," the chirping birds, and all creation salute and welcome the rising sun for bringing light to a benighted world—This language of nature is most eloquent—It says to the sluggard "awake thou sleeper!"

From reflections like these, the most important and salutary duties may be derived or are enjoined. If the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, nay, the shooting germ or seed from the earth, proclaim the presence and influence of an all governing God, what ought man to do?...

Village Record, or Chester and Delaware Federalist (PA) 1819 07 07 page 3 Communication by "An unbeliever"

I saw in your paper of week before last a d—h big story about 4230 swallows, being found in one chimney, in Bucks county. Mirabile dictu! 4230 swallows! Why, he must have a pretty big gullet that can swallow such a story. Pray, Sir, which of the Doylestown papers did you take it from?

Now it would be a curious case in mathematics. Take the square inches that a swallow would occupy; multiply it by the number of birds; and then see what a sized chimney would be necessary to hold them.

But I suspect this is a hoax; or intended as a set off to the eastern story of the great Sea Serpent—or of Codfish swallowing snakes. To be serious. The Mr. Preston in whose chimney these birds were said to have been found, is a perfectly honourable man; and whatsoever he should say, may be implicitly relied on, although it might appear extraordinary. But the story is not stated on the authority of Mr. Preston; and it becomes those who have told it, to explain the affair to the satisfaction of the public.

Correspondent, and Farmers' Advertiser[69] (PA) 1819 07 13 To the Editor of the Correspondent by "A"

An article has appeared in *Poulson's Daily Advertiser*, copied from a Bucks County paper, headed "Wonderful," and wonderful indeed it is, that a human being could be found so destitute of the tender sensibilities of our nature, as indiscriminately to destroy, upwards of four thousand innocent little birds; who had sought an asylum in his dwelling. Think for a moment of the hundreds of miles these poor little wanderers had flown over (for they are supposed to winter in South America; "true" to their purpose, instinct led them to the spot they had before occupied, trusting to man the Lord of Creation, to spare a vacant chimney as a resting place to the weary tired wings; how was their confidence abused! They were inhumanely forced down and destroyed! And for what reason? Sincerely do I hope, for the honor of humanity that few persons may be met with whose nerves are too delicate to hear a trifling noise in a chimney but could bear to cause such a wanton, cruel waste of life. The amiable and elegant Author of the American Ornithology, Wilson, is no more; were he living, how would his gentle spirit revolt at such an outrage to his favorite part of creation.

Poor little helpless Swallows, you have an advocate in every bosom not seared by apathy or revenge, and wherever your unmerited fate is heard of, pity and indignation are the predominant feelings. Indeed, for the credit of our common country, I could wish the transaction buried in oblivion, but forgotten it cannot be by the feeling and humane, who have had the misfortune to hear of or read the circumstance.

Hanover Guardian (PA) 1819 07 14 page 3 Communicated by "Judge"

Mr. Printer, I heard it suggested the other day, by a friend of mine, that the Martin and Chimney birds ought to be taxed, as they make more noise and are less useful than that taxable, serviceable and faithful animal the Dog, the friend and companion of man—the indefatigable Night-watch of our properties, and the only restriction, on that privileged brute, the dog, which, without being subject to any regulations or restrictions, can range our streets, in the glory of his filthy prerogatives. O perversion of policy and justice!

Hampden Patriot (MA) 1819 07 22 page 4 Bird Law by Scoggin

It will be recollected that the legislature of Massachusetts, in the plenitude of their wisdom, passed an Act for the protection of little birds. On reading the act, a wag wrote the following Poem.

Time was of late when all the boys
Might burn up powder, make a noise;
When huntsmen all, both Dick and Bobin,
Might shoot at Woodcock, Snipe or Robin.

But sure those times they must be bad
When every lazy idle lad
Might spend his time in summer season,
To murder birds without a reason.

The birds conclude it was not fair,
So hold a meeting in the air;
A foreman chose to make report,
And sent him to the General Court.

But who amongst the feather'd birds
Possess'd sufficient thoughts or words
To go to Court and be respected?
The Robin red-breast was elected.

The Robin flies (though full of fears)
And soon in General Court appears;
And there he made a long petition,
In hopes of bettering their condition.

Behold their Honors seated there
To listen to the Robin's prayer;
The Robin rose to do his best,
And thus the General Court address'd.

"Sirs, I am come to plead our cause,
To seek protection from the laws;
For 'tis our fears that we are fated,
Soon to be exterminated.

Besides, your Honors know full well
How we the insects do expel;
We free your lands from worms and grubs,
From caterpillars and from bugs.

And so your Honors plainly see
We act our part in husbandry;
And being thus with man connected
We think we ought to be protected.

The General Court, though something queer,
To this petition lent an ear;
In usual form produc'd an act,
The tamer birds for to protect.

But Legislators, every one,
Your task is now but just begun;
More animals may claim protection,
With whom you have as much connexion.

The Mice are oft abus'd by Cats,
The Weasles too will kill the Rats,
And Sue will hunt her bugs and fleas,
And with her fingers will them squeeze.

The Owl will kill your Hens and Ducks;
The Dogs will murder poor Woodchucks;
The Hawks will catch the Toads and Frogs,
And Snakes will eat the Polly-wogs.

The Spiders butcher many Flies,
And you must listen to their cries;
For all of these and many more
May soon appear upon your floor;
And if they do, must be defended,
Before your task it can be ended.

Now who would think such paltry game,
The notice of our State should claim?
Yet you the people's money spent
To make a law not worth a cent.

And if you will my council take,
A contribution you will make,
Pay off the cost, and then go home,
Nor never more to Boston come;

But leave your seats to men more wise,
Who will such paltry tricks despise;
Who will the people's rights defend,
Nor needlessly their money spend;
But let the Beasts, and Birds that fly,
Take their now chance to live or die.

The Plough Boy (NY) 1819 07 24 page 1 The Moral Plough Boy No. VIII

…The Plough Boy beholds the face of nature, and whether she smile or frown, as a Christian and a Philosopher he rejoices in her presence. If drest in the smiles of Spring, the virgin sod sending forth its new-born freshness, and the birds of heaven warbling their matin or evening songs around him, his hopes of earthly happiness are kindled, and his heart swells with inspirations of joy and gratitude. And if in the frowns of Autumn they remind him of the close of life….

The Washington Whig (NJ) 1819 07 26 page 3 The Eagle (widely circulated)

The beautiful description and character of the American Eagle, given below, is from the pedestrious tour[70] of Etwick Evans, Esq.

"Whilst in the Missouri Territory, and not far from the bank of the river, a Bald Eagle, perched upon a tall and blasted oak, attracted my attention.—It was in the forenoon, and he viewed the sun with an unblinking eye. Whilst I was admiring the strength of his form, and the majesty of his aspect, a wild Turkey flew from a neighbouring tree—the Eagle immediately pounced upon his prey; but ere he could effect his object, the Turkey was shot. I might, too, have killed the Eagle, but admiration and awe prevented me. I felt he was the emblem of my country; and at that moment, I would not, for ten thousand worlds like ours, have a cut a feather of his wing. There is something wonderfully impressive in the nature of these birds; and it is not surprising that the Romans were devoted to it. When quite a lad, I mortally wounded an Eagle, supposing it to be a Hawk. It was half an hour before it died, and during this time my heart was filled with mingled emotions of regret and awe. I felt as though I were witnessing the last moments of a meritorious hero, who had fallen upon the hills of fame. This noble bird fixed his eye upon me, and without a single blink, supported the pangs of death with all the grandeur of fortitude. I could not endure his

aspect. I shrunk into my own insignificance and have ever since been sensible of my inferiority."

The Times (CT) 1819 07 27 page 2 Narrow Escape [N.H. Register] (widely circulated)

As Mr. William Creighton of New-Haven, and Mr. John D. Brown were at work in a meadow near the meeting-house in this town, a dog chased a chicken under a heap of hay near Mr. Creighton. Mr. C. caught the chicken, and holding it out in his hand, called to his friend, "see here Johnny." At that moment a person who was shooting birds in the adjoining field, discharged his gun and killed the chicken in Mr. C's hand. One shot took a small piece of skin from the back part of Mr. Brown's neck—no other injury was done, although the shot struck on all sides—and they were not seen by the person who fired the gun.

Trenton Federalist (NJ) 1819 08 09 page 3

The practice of sundry boys and others, recently, of discharging fire arms in our town lots and fields, for the purpose of shooting little birds, demands the attention of the city constables. It is especially dangerous at this time, for if fire should be communicated to the stubble fields, there is no calculating the extent to which it might spread, nor the damage it might do.

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1818 08 11 page 2 Communication (widely circulated)

A Card has lately appeared in several of the Boston papers, addressed by "Mr. Adams" to his fellow citizens of Quincy, with thanks for "the promptitude and alacrity with which they repaired to the scene of conflagration"

But as none of the papers have noticed where the fire took place, or whose property was destroyed, it may not be amiss, even at this late period, to state, that on Thursday, the 29th ultimo, four young lads had been a musing themselves by shooting birds on the marshes of Quincy. On their return home, while passing the estate of President Adams, (called Mount Wallaston) they commenced a heavy rivalry in killing swallows on the wing, in the vicinity of the buildings belonging to the above mentioned estate; by which heedless and thoughtless act, fire was communicated to two barns, which were totally destroyed, with a great part of their valuable contents, collected with much care and labor by Mr. Luther Spear, who now occupies the estate as a tenant, whose honest and industrious exertions to support a large family entitle him to the respect of his neighbors, and whose loss, including that of the venerable owner, cannot be less than two thousand dollars; and when we reflect, how many useful and benevolent purposes to which this sum might have been appropriated, it causes sincere regret and acute vexation. The sorrow which these young men feel for this unhappy event, will not restore the property; and while our indignation is excited at their carelessness, and wanton destruction of innocent birds, we cannot help feeling a pity for them, and their parents, for the mortification they must suffer. But we hope that the unhappy

consequences which have resulted from their folly and inattention, may in future, be a warning and a caution to them and others.

This event has given occasion to the exercise of much active charity and kindness, highly honorable to the human character. On the alarm of fire! the citizens of Quincy flew on the wings of benevolence to the relief of their distressed fellow citizen, and by their judicious and active exertions, saved a part of his property, and rescued from destruction the venerable mansion house now owned by the illustrious President Adams.

The New-York Evening Post (NY) 1819 11 19 page 2 Fatal accident (widely reported)

We learn that yesterday, Michael Freytag, Esq. and James Vanholt, both of Philadelphia country, went into New Jersey in pursuit of game, when the former in shooting at a bird, accidentally discharged the contents of his gun into the head of the latter. Mr. Vanholt survived about six hours.

The New-York Columbian (NY) 1819 11 30 page 2 Literary Anecdote by "Werner"

No work which ever issued from the American press has had a greater influence in establishing the scientific reputation of our country than Wilson's Ornithology. It is a work replete with erudition, excellent both in the arrangement and composition of matter, and executed in a manner which reflects high credit on the skill of our countrymen in the arts of typography and engraving. Wilson, was a man of acute understanding, united to unwearied personal diligence. He travelled over a great part of the United States, collecting information on the subject of his work, which he was enabled, at last, to publish at Philadelphia, although under many discouraging circumstances, and at a very great expense. —Poor, at the commencement, and having become more so, in prosecuting his great undertaking, he was under the necessity of soliciting subscribers for his work, which he did personally, and was finally guaranteed in the expense of publication. The President of the United States, the heads of governmental departments, trustees of colleges, and other distinguished persons, both public and private, patronized the work. In the progress of his tour, he also called on the Governor of New-York, (at that time Daniel D. Tompkins) to whom he exhibited specimens of the proposed work, and was received with every mark of courtesy, but informed, in substance, by the Governor, that he could not think of paying sixty dollars merely for birds. Poor Wilson withdrew, with a heavy heart, exclaiming, as he returned to his friend, "alas! sir, it is lucky my book is a description of mere birds, for were I engaged in writing on that branch of natural history called man, I should this day have to record that the great Governor of New-York, who is spending thousands to reward the political foplings who swarm around him, refuses me sixty for the copy of a work on which I have spent half my life." Wilson is now dead, but in his life-time he could have furnished an answer to the numerous enquiries which are now daily making, "why are all the men of science admirers of De Witt Clinton." He who possesses the knowledge to appreciate, the disposition to encourage, and the generosity to reward the

labours of men of science, is alone entitled to their admiration, friendship, and support.

1820

The Providence Gazette (RI) 1820 01 03 page 1 To our subscribers

Having received a liberal accession to the old and respectable catalogue of subscribers, the Editors of the Providence Gazette are this day enabled to commence, agreeably to their proposals, the semi-weekly publication of their paper…Newspapers, as the vehicles for disseminating useful knowledge and political information, are highly important to a nation of freemen. They serve to initiate the young in the principles and in the administration of our republican government, enlighten public opinion, and where they issue, as in this envied country, from a free press, are the vigilant guardians of the liberties and rights of the people….The present aspect of the world is so tranquil and pacific that to a large portion of readers, newspapers are far less interesting than at periods when they detailed the movements of armies…or described the useful labours of those revolutionary philosophers, who twenty-five years ago directed the storm of civil war in France…

But notwithstanding "grim visag'd war has smooth'd his wrinkled front," we shall search for such other subjects as ought to be interesting to inquisitive minds; and we hail the time as not far distant, when popular taste, from the influence of Peace Societies, and a resuscitation of man's best feelings, will cease to encourage the ambitious arm to unsheathe the sword, and "fill the world with widows and with orphans."

We shall endeavor to supply the deficiency occasioned by the dearth of news of this description, by other matter that will better subserve the cause of virtue and morality, and which equally comes within the design of a newspaper…Sir Roger De Coverly presented his chaplain with a few volumes of sermons written by the most eminent divines, from which he enjoined him to select his Sunday discourses, and spare himself the trouble of composing…We shall attempt to profit by Sir Roger's hint, and while so many treasures are spread before us, in this age of literary excellence, we shall freely apply them to our own use, presuming that our judicious readers will prefer banqueting on these prepared dishes, to driving us to the task of cooking plainer ones ourselves….

We shall zealously strive to aid the inseparable interests of agriculture, commerce and manufactures, the three-fold cord which unites our country's strength, riches and independence.

We shall notice the progressive advances of the arts and sciences, towards perfection, and give the best attested accounts of useful discoveries. Sometimes we shall attend the antiquary in his minute researches into the arcana of nature. Sometimes we shall observe the botanist as he unfolds the beauties and displays the wonders of the vegetable kingdom…

We shall give publicity to such prodigies in the animal and vegetable world, as are related on good authority, and at the proper seasons our readers may see our columns

adorned with splendid accounts of mammoth squashes and prolific pumpkin vines. But we shall enter the region of the marvellous as cautiously as possible, and therefore not receive accounts of mermaids, or birds "with the human face divine," uttering infant's shrieks[71], unless they are supported by the best evidence, which the nature of the case will admit….

The Northern Whig (NY) 1820 02 01 page 4 Song [from Lyrical Dramas by Cornelius Neale (1819)]

Did ye see the red rose on its bonny green stem,
As it open'd its lip for the dew?
The newly fledged birds, did ye look upon them,
Just fluttering their wings ere they flew?

…
Oh, the rose it has bloom'd, it has wither'd, 'tis dead,
And its leaves blown away with a breath;
Oh, the birds, they are grown, they are strong, they are fled,
And the fowler has done them to death….

Connecticut Courant (CT) 1820 02 22 page 3 Shocking Casualty (widely reported)

On Tuesday the 15th instant, Mr. Pliny Cook, of Windsor, while passing with his team on the public road leading from this City to Tower-Hill, (within about a quarter of a mile of the State-House,) was shot through the head, by a young man, who was standing near the highway and amusing himself by firing at a mark. The ball entered the left side of the head, a little above and in a line directly back of the eye, and passed out near the extremity of the upper jaw. Mr. Cook is still living; but his case is extremely critical, his suffering great, and his recovery very uncertain.

Presumptuous and inconsiderate as the conduct of the young man, was (for it is stated by those personally acquainted with the fact, that he had for several successive mornings been shooting near the same place, though warned of the impropriety and danger of it by gentlemen passing by,) we regret to be obliged to state, that many young men of the town are almost constantly in the habit of shooting at marks and birds in our immediate neighborhood, & by this unreasonable indulgence exposing the lives of travellers on the public roads, and laborers in the fields; and that we have no law to prevent it. It is but a year or two since that a careless young man, sporting in the same way, killed the horse of a gentleman riding on the Albany turnpike. The consequences are too serious to be risqued for the gratification of those who are willing to expose the lives of their fellow-men in the indulgence of a favorite amusement. It is hoped that efficient means will be speedily adopted to prevent the continuance of such dangerous and unwarrantable sport by those who have not sense of propriety enough to abstain from it of their own accord.

Mr. Cook, immediately after the accident, was conveyed to the house of Ezekiel

Williams, Esq, where he was hospitably received, and every possible attention bestowed on him by the family, neighbors, and gentlemen of the profession, which his interesting and unfortunate situation was peculiarly calculated to excite.

Hillsborough Recorder (NC) 1820 03 01 page 1 Agricultural [American Farmer] (widely circulated)

….In the year 1770, I resided in New Jersey, where it was the custom to take great numbers of wild pigeons in spring nets, by the assistance of decoy pigeons prepared for the purpose. The flesh of these birds, when first taken, is always very dark and most generally tough. I have seen more than 300 of them confined and fed in a large corn house, and in one week, their flesh has not only become tender, but as white as a well fed chicken…

Ladies' Port Folio (MA) 1820 03 04 page 3 The Magpie

This bird has a peculiar facility in imitating the human voice; it pronounces whole sentences in the most plain and articulate manner; and is particularly cautious to pronounce them well and distinctly; then it will often sit and con over what it has learned, and when it recollects its lesson will almost scream with joy; while it strives in vain to remember the sentences it formerly used to repeat, it is ready to die with vexation, and its tongue obstinately refuses to learn anything new.

The magpie will imitate the sounds of the flageolet and the trumpet; it mimics the bleatings of the calf, or sheep, and the cries of several other animals.

Plutarch relates a circumstance about a magpie which possessed various talents, and appeared, on a sudden, to be struck quite dumb, from hearing a loud flourish of trumpets. Those who had been accustomed to divert themselves with his prating were much surprized with this unlooked for change; but they were much more so when, some time after, the bird executed the flourish he had heard, with the exact modulations, movements, and precisions as it was performed by the musicians.

The magpie is rather a rapacious bird, and is a thief by nature: when it is tamed it carries off and hides everything that comes within its reach; pieces of money, plate, and other valuables are often missing where these birds are about at large in a house. The operatic farce of the Maid and the Magpie, is no fiction: nor is that the only instance where a fatal mistake has conducted an innocent servant, accused of theft, through a wretched magpie, before the tribunal of justice.

The Charleston Courier (SC) 1820 03 20 page 3 Advertisement. Circus.

...Mr. Breslaw will give his imitations of whistling and warbling various notes of birds.

City of Washington Gazette (DC) 1820 03 21 British Sporting Intelligence

Pigeon Shooting—The first meeting of the Midgham Club took place on Tuesday,

in Clowsley meadows, when the silver tankard was shot for by 15 members of the Club, at 15 birds each, 21 yards distance from the trap. The second prize was 10gs. And five to the third best shot, out of the Club funds. The following was the order of the sport, and betting was 5 to 1 against the favourite, Mr. Keates—

	Killed	Missed	Hit and fell out of the 100 yds bounds
Mr. Standish	15	0	0
Captain Forth	15	0	0
Rush	13	0	0
Mr. Burtenshaw	13	1	1
Cruthers	12	2	0
Judd	12	3	0
King	12	3	0
Keate	12	1	2
Ludd	11	1	2
Hetherington	11	4	0
Moss	10	4	1
Williams	10	5	0
Street	5	2	0
Kentish	5	2	0
Fothergill	5	2	0

The three latter members had but seven shots. In shooting off the ties. Captain Forth missed his 16th and 17th birds; Mr. Standish's 16th bird fell out of bounds, and he killed the 17th and won the cup[72].

New England Galaxy & Masonic Magazine (MA) 1820 03 31 page 3 Small Birds, Look Out

The town of Milton, we understand, have taken advantage of the Proviso in the far famed Bird Law of this state, which authorises any town at its March meeting to suspend the operation of the prohibitions and restrictions of said law for one year. In consequence of this measure, the sportsmen of the vicinity are busy in preparing their fowling pieces against the approaching fast-day, and it is said that several new licences have been granted for retailing powder and shot. Robbins, woodcocks, snipes, and some other long-legged fowls, having got an inkling of this business, are on the wing, and removing to the neighbouring towns.

Rutland Herald (VT) 1820 04 11 page 4 On seeing the first spring bird [from

the Middlesex Gazette]

Gentle flutt'rer, harbinger of Spring,
  Let me greet thee with a smile;
While I hear thee sweetly sing,
  Thou dost a lonely hour beguile.

Stern Boreas' blast, too keen for thee,
  Will yet assail thy tender form—
Then to my bosom quickly flee,
  And I will shield thee from the storm.

"No, cruel man!" it seem'd to cry,
  "I must not trust myself with thee;
For I would surely rather die,
  Than lose, with thee, my LIBERTY."

City of Washington Gazette (DC) 1820 04 14 page 2 Mr. Clay's Speech

…Spain is distracted by a revolt among her soldiery; and Mr. Clay himself confesses that Florida cannot escape us. If we do not own any forbearance to Spain, we owe something to our own national character. May not the eagle spare smaller birds, when crippled in the wing, without the imputation of imbecility? It is thought the Spanish people are making an effort to procure for themselves a more liberal form of government. If nothing is due to their King, something is due to them: has Mr. Clay no feeling for the European Spaniards? Or is he of opinion that there are no other people on the globe by the Spanish Americans whose sufferings merit his sympathy?...

Vermont Journal (VT) 1820 04 17 page 4 Miscellany [from the Village Record]

—I love Nature in all her aspects. The hum of bees—the song of birds—the bleating of lambs and the lowing of herds—The babbling brook and the speckled trout—the sunny hill and the shady grove, have all their charms….

Columbian Centinel (MA) 1820 04 19 page 2. The Robin Redbreast.

Alabama, Jan 12. If we may credit appearances, the winter must be very severe in the Northern States; as our forests and fields are now filled with birds of passage, particularly the robin-redbreast, who only emigrate so far south in very hard and snowy winters. We welcome these choral visitors with pleasure; and to evince their gratitude for the food they find here, they make our woods in January resound with the music which makes vocal those of New-England in the month of May.

Ladies' Port Folio (MA) 1820 04 22 page 4 Epistle from the country by "Delia"

Mr. Editor,-I am on a visit in the country, at my uncle's, who is an industrious

forehanded farmer. Having never passed a night out of town till very lately, and taken all my ideas of the country from poets and novelists, you cannot think how strange everything at first appeared to me.

I arrived just at sundown, and my aunt and her three daughters, dressed very handsomely, welcomed me into a well furnished parlour, and treated me to an excellent cup of tea and other refreshments, as good as we find in seaports. Soon after dark, a bird began to sing delightfully in the orchard, upon which I told them I presumed that was the nightingale. They smiling told me it was the whip-poor-will, and that there were no nightingales in this country. I answered, that I thought they must be mistaken; for many of the American poets, who write the beautiful pieces that fill our magazines and newspapers, cannot produce ten lines without introducing the nightingale, philomel, or philomela, all which mean the same thing. They assured me that these bards used much too great poetic licence, and were only what Mrs. Barbauld called "unfledged poets."…

Connecticut Courier (CT) 1820 05 03 page 3

It is probable that those of my readers who have seen the last Farmer, will expect a reply in this week's Courier; but perhaps they may be disappointed…But first, I must claim the indulgence of a small digression from his mode of negative reply, so as to meet the "Farmer" on his own ground…to take some little notice of his "fluttering," for the wise Mr. Wiggery used to say, 'the wounded pigeon is known by his fluttering…"

The New-York Evening Post (NY) 1820 05 08 page 3 Advertisement. A Setter Dog.

…has perhaps had more birds killed over him than any dog of his age in the city…

The New-York Evening Post (NY) 1820 05 10 page 2 Mr. [Benjamin] West [from the *London Observer*]

…In the course of the summer a party of Indians came to pay their annual visit to Springfield and being amused with the sketches of birds and flowers which Benjamin shewed them, they taught him to prepare the red and yellow colors with which they painted their ornaments. To these his mother added blue, by giving him a piece of indigo, so that he was thus put in possession of the three primary colours.—The fancy is disposed to expatiate on this interesting fact; for the mythologies of antiquity furnish no allegory more beautiful; and a painter who would embody the metaphor of an artist instructed by nature, could scarcely imagine anything more picturesque than the real incident of the Indians instructing West to prepare the prismatic colours. The Indians also taught him to be an expert archer, and he was sometimes in the practice of shooting birds for models, when he thought their plumage would look well in a picture….

Newhampshire Sentinel (NH) 1820 05 27 page 3 "And a hunting we will go" (widely reprinted)

Thirty-three persons, in Nelson, determined to hunt for one week. They divided into two parties and commenced the pursuit of game on Monday 15th inst. continuing till Saturday evening. The following is the number and description of animals killed: 43 Foxes, 10 Hedge-Hogs [Porcupines?], 2791 Squirrels, 18 Crows, 44 Woodchucks, 148 Woodpeckers, 6 Hawks, 20 Blue Jays, 14 Black Birds, 9 Threshers and 4 Pole Cats. Total number 3107.

The Metropolitan (DC) 1820 05 27 page 4 Royal Munificence

…The duke of Luines was originally a country lad, who insinuated himself into the favor of Louis XIII, then young, by making bird traps, (pie grieches) to catch sparrows.—It was little expected (says Voltaire) that these puerile amusements were to be terminated by a most sanguinary revolution. De Luines, after causing his patron, the Marshal of Ancre, to be assassinated; the Queen Mother to be imprisoned; raised himself to a title and the most tyrannical power.

Daily National Intelligencer (DC) 1820 05 29 page 2 [by John Randolph, uncredited]

You may make the following addition to your agricultural news:

In some parts of the country, the young Indian corn has been totally destroyed by innumerable worms of different descriptions; such as cut-worm, wire-worm, grub-worm, &c. One planter, on Roanoke, in Charlotte county, has had to plant his whole crop over again. It is doubted by some whether the enclosing system of Arator (Col. John Taylor, of Caroline,) can be maintained unless our Entomologists shall devise some remedy for the worms which it permits to engender, to the probable ruin of the whole produce of the earth. Until the "Butterfly-hunters," or Horned Cock Society," shall devise a certain cure, take the following palliative, (" in mitigation of damages.")—Nurse your crows and blackbirds, and all birds that devour earth-worms, or their larva; of which description, the crow stands foremost, and the crow-blackbird next. That they injure corn by pulling it up, is a vulgar error, that may add another item to Sir Thomas Brown's Catalogue. The writer hereof has been a planter five and twenty years and never lost an ear of corn thereby. It is true that they sometimes destroy a roasting ear by opening the shuck, but, for one thus injured by crows, hundred are opened by wood-peckers, who do not eat earth-worms, but are useful allies to fruit and timber trees. Planters (they of the Belting system more especially) who have dead trees in their fields for wood peckers to build in, are incorrigible slovens, on whom even advice (cheap as it is) is thrown away. The fact is, the crow, like the dog, eats bread when he can't find meat….

The Charleston Courier (SC) 1820 06 02 page 2 The Grave [*Glascow Chronicle*]

Under a flat turf let me lie,
Where mid-day sun-beams never come;
Let a light brook go whispering by;

Near let the small birds build their home….

Western Carolinian (NC) 1820 06 27 page 4 General Washington

…The house in which she lived had been the quarters of General Putnam…and had often been honored with the presence of Washington…

Here hundreds of chirping birds came to steal cherries and sing their merry madrigals undisturbed for the old lady had more than she wanted and so had her neighbors so that there was enough for birds and all….

Louisiana Advertiser (LA) 1820 06 30 page 1 A Convocation of Politic Worms

There is, we understand, a certain little coterie, assembled in this city, plotting mischief against the body politic, to whom this title might be applied. We advise them, however, to keep a look out for the "Sparrows on the house tops," who might be very apt to assemble in great numbers, and pick them up before their purposes were accomplished.

Poughkeepsie Journal (NY) 1820 07 05 page 2 [From the *Village Record*]

…I set out; it was a fine morning; the pleasantest of the spring; The little blue bird sung "cheerily cheerily" from the orchard; the robin cried "weep weep" from the poplar" but it was not the cry of anguish. No, no—to "weep weep" is not always sorrow; there is joy in tears; a luxury in weeping, which at times would not be exchanged for all the pleasures of boisterous mirth; but this never will bring me to Westchester…

American Farmer (MD) 1820 07 07 page 5 To the editor of the American Farmer by Jeremiah Simple

Sir,—For some time back I have been on the point of making to you some communications on subjects connected with agriculture, horticulture, &c; but have been deterred from doing so, from the apprehension that my writings would not be sufficiently polished to go before the public; but reflecting that they would be read mostly by farmers, who in generally look more to the matter than the manner, and prefer useful facts to beautifully rounded periods and fancied expressions, I determined on the whole to get over my scruples and give you the facts of my experience and in my own way too….

... I have been troubled with many pests well known to farmers. Cut-worms destroyed my corn...they destroyed my cabbages...worms and insects of various kinds infested my garden, my vines, my orchard, etc....I began to look around to see what was to be done, some remedy, said I, must be applied; for these devils, these natural enemies of mankind, this bane of our happiness, there certainly must be some antidotes, they must also have their enemies, their destroyers; nature never intended that they should remain useless after thus gorging themselves to fatness. While these things were running in my mind, I noticed the children and gardener driving away the wrens and

blue birds which were hopping about the garden, and as they supposed, picking up the seeds: but in watching more closely, I observed that they were after the insects which infested the plants. I immediately directed twenty or thirty wren boxes to be put up in different parts of the garden, they were soon taken possession of, and their inhabitants are the most useful force employed there, and I have never had a cabbage or any other plant cut down or injured there since they were erected and occupied....I leave my garden therefore, to the care of my wrens, and shall now proceed to show how I protect my corn and vines. I do it simply by feeding the worms, and inviting the crows and blackbirds; I cannot place houses for them, but I give them every inducement to come, and never suffer them to be disturbed; for they seem to be sensible of their security, for you may see them in numbers following the plough, and picking up the worms from the fresh ground, as it is turned out of the furrows...They [crows] also destroy field mice... but do they not destroy your corn? I answer no? I put plenty of them to eat….

Essex Register (MA) 1820 07 19 page 3 (very widely reported)

Mr. Edward Barker Russell of this town [Salem], is now lying in a perilous condition at Newburyport, from a gunshot would he received about a week since. He was amusing himself with shooting birds; having his gun loaded, and resting against his body, it went off, and discharged the shot into his arm near the armpit, making a very dangerous wound.

The New-York Evening Post (NY) 1820 07 29 page 2 Robert Burns by Montgomery (widely circulated)

Written on the occasion of the Anniversary of his birthday being celebrated at Sheffield, March 8, 1820.

What bird in beauty, flight or song,
  Can with the Bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong
  As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns
  For whim or pleasure change;
He was not one, but all by turns,
  With transmigration strange.

The blackbird oracle of Spring,
  When flow'd his moral lay;
The swallow, wheeling on the wing,
  Capriciously at play :—

The humming bird, from bloom to bloom,
  Inhaling heavenly balm;
The raven, in the tempest's gloom,
  The halcyon, in the calm:

In 'auld Kirk Alloway,' the owl,
  At witching time of night;
By 'Boonie Doon,' the earliest fowl,
  That carol'd to the light.

He was the wren amidst the grove,
  When in his homely vein
At Bannockburn, the bird of Jove,
  With thunder in his train.

The woodlarks in his mournful hours;
  The goldfinch in his mirth;
The thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
  Enrapturing heaven and earth.

The swan, in majesty and grace,
  Contemplative and still;
But roused—no falcon in the chase,
  Could, like his satire, kill.

The linnet, in simplicity:
  In tenderness the dove.
But more than all beside, was he
  The nightingale, in love.

Oh had he never stoop'd to shame,
  Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had devotion lov'd to name
  That bird of Paradise!

Peace to the dead! in Scotia's choir
  Of minstrels, great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
  The Phoenix of them all!

Intelligencer, & Weekly Advertiser (PA) 1820 07 29 page 3

"The Farmers, in the vicinity of Lancaster, feel several inconveniences and sustain some damage by Men, Boys, and Dogs going through their enclosed grounds hunting and shooting birds. When these are informed, that there is a law subjecting them to a fine of forty shillings, it may be a means of preventing them from continuing the practice; especially when they are now informed that there are those who will have the Law enforced against them. The Law is:

"Be it enacted That if any Person or Persons shall presume, at any time after the

publication of this Act to carry any gun, or hunt, on any enclosed or improved lands other than his own, unless he shall have license or permission from the Owners of such lands; or shall presume to fire a gun on or near any highways; and shall be thereof convicted before any Justice of the Peace; he shall, for every such offense, forfeit and pay the sum of forty shillings."

It may be useful to the Farmers as well as to the Sportsmen if all the Printers of English and German Papers in the city of Lancaster will insert the above."

Vermont Gazette (VT) 1820 08 01 page 1 by "Observer" [from the Oracle]

…When I see a sportsman with his gun mounted on his shoulder and his powder and shot by his side, marking forth to the destruction of the feathered tribe—thinks I to myself, this man would do less mischief at home in destroying his domestic vermin: by keeping the rats and more from his potatoes and corn, he would do himself tenfold more good than by all the birds he could destroy in a season….

Ohio Repository (OH) 1820 08 03 page 2 Summary

…On the 4th inst. fourteen citizens of Donegal township, Westmoreland co. Pa went hunting, and killed 239 squirrels, 216 black birds, 255 ground squirrels, 258 woodpeckers, 7 ground hogs, 18 hawks and 16 crows—in all 1009…

The New-York Statesman (NY) 1820 08 08 page 3 Letter XVIII by Hibernicus

My dear Sir. At the house of the respectable and worthy Mr. Greig of this town, I met for the first time with the ornithology of Alexander Wilson, in nine quarto volumes, and now I say that I am delighted with it beyond measure: He preserves a due medium between the dry technology of the Swedish, and the poetical delineations of the French school. Mark Catesby published two volumes in folio on the natural history of America, and George Edwards I think, seven in quarto. Wilson has far exceeded both, in the correctness of his delineations, in the beauty of his colouring, and in the number of his descriptions. He has figured and described 278 species—56 of which were non-descripts.

The biography of this man would "point a moral and adorn a tale:", He had passed through all the vicissitudes of humble life—a weaver and a pedlar, and finally a village barber. In all situations respectable, and poising himself by the power of great talents, he stood upright while the wheel of fortune revolved under him.

What posthumous honours have been paid to this great man—what monument has been erected to perpetuate his name? None—none; and if he were now alive, he might say with the old Roman, "*Malim ut de me quæerant homines, quam ob rem Catoni non sit posita statua, quam quare sit posita*." [I would rather have people ask me why a statue of Cato was not erected than why it was erected.]

Catesby and Edwards made the etchings of their figured subjects—Wilson performed the drawings and the colourings of his—in all respects he is superior.

I am happy to agree with this great naturalist about the brumal retreat of the swallow. He scouts the idea of their retiring into the bottom of rivers and lakes so generally credited by the disciples of Linnæus. In addition to the swallows I mentioned to you before, he has described a green, blue, or white bellied swallow, under the name of *hirundo viridis*. He calls the barn swallow *hirundo Americana*, and seems to think that the American bank swallow, or sand martin, (*hirundo riparia*) is the same as the European. Myriads of swallows, says a late traveller, are the occasional inhabitants of Honduras. This is a key to the whole mystery of their winter quarters,

The second volume of the Harleian Miscellany contains an essay written seriatim, to prove that the moon is the hybernaculum of birds of passage.

The following text from Jeremiah is the ground work of this strange hypothesis. "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming." He says that "divers of these fowls which make such changes, and observe their seasons, do pass and repass between this and the moon, which is the nearest concrete heterogeneous or earthly body of the planets.

That no man has seen the birds out of their seasons, and therefore he concludes they are nowhere on this earth, for, *de non entibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio*. [The same reasoning applies to non-existents and non-apparents.]

That wood cocks, upon a change of wind to the east, about All-Hallows tide, will seem to come all in a night, for tho' in the former nope are to be found, yet the next morning they will be found in every bush—that then its flesh is short and tender, whereas, after it eats, stringy and of a fibrous flesh, as other of our fowls are.

That storks in Holland all collect in Harlem, near where they continue some days, and then ascend in a spiral fight out of sight.

That the word in heaven has reference to the place of Eight.

He reckons a bird going at the rate of 125 miles an hour, can get to the moon in two months—that after getting up a certain distance, they may be in a kind of sleep which may supersede the use of food.

But if the moon is too far, he concludes that there may be some concrete bodies at a much less distance, or ethereal lands invisible to us, and yet no further off than there birds may conveniently arrive to. "This I do suggest, (says this great philosopher) because it is as hard for me to persuade myself that they come from any other part of the earth, as it is to persuade another that they come from the moon, and therefore if the moon will not be allowed, some other place must be found out for them."

This lunar doctrine is an excellent satire, although not intended, on the hypothesis of submersion—both are equally unfounded and equally ridiculous. The swallow is the swiftest bird that flies—a mile a minute is a reasonable calculation. In two days your swallows can reach Africa, but I do not believe that they extend their tour beyond Spanish America, and the opposite islands.

Have you ever seen the beautiful ode of Anacreon on the swallow? Will you accept

of it in translation? “Once in each revolving year,

> Gentle bird, we find thee here.
> When nature wears her summer vest,
> Thou com’st to weave thy simple nest;
> But when the chilling winter lowers,
> Again thou seek’st the genial bowers
> Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
> Where constant hours of verdure smile.”

Edwards has given a delineation of the Canada goose at large. Catesby has figured the head nearly to the size of life. Compare them with Wilson’s, and what a difference in his favour.

Franklin Gazette (PA) 1820 08 14 page 3 Advertisement. M. Thomas

> …Brookshaws Birds accurately drawn and coloured after nature, with instructions for the young artist, intended as a companion to the practice of Flower Painting….

Boston Intelligencer & Evening Gazette (MA) 1820 08 19 page 2 Natural Curiosity

The tongue of the woodpecker, is one of those peculiarities, which nature presents us with, when a singular purpose is to be answered. It is a particular instrument for a particular use; and what else but design ever produces such? The wood-pecker lives chiefly upon insects, lodged in the bodies of decayed or decaying trees, For the purpose of boring into the wood, it is furnished with a bill, straight, hard, angular, and sharp. When, by means of this piercer, it has reached the cells of the insects, then comes the office of the tongue; which tongue is first, of such a length that the bird can dart it out three or four inches from the bill, in this respect differing greatly from every other species of birds; in the second place it is tipped with a stiff, sharp, bony thorn; and, in the third place, which appears to me the most remarkable of all, this tip is tentated on both sides, like the beard of an arrow, or the barb of a hook. The description of the part declares its use. The bird, having exposed the retreats of the insects by the assistance of the bill, with a motion inconceivably quick, launches out at them this long tongue; transfixes them upon the barbed needle at the end of it; and thus draws its prey within its mouth. If this be not mechanism, what is? Should it be said, that, by continual endeavours to shoot out the tongue to the stretch, the wood-pecker species may by degrees have lengthened the organ itself, beyond that of other birds, what account can be given of its form; of its tip? How, in particular, did it get its barbs, its dentation? These barbs, in my opinion, wherever they occur, are decisive proofs of mechanical contrivance.

Trenton Federalist (NJ) 1820 09 04 page 7 Gunners

From various warning advertisements which appear in different parts of the state, we observe that farmers and others, are greatly annoyed by gunners. The like

oppression exists in this neighborhood, from the trespassing of idle persons and thoughtless boys—Those are employed in the fields, traveling the roads, or whose residences are a little removed from the centre of town, are almost daily in danger of being shot from the careless discharge of fowling pieces in the hands of these persons, who traverse the fields and enclosures of others, killing little birds of sport. Parents and guardians ought to repress these disorders in children—and those who are old enough to know better ought to be dealt with as the law directs.

New York Gazette & General Advertiser (NY) 1820 09 05 page 2 The American Eagle

One of these birds, of an uncommonly large size, was shot by a lad on Sunday last on Staten-Island, not far from the seat of His Excellency the Vice President. This Eagle is now undergoing a state of preservation on board of a French brig, lying in front of the store of E. Malibran, in South-street, a few doors west of Old-slip. As this is a curiosity seldom seen even in this country, the curious may be gratified with a sight of it.

Southern Patriot, and Commercial Advertiser (SC) 1820 09 07 page 3 Stolen this Morning

From the Piazza of the House at the corner of King and Wentworth streets, a large Wire Cage, and two Mocking Birds; the Cage is painted blue, with an addition on the right end to feed them in, there is also a lock on the Cage. A reward of Five Dollars, will be given for the detection of the thief, or the recovery of the Birds and Cage.

Daily National Intelligencer (DC) 1820 09 09 page 3 Literature of the West

Ornithology.— "When we advert to the fact that most birds are migratory, and that in their migrations they are not generally disposed to cross high mountains, but to follow the courses of rivers; when we contemplate the great basin of the Mississippi, quite open to the north and south,but bounded on the east and west by ranges of lofty mountains, while the river itself stretches through twenty degrees of latitude, connecting lake Superior and the Gulf of Mexico, it is reasonable to conjecture that many birds annually migrate over this country which do not visit the Atlantic states, and might, therefore, have escaped the notice of their greatest ornithologist in the single excursion which he made to the Ohio. As a proof of this supposition, it may be stated, that Mr. Audubon, one of the excellent artists attached to the Museum, who has drawn, from nature, in colored crayons, several hundred species of American bird has, in his port folio, a large number that are not figured in Mr. Wilson's work; and many which do not seem to have been recognized by any naturalist."

Herald of the Valley (VA) 1820 09 11 page 4 Comparisons [Morning Chronicle]

A Lamb and a Lion—a Fox and an Ass,
Resemble mankind as it were in a glass,

Males are harmless as Lambs ‘till they’re fourteen years old.
And ‘till they are forty as Lions are bold;
As Foxes they’re cunning ‘till three score and ten,
Then silly as Asses no longer are men.

A dove and a Sparrow—a Parrot and Crow,
The life of a woman most aptly will go,
Girls innocent Doves are, ‘till fourteen years old,
And chirrup like Sparrows ‘till forty are told.
Like Parrots they’ll prate, ‘till they’re three score and ten,
And as Crows often croak, so do most old Women!

Hillsborough Recorder (NC) 1820 09 15 page 4 The Sabbath Morn [from the Plough Boy] (widely circulated)

…The music of the birds, whose cheering notes
Proclaim the glory and the power of God!
And when the murmurs of the lone cascade,
Or bubbling brook, that runs through fields and groves,
Fall on the ear with more than soothing sounds!
When o’er the sweet serene the distant bell
Murmurs a tone that speaks of heavenly things,
And calls, to bend before Jehovah’s shrine…

Daily National Intelligencer (DC) 1820 09 15 page 2 To the Republic of Science

Martins are a bird that migrate in a peculiar manner. It appears to be unknown from whence they come, and whither they go; a knowlege of which is very desirable, and, if attained, might lead to a great enlargement of our knowledge in natural history. As these birds, while here, build about our houses, and seem to delight in the society of man, it is inferrible that they do the same elsewhere if so, we might, a little before the time of their departure, attach to their legs or neck, small labels, written on fine linen or silk, with indelible ink, or on parchment, stating the date, and the name of the place and nation. To this would be well to add a rough drawing of a ship, with the national flag, and drawings of some of the animals of the climate, as a sort of universal language; also, a request to the reader to attach a similar label about the time of the return of the birds in the spring, and to publish the circumstance in a newspaper of the country. Learned institutions generally might contribute to the improvement of science by printing and distributing such labels both in Latin and in the language of the country.

If we do not by such means learn, soon or late where the martins go, it will be inferrible that they go to some unfettered people or unknown country. The more reasons we find for presuming there are unknown countries, the more will we be disposed to exert ourselves in research.

The Charleston Courier (SC) 1820 09 15 page 2 American Genius

Thompson, where'er thy spirit roves, look down and see
An humbler Thompson, not unworthy thee.

If the author of the following lines has not glanced with a poet's eye, and felt with a poet's fire, and described with a poet's pen, I am at a loss to know what poetry is. I am not, myself, very observant of nature's beauties; I have seen them chiefly through the "spectacles of books;" for my life has been almost wholly passed "amidst the busy hum of men." As to the conformity, therefore, of these descriptions to nature, I was glad to find myself supported by the opinion of one who is well qualified to appreciate them. My friend, (Mr. Stephen Elliott, whose favorite researches peculiarly enable him to estimate whatever relates to his native woods, and the wood-note wild "of their feathered inhabitants") assures me that both are described with a degree of accuracy that justifies what I have said; and that he is at a loss which most to admire, the poet's exactness of observation, or truth and vivacity of description. The versification is occasionally careless; but it is surprising that so much, in this way, has been done in a state of society where poetry is almost discouraged.

"Critics attend—be verse like this approv'd,
"And show you have the candor to be mov'd."

The little volume bears the title of " Onea[73]." These extracts are taken from the canto called " Spring." I have presumed to mark by italics, some of the passages that have principally delighted me. The simile illustrative of the red-bud is to me quite new, and is, at all events, most happily introduced.

"First of the Floral tribe, the Jess'mine comes
"And blows profuse in pasture, swamp and wood;
"Or clothes the ground, or else the lucid rill
"Embowers, not shades; and shoots a golden gleam,
"Like sun-ray, thro' its amber waters trembling.
"Or, poised, meanders thro' the air, or casts a
"Chaplet on the oak; its fragrance far
"Diffuses, and embalms the vernal air.
"Now blooms the fringe-tree, as with new fall'n snow,
"Or with a silver net-work overspread:
"And oft as crown'd with fire it appears,
"When round its top the crimson woodbine twines
"Its clustur'd trumpets that, like mouths of flame
"Breathing from many a bough are seen, as runs
"The frolic vine, resembling mountain rill,
"Its course far wandering from its native bank.
"The Sassafras is now in aureate glow;
"The red bud with the colors of the dawn
"Adorns the landscape—on the dark wood blushes,
"As when upon the cheek of sleeping night,
"Her dusky curtains by the hours undrawn,
"The rosy radiance of the morn first plays.
"Such tints shine out, such odours float around,

"Such harmony is heard in every breeze,
"That fairy-land seems opening, smiling round."
* * * * *
"Here the Sanguilla, from the tassel'd roof
"Of the sweet scented vine, her lay prepares.
"The humming-bird, in vest of verdant down,
"With vivid sparks of gold bespangled o'er,
"Rolls mimic thunders from his little wings,
"(Invisible by their swift motion made,)
"As perch'd in air, or buoy'd by unseen force
"He seems, when, pois'd before the flower, he quaffs
"Ambrosia from its cup. His snow-white breast
"A corselet, rich as Oberon's shield, adorns
"The blush of morn, the ray of noon, the tints
"Of vernal evening, does that wondrous mail
"Rival, in lovely miniature, by turns."
•••••
"Now haunts the mock-bird gay his hundred notes,
"High seated on the summit of the groves;
"And now he mounts aloft in ecstasy,
"His strains exalting as his pinions soar;
"And now, suspended in the air, he cowers,
"With head declined and raffled plumes he pours
"The choicest treasures of his minstrelsy,
"Or, lighting on the ground deliriously,
"Half running and half flying, his mad song
"Loud trills, as if into insensate earth
"To breathe a soul, and move dumb things to join
"In the wild raptures that inflame his breast;
"Forgetting then his imitative art,
"All that he sweetly sings is all his own
"Oft too, with lonely lays he hails the moon
"And charms the forest with his midnight notes,
"Unaw'd by its dread stillness or its gloom—
"Sole minstrel of the silver-flowered shade."

The Charleston Courier (SC) 1820 09 16 page 2 Letter to the Editor

The resemblance of the following extract to the passage from "Onea," which appeared in your paper of yesterday morning, has induced me to trespass on your attention, so far as to request you will publish it. The author of this does not know who the author of "Onea" is and never saw any passage of that Poem until the one above alluded to appeared. The following is taken from a piece written five or six months ago, for amusement, and is the description of a " Fairy Bower," supposed to be formed in the wilds of our country. The allusion to the mock-bird singing at night, to which the author of " Onea" also alludes, is as follows

The Bower is thus described:
There on the high magnolia and the bay,
The squirrel built his hut; and quick did bound
In joyous gambols o'er the forest tops,
And shook the blossoms down, in fragrant showers,
Upon the startled fawns, that fed below,
With freckled coats; and close at hand the dove
Had formed her slender nest; and "yellow birds"
Were rocking on the nodding twigs to sleep—
The mock-bird near,
Did breathe his varied note to cheer his mate;
The red-bird too, and while he sang he shook
His crimson plumes!
The nonpareil, with flitting fire-fly wings
Did flutter round
The prying wren, with little curious eye,
And rusty back, did hop the sweet briar through.
*****The jess'min there,
Among the wreathed boughs, did hang on high
Her myriad yellow bells; the woodbine, with
The honey-suckle, breath'd her morning breath
Around the fringe tree, as it graceful swung
Its snowy flowers: and then among the vines,
That bloom'd around, and shed their softest sighs,
A bevy now of humming birds had got
And hung their little nests—
And as they flew, on restless rainbow wings,
Among the leaves, they seem'd,
On rapid viewless plumes, to vary round,
Like guardian sylphs that nurse the tender buds,
And watch them as they blow, Low on a ground
Of emerald hue, all chequer'd by the shade
Of waving boughs, the violets did unveil
Their modest eyes, to greet the buzzing bees
That sank upon their heads and bowed them down.
And sweetly round the softest waves did steal,
And o'er the puny pebbles crept so light,
You only tho't you heard their mellow voice—
And on the breast of that full brimming book,
The peerless lilies rode and straying round
Their thousand heads, the panting zephyrs play'd
And shook there chrystal cradle with a breath—
And their the Butterflies resort, and on
The slender reeds are seen their golden cones,
And o'er wave and round the flowr's they sail,
Rocking on gaudy wings upon the wind,

Those wings of feather dipt in rosy gold,
And ruby eyes and fairy plumed heads—
And nought can see these bow'rs but those within
The spell that bade them bloom—and tho' the storm
Shall shake the woods around, no storm can move
These groves—and oft the nonpareil doth dream,
And mock-bird too, in distant lands of them,
When in their wiry prisons they repose,
Far from those happy scenes!—
And oft at sea the mariner awakes,
And thinks he hears aerial music float
From this wild shore along the flowing brine—

Daily National Intelligencer (DC) 1820 09 27 page 3 (widely circulated)

An Eagle was shot at on the 11th inst. in the vicinity of Dedham, (Mass.) and brought down with one wing broke. He was taken alive by the sportsman; but (remarks the Dedham paper,) the bird, true to his native valor, and as if disdaining the triumphs of an enemy, instantly buried both his talons in his own head; choosing rather to die than be conquered. He measured, when dead, 5 feet and 6 inches from wing to wing.

Commercial Advertiser (NY) 1820 10 27 Summary of Foreign Intelligence, selected from English papers…

…An extraordinary Day's sport on the 1st of September in Norfolk."—Mr. Robert Hammond killed, to one brace of pointers, and without cleaning his gun, 53 brace of partridges, one hair, and a land rail; 58 were old birds. Missed 8 shots, and lost only one brace of birds, and only one double shot.

Mr. Spenstone, of Harley hill, Surrey, killed from his own double-barrelled gun, on the 1st of September, 32 head of game, namely, 11 brace of birds and 10 hares. He started from Blackwater at day-break, and shot until 5 o'clock to two brace of dogs.

The New-York Columbian (NY) 1820 11 10 Letter XLIII, Western Region August 1820 [from New-York Statesman] by Hibernicus

My Dear Sir—Some of the distinguished naturalists who figured in the world after the resurrection of letters, adopted an analytical, or rather methodical way of discussion, which was admirably calculated to illustrate natural science, and to facilitate instruction. For instance, in treating of birds they would describe the genius in extenso, and then would give a particular account of each distinct species, under the following heads; sometimes omitting, and sometimes adding to the specifications.

Forina—descriptio

Locus—Natura—mores—ingenium.

Nidus—partus—victus.

Vox—cantus—volatus.

Capiendi ratio.

Usus in cibo.

Usus in medicina.

These accounts were mingled with great inaccuracy, and numerous fables, but yet they abounded with all the fertility of genius, and evinced uncommon research and indefatigable industry. Our modern naturalists, with some distinguished exceptions, confine their attention almost exclusively to the forma et descriptio; and natural science in their hands has become a study of hard words, instead of the study of animal, vegetable, and mineral nature.

In the few illustrations which I have given of the zoology of this country, I have consulted accuracy instead of wandering into the flowery fields of fancy. My stock of information must necessarily be very limited so far as it depends on my own observation—and my opportunities for deriving information from: others have not been many. The hints or intimations which I throw out may serve sometimes as clues to more interesting investigations, and a wider field of natural science was never afforded than that which this country furnishes.

In various places I have seen the *falco leuco-cephalu*s, or bald eagle; the *falco ossifragus*, or grey eagle; and the *falco haliaetus*, or osprey. In Torthis Secundus the osprey is confounded with the grey eagle, but this is an error of the editor, not of the immortal author; and Wilson supposes that the grey eagle is a junior bald eagle, which has not arrived to maturity. It is well known that the osprey is a purveyor for the two other kinds of Eagle—and that they compel this skillful bird to surrender the dish which he catches so abundantly.

The immense quantities of fish which collect below the falls of Niagara, and which inhabit that river and the mouth of Lake Erie, necessarily draw together these birds, and I have never seen so many as appear to inhabit that region.

I shot a bald eagle which measured eight feet from the extremity of one wing to that of the other. His talons were so formidable, and his courage so great that after receiving his mortal wound, he beat off several dogs in a pitched battle and was told of one which was killed near Canandaigus, and which weighed 14 pounds. It had actually killed several sheep. I have seen both kinds near the Catskill mountains, where they erect their aeries on the loftiest trees, and where they soar in “eagle-winged pride.” And yes I have beheld this imperial bird fly from a tree on which a crow had lit. I have seen him avoid the annoyances of the king bird, and retreat before a congregation of ospreys.

A grey eagle was shown to me which must have been full grown. It was the size of a bald eagle and had been shot in the wing about 12 months before. Its colour was a darkish brown all over, with the exception of the interior feathers, which were whitish. The cere was also whitish. The bill was of a darkish colour to the core—that of the bald eagle is yellow.

Three eagle's were found in a bald eagle's nest at Lewiston, and I was informed that some years ago four were caught in an aerie on the highest button-wood tree in the forests of that county. The nest was as large as a cock of hay. In making it, the old eagles made use of the limbs of the tree which were broken off as thick as a man's wrist. The aerie had been there 20 years, except during the late war, when it was built on a tree in an open field, the inhabitants having moved off. The tree was cut down for the purpose of getting the young. One of them was carried to the village, and the old ones followed it to the house where it was kept, recognized it, and flew about the place of its confinement. One of the other eagles was carried to the fort, and it is said to have been larger than the other. Whenever, a stranger appeared, they ruffled their heads and indicated great irritation. They made a mournful noise when annoyed and were very ferocious. One of them had engaged the affections of a dog, who brought him garbage whenever he could obtain it.

An intelligent man, in whose veracity I have confidence, says, that the bald eagle is entirely distinct from the grey—that he cannot be mistaken in his opinion, for that he has seen the male of each species in connexion with his appropriate female

Lawson, in his history of Carolina, says that the bald eagle breeds very often, and lays eggs again under the callow young, whose warmth hatches them. The same thing is said of the *picus auratus* of this country, vulgarly called high hole. These allegations ought to be investigated, as they furnish, if true, a singular anomaly in natural history. With respect to the eagle it is probably true, if half of what is alleged by one of our early Naturalists is correct. Johnston in his elaborate work printed at Amsterdam MDLVII. Speaking '*De aquila in genere,' says 'Datur genus quid propter tres testiculos, Triorchis appellatur. Coeuut vero frequenter; et fœmina ter decies in die compressa, si masrevocet, denuo accurrit. Unde Aegyptiis et Venus dicitur, et soli dicatur. Commiscentur aliquando cum accipetre, sed ovis incubare nou dignantur; sed et marem cum lupa aliquando coire scriptores Africani referunt*."[There is a genus called Triorchis because of its three testicles. It mates frequently, and the female, having been compressed three times a day, if the male withdraws, comes again. Hence the Egyptians call it Venus and the sun. They sometimes mate with the hawk, but they do not deign to incubate the eggs; but African writers also report that the male sometimes mates with the she-wolf.]

Charlevoix says that his people threw down, near Oswego, an eagle's nest which was composed of a cart load of wood, and that it contained two eaglets, which were not as yet feathered—that they were eaten, and made very good food. I think that Boccacio, in his Decameron, serves up a falcon as a choice dish.

The Americans have selected the eagle as the symbol of national power. In the ancient mythology he was the bird of Jove, and in all nations he is the sign of strength and majesty. His eye can see to an immeasurable distance, and his fight is as rapid as the vollied lightning.

The American (NY) 1820 11 18 page 2 Imitations of Animals [Strutt's sports and pastimes of the people of England]

In the reign of queen Anne, a man, whose name was Clench, a native of Barnet, made his appearance at London: I have his advertisement before me; which states that he imitated the horses, the huntsmen, and a pack of hounds; a shum doctor, an old woman, a drunken man, the bells, the flute, the double curtell, and the organ with three voices, by his own natural voice, to the greatest perfection. He then professes himself to be the only man that ever could attain to so great an art. He had, however, a rival, who is noted in one of the papers of the Spectator, and called the whistling man. His excellency consisted in counterfeiting the notes of all kinds of singing birds. The same performance was exhibited in great perfection, the bird-tutor associated with Breslaw the juggler. This man assumed the name of Rossignol, and, after he had quitted Breslaw, appeared on the stage at Covent-garden theatre; where, in addition to his imitation of the birds, he executed a concerto on a fiddle without strings; that is, he made the notes in a wonderful manner with his voice, and represented the bowing by drawing a small truncheon backward and forward over a stringless violin. His performance was received with great applause: and the success he met with produced many competitors, but none of them equalled him: it was, however, discovered, that the sounds were produced by an instrument, contrived for the purpose, concealed in the mouth; and then the trick lost all its reputation. Six years ago, I heard a poor rustic, a native of St. Alban's, imitate with great exactness, the whole assemblage of animals belonging to a farm-yard; but especially he excelled in counterfeiting the granting of swine, the squeaking of pigs, and the quarrelling of two dogs….

Weekly Visitor and Ladies' Museum (NY) 1820 12 16 page 14 Pains of Recollection by R.H.

…No more can charm the rosy blush of morn
When usher'd in by tuneful warbler's notes,
In vain the meads, themselves with flowers adorn,
In vain concussive birds ye strain your noisy little throats.

Though cheerful painted group—no gloom o'er clouds
Thy harmony thro' life's short blissful reign
Save where the marksman a loved mate enshrouds,
Exulting in the death of love, which thou shalt ne'er regain.

Thy merry songs no more attract my ear,
Whilst wandering thro' thy most melodious haunts,
Where bordering lowlands to the woods adhere,
Where mateless robin his lost love in mournful requiem chaunts.

Poor lonely red-breast, I thy grief can feel—
For thine the self-same cause, which first began
The mis'ry that no balm can ever heal,
Was dealt in masked friendship—by that reptile Man.

New-England Galaxy (MA) 1820 12 22 page 4 Forbidden Birds [from

Bibliotheca Biblica 1725]

We find the following in Dr. Harris's Natural History of the Bible," where it is said to have been extracted from Bibliotheca Biblica, 1725.

"Of feathred Foules that fanne the bucksom aire,
Not all alike weare made for foode to Men:
For, these thou shalt not eat doth God declare,
Twice tenne their nombre, and their flesh unclene :
Fyrst the great Eagle, byrde of feigned Jove,
Which Thebanes worshippe and diviners love.

Next Ossifrage, and Ospray, (both one kinde,)
Of luxurie and rapine, emblems mete,
That haunte the shores, the choicest preye to finde,
And brast the bones, and scoope the marrow swete:
The Vulture, void of delicace and feare,
Who spareth not the pale dede man to teare:

The tall-built Swann, faire type of pride confest;
The Pelicane, whose sons are nurst with bloode,
Forbidd to man! she stabbeth deep her breast,
Self-murtheresse through fondnesse to hir brande
They too that range the thirstie wilde emong,
The Ostryches, unthoughtful of thir yonge.

The Raven ominous, (as Gentiles holde)
What time she croaketh hoarsely a la morte;
The Hawke, aerial hunter, swifte and bolde,
In feates of mischief trayned for disporte:
The vocale Cuckowe, of the faulcon race,
Obscene intruder in her neighbor's place:

The Owle demure, who loveth not the lighte,
(Ill semblance she of wisdome to the Greeke)
The smallest fouls dradd foe, the coward Kite,
And the stille Herne, arresting fishes meeke;
The glutton Cormorante, of sullen moode,
Regardyng no distinction in his foode.

The Storke, which dwelleth on the fir-tree topp,
And trusteth that no power shall hir dismaye,
As Kinges, on their high stations place thir hope,
Nor wist that there he higher farr than theye;
The gay Gier-Eagle, beautifull to viewe,
Bearyng within a savage herte unfrewe:

The Ibis whome in Egypte Israel found,
Fell byrd! that living serpents can digest;
The crested Lapwynge, wailing shrill arounde,
Solicitous, with no contentment blest;
Last the foul Batt, of byrd and beast first bredde,
Flitting with littel leathren sailes dispredde.

Western Carolinian (NC) 1820 12 26 page 2 Owls [from Chronicle] (widely circulated)

Several of the birds of Minerva, in plainer phraseology, owls, have deserted their ancient habitations in the woods, and have appeared in the streets of Baltimore. Our weather-wise gentry have denominated the visit of these strangers an infallible omen of a hard winter. In Rome when a phenomenon of this kind happened, this sagacious bird was honored with a triumph, and conducted in great state, accompanied by the principal officer of the republic, to his country residence.

The New-York Columbian (NY) 1820 12 29 page 2 Tom Bowline.

"Mother Carey's chickens," birds of evil omen, croaking and enjoying themselves only in storm. Such is the editor of the Advocate.— Nothing distresses him so much as the idea of union, liberality, toleration and peace in society. He lives on discord, battens on party spirit, and subsists on animosity and strife. He flies into a rage at the bare proposition of a republican in the Maryland legislature, declaring that no difference of opinion exists between the parties in the state. He tells Mr. Barney (son of the commodore) who made this pacific remark, saying the public good was the only aim, in which all should unite, and extinguish the terms democrat and federalist—that such things shall not be ; wrangling, libelling, abuse and opposition shall prevail. What! honest, capable and faithful men alone appointed to office! then where shall we be found! how will such valiant political gladiators,and desperate adventurers become sheriff's state printers, and what not! None but "honest and capable" men, truly! Then Othello's occupation's gone, without office, without salary,without hope! No, no, Mr. Barney; your doctrine. may suit the latitude of Maryland, but will never answer us—we should thrive on it but miserably—it will never do for Mother Carey's chickens.

Newburyport Herald (MA) 1820 12 29 page 4 Christmas Custom in Norway

At the festival of Christmas in the northern parts of Norway, a sheaf of corn is placed on the roof of the house, that even the sparrows may participate in the general joy. We may easily suppose that this act of charity is almost of itself to preserve the existence through severe winters, of a very useful class of creatures. Without them the country would be almost uninhabitable, from the monstrous number of insects which are called forth by the short, but very violent heat of summer, and from which the cattle, in particular, are great sufferers. Thus benevolence may often originate in a refined selfishness.

Endnotes

1 Wilson's blue bird poem follows. For the full poem see *American Citizen* May 19, 1809 (*The Public Sphere of Birds*, Vol. 3)

2 Smith was a celebrated British Romantic poet.

3 The Bower was the short essay/poetry page of the *Dartmouth Gazette*. In the next issue, (July 3) it featured a satiric essay on writing poetry. Rhyming "poetic" words were on the right side, (swain, strain, hour, bow'r); poets could fill in phrases on left (e.g., "And Philomel again renew'd her strain")

4 This article references the article "History and Present State of America" printed in *Quarterly Review,* November 1809, reprinted in 1811 in the U.S. The review article is ostensibly about Abiel Holmes "American Annals," but actually draws upon "the travels of Ashe and Weld." (Thomas Ashe, *Travels in America, performed in the year 1806*, published in 1809; Isaac Weld, *Travels through the states of North America and the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada during the years 1795, 1796 and 1797*, published in 1799—Weld he offers some descriptions of the birds of Virginia, agreeing with Catesby about the inferiority of song and the superiority of plumage, with the exception of the Mockingbird, or Virginia Nightingale.

5 This book is described in *The Elementary English Review* (1935, December) as "A little reader with short stories in words of three letters to stories in words of five letters; and from one syllable to four syllables.

6 Other "Gull" headlines around this time included "Another Trap to Catch Gulls!!" *Lancaster Journal* July 19, 1811 and "More Gull-Bait' *Columbian Centinel,*July 31, 1811.

7 "Are startled at the passing air" in the original.

8 Seven signatures were attached.

9 This was an ongoing humor feature.

10 *A Pie de' colli, ove la bella vesta*. Some commentators apparently believe this does not refer to birds but to the three beasts of Dante.

11 "Dilators" give obstructive, long-winded speeches.

12 Glowing review includes extract of Wilson's Grackle and Ivory-billed Woodpecker entries.

13 The earlier poem, published August 31, page 4:

I wander'd to the seat of love
Where we had often sighed together;
I look'd, but saw no fav'rite dove,
O could it them be pleasant? Never.

Come hasten love, no evening dew
Betrays thy airy step returning;
Fly to a heart that beats for youm
Fly to a bosom warmly burning.

14 The original includes excerpts from Wilson's Barn Swallow entry and other favorable commentary about his writing style.

15 The poem references a one-side battle on February 24 between the USS Hornet and HMS Peacock.

16 Note that same issue of *Scots Magazine* has article "Swallows sleeping all winter" that starts with hibernation and then moves to the Swedish belief about leafs turning into swallows and swallows found hanging in the form of grapes.

17 James Thomson, "Summer," uncredited.

18 Published in 1810 in *Select Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern, Volume 2*. Biographical footnote provided by Mr. James Brown of Paisley, attached to "Watty and Meg, or the Wife Reformed." The same journal includes his Bluebird poem.]

19 Note that the ad doesn't mention Wilson, who died August 23, 1813. The eighth volume was still primarily by Alexander Wilson; the introduction speaks of his death and delays due to problems with colorists.

20 The USS Peacock battled and captured the HMS Epervier on April 29, 1814.

21 From George Ord's preface:

"…With respect to our country in particular, how much gratitude do we owe that excellent naturalist, for the treasure which he has afforded us in his inestimable work! He has unfolded a rich scene to our view; revealed new wonders to our meditation; and taught us that there cannot be a more rational amusement, than that which springs from the study of birds, that diversified portion of animated nature. Formerly the winged tribes passed before us, and we merely satisfied ourselves with a transient look. Now, since we have been introduced to their acquaintance, we hail them as friends who enliven our walks by their frolics, incite our curiosity by their habitudes and economy, and charm us with their songs. Whilst walking abroad to survey the glorious works of creation: the green fields, the fragrance-breathing valleys, the azure vault—the streams, forests and mountains, of how much interest would all this spacious landscape be devested, if not animated with those emblems of joy and love with which a benevolent Deity hath benefited and adorned our sphere! Then whilst the breezes of May waft to our delighted ears the melody of the groves, let our praises ascend to the God of Nature for having infused into our hearts a relish of those pure pleasures which arise from the contemplation of his works; and for having endued those extraordinary individuals, who have led the way in these studies, with talents and zeal which have entitled them to the noble denomination of *Benefactors of the human race*.

"The study of philosophy, particularly that of natural history, has been considered by the wise and good of all polite ages, as not only an elegant recreation, but as contributing greatly to the strengthening of the faculties, and the improving of the heart. 'The contemplative hours,' says the amiable Cicero to his friend Varro, 'which you spend at your Tusculan villa, are, in my estimation indeed, what alone deserve to be called life: and I would willingly renounce the whole wealth and splendor of the world, to be at liberty to pass my time in the same philosophical manner.' It is in truth the most noble characteristic of philosophy, to be superior to external accidents, and to depend for happiness on ourselves alone. It offers a calm retreat from the cares and the sorrows of life, where the clamor of party dissentions can never reach, and where an oblivion may be found of the injustice and the wickedness of mankind. If we cast our eyes on the world, and witness the result of the various passions which influence the bulk of our species, the survey may indeed be attended with instruction, but can afford little satisfaction to the virtuous

mind. Let us then rejoice that an asylum is provided us, where we may call off our faculties from everything that may disturb our peace, and fix them on those speculations which are at once an ornament to prosperity, and the support of adversity.

"To the bowers of the Muses, in fine, we are invited to repair, by every consideration which can have weight with the reflective mind. There springs the fountain of whose pure waters we may all partake ; the verdure and flowers that adorn its banks are perennial; and there those roses planted by the hands of Wilson, shall attract the attention of the lover of nature—shall delight him with their modest beauty, and shall sooth him with their rich perfumes."

The Cicero book cited by Ord is *Cicero's Letters* by Melmoth, 1753. It discusses augury as follows: "The Stoics held that God, out of his goodness to man, had imprinted on the nature of things certain marks or notices of future events; as on the entrails of beasts, the flight of birds, thunder, and other celestial signs, which, by long observation, and the experience of ages, were reduced to an art, by which the meaning of each sign might be determined, and applied to the event that was signified by it. This they called artificial divination, in distinction from the natural, which they supposed to flow from an instinct or native power implanted in the soul, which it exerted always with the greatest efficacy when it was the most free and disengaged from the body, as in dreams and madness."

22 The original continues after this point.

23 This is a reference to the "Henry Plot," in which John Henry sent fraudulent letters to Madison to spark anti-British sentiment.]

24 Clinton included the full *Port Folio* review in his published address as an appendix: "Note R."

25 The "War Hawks" were led by Henry Clay and other young Democratic-Republicans.

26 This was a collection of fictional works modeled after a *Thousand Nights and a Night.*

27 These were Captains in the US Navy during the War of 1812. Many US (and British) ships were named after birds.

28 William Charles 1776-1820.

29 Uncredited. *Connoisseur*. Colman letter no. 7. March 14, 1754. Valentine's Day was widely held to be the day birds paired with their mates.

30 Busby was best known as a music historian.

31 *The Providence Gazette and Country Journal* (October 14, 1815), ran this section on birds independently under the header "Ornithology."

32 Clinton's "notes" were really appendices, so were included in the summary. He inserted, as seen before, his entire review of Wilson's Ornithology (see *Albany Register*, March 10, 1815). He added Homer and Virgil to the poets describing the flights of cranes (claims Milton's is the best). While the immediate source of this information was the *Port Folio*, the entire address plus notes can be read in "Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York. Volume 1. 1815."

33 Selkirk was marooned for four years in the early 1700s on a island in the South Pacific. His story inspired Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*.

34 This paragraph was simply inserted, with no context, into the column, signaling that the editor, Zachariah Poulson, (who was friendly with Peale, among others) was himself was promoting this idea. This is one of the first of many figures that can be called "bird-friendly editors."

35 In later editions of this poem these birds were revised to "woodpecker" and "mock-bird." In the *Monthly Review*, there is an additional note: "The thenca (*turdus Thenca*) [now *Mimus thenca*] is considered by [Giovanni Ignazio] Molina as a variety of the Virginia thrush (*turnus Poliglottus*,) called the Four-hundred-tongues, from the variety of its notes. [This is now the Chilean Mockingbird]." Molina (1786, *Natural History of Chili*.) labels Le cureu as *turdus cureus*. The current English name is the Austral Blackbird.

36 This article is referring to a series of letters starting "Dear Jack," that commented on politics, supposedly "written by a young gentleman of this city now at Washington to his friend." These were widely reprinted and praised for their "shrewdness of remark" and humor. Letter VIII, reprinted in *Virginia Argus*, April 6, references the public sphere. "I suppose you picked up your notions of Virginia influence at the Coffee House, that Lyceum of correct politics and patriotic feelings."

The "Harpy" is not exactly a bird but was treated as one by the *Columbian*: e.g., the April 5, Hunting the Harpy No. II:

"We suspect hunting to be nearly akin to war, and that an essayist might treat of the one on the principles very analogous to the discussion of the other. Perhaps he would set out by dividing all the sports of the chase into lawful and unlawful, provoked and spontaneous; distinguishing fair exercise for cruel pastime.—We take no joy in pursuing the timid hare, or harmless rabbit; but when fiercer beasts, the ferae naturae, as wild boars and panthers, break into an enclosure, they should receive an arrow or two, and be chased with hound and horn out of the neighborhood—A hungry bear, on whose head a price was set, we might probably suffer to escape into his wilds from a disinclination to join in the hue-and-cry against a proscribed animal: but, the human jackal and the Harpy, who invade society, should receive no mercy….

37 *The New-York Weekly Museum* reprinted the "Spring" section without the introduction on May 11 noting, "The following Rhapsody on Spring, in a style, if not new, is certainly not very common—and as such we offer it to our readers." The Suggester was a regular column on the theme of "imagination."

38 This is was a one-line column space filler.

39 Henry Salt (1814) *A Voyage to Abyssinia and Travels into the interior of that country*. This extract was probably taken from a review in *Monthly Review,* January 1815.

40 A Modern Poetical Epitome from Eaton Stannard Barrett's *Heroine, or Adventures of a Fair Romance Reader* (1813) This was a celebrated novel in the tradition of Sterne.

41 James Forbes (1813) *Oriental Memoirs*. He lived in India from 1765 to 1784 and painted wildlife.

42 From Charles Bucke (1816) *Amusements in retirement; or the influence of science, literature, and the liberal arts, on the manners and happiness of private life, by the author of The philosophy of nature*.

43 This statue was being made to replace one destroyed by British.

44 *The New-York Evening Pos*t repeated the *Oracle* story adding: "A flock (probably the same referred to above) were seen a few days since, on the ice in Boston harbor;—several unsuccessful attempts were made to shoot them"

45 Lang was editor of the *New-York Gazette* and had published the 1816 bluebird stories]

46 "Shitpoke" referred to several different species, including green herons.

47 The infamous retreat of American forces during war of 1812.

48 The address requested was C.W. Peale's Address to the Inhabitants of Boxford Parish (see *Claypoole's American Daily Advertiser*, June 21, 1800, The Public Sphere of Birds, Volume 2). The editor of the *American Yeoman* reprinted it in full.

49 The Original includes this passage:

It often saves the yet unborn from shame
The eagle soars on high beyond man's fight
And in the higher air takes his delight
He scarce looks down to view this earth below
But, to high regions he delights to go
So, many of our Kings that reigneth here,
Will not the complaint of their subjects bear!
But Kings, like Eagles, mounting still on high
They seldom hear the poor their moan or cry
Till desperate grows the subjects at the last,*
This then they wish for Freedom very fast
But politics is not my sphere of life
Nor do I like to deal in any strife
But, like the birds that hover in the air
Would wish to follow Nature ev'ry-where
For, I'm assured all Nature is from God
He cheers the mind and saves us from his rod.

50 This is an early newspaper appearance of Franklin's famous and often misinterpreted letter.

51 Edward Hitchcock wrote the Monitor columns 49-52 in 1816-7. He was a pastor before becoming a professional geologist (always connecting it to theology). His *The Religion of Geology* (1851) includes a long passage on ecology:"Few persons, save the zoologist and comparative anatomist, have any idea of the great nicety and delicacy of the relations that exist between all the species of the animals and plants, so that what affects one affects all the rest. If one species be taken out of the sphere, or its repellency become stronger or weaker, the relative position of all the rest would be altered…you cannot obliterate or change one species without affecting all the rest…Yet often [man] pushes this exterminating process so far as to injure himself also. Thus the farmer wages a relentless war against certain birds, because of some slight evils which they occasion. But when they are extirpated, opportunity is given for noxious insects to multiply, and to bring upon the farmer evils much greater than those he thus escapes…" We will see Hitchcock again later in the decade in connection to dinosaur footprints, which he (appropriately?) attributed to giant birds.

52 Both the Hartford Convention and the Washington Benevolent Societies had been opposed to the war.

53 Selected from the British Poets, for the Instruction and Amusement of Young People… London 1815 (1808) The frontispiece poem was:

For song melodious, and for plumage gay,
The feather'd choir Almighty power display.

The collection begins with poem about a robin that inhabited the Cathedral of Bristol for fifteen years (1772-1787), "and received its subsistence from the hands of the verger. During the time of divine service, it usually perched upon one of the mitres of the organ, and accompanied the solemnity with offering up its harmonious praise." The book, which is a significant collection of British bird poems, also includes Thomson's "The Redbreast, sacred to the household Gods," and "The Death of the Hawk and the Council of Birds" by Mr. Upton.

54 The story in *Ælian*: "The Athenians were so Superstitious, that if any one felled a little Oak out of the Heroes Grove, they put him to death. And Atarbes, for that he killed the Sparrow sacred to Aesculapius, they spared not, but executed him: Not pardoning either his ignorance or madness, but preferring the concernment of the God before both these. For some said he did it by chance, others, through fury." (5th Book, Chapter XVII, Thomas Stanley, translator (1665) *Claudius Aelianus His Various History*). There is a note: "Sparrow: στρυθὸς, though commentators, unhappy because it is usually the rooster that is associated with Aesculapius, sometimes want to meddle here. One suggestion is that the said sparrow had built a nest in the temple of Aesculapius and was thereby made sacred to the god. We shall probably never know."]

55 I have not been able to find full accounts of this debate. Bird law debates will later become a significant source of newspaper content.

56 The law was primarily a game law designating closed seasons on particular species, but commentators quickly identified as a "small bird" law because of the inclusion of the robin and lark.

57 To summarize: The first report of this pending law was January 24, then on January 30, it was refused a second reading, but after debate, and reconsideration, it was sent to third reading. It was sent to the Senate which had amendments, adding another species. This account indicates the species was the snipe, which is confusing because it was included in accounts of the House bills. It was more likely larks, not mentioned in original reports. It is assumed the law referred to the bird now known as the Eastern Meadowlark, but it does not rule out the Horned Lark.

58 The July 1817 issue of The Quarterly Review included: "1. Journal of the proceedings of the late Embassy to China; comprising a correct Narrative fo the Public Transactions of the Embassy, of the Voyage to and from China, and of the Journey from the Mouth of the Pei-ho to the Return to Canton, etc. Illustrated by Maps and Drawings. By Henry Ellis, Third Commissioner of the Embassy.

2. Narrative of a Voyage in His Majesty's late Ship Alceste to the Yellow Sea, along the Coast of Corea and through its numerous hitherto undiscovered Islands to the Island of Lewchew, with an Account of her Shipwreck in the Straits of Gaspar. By John M'Leod, Surgeon of the Alceste. Both books were published in the U.S. in 1818 by M. Carey and Son.

The original McLeod passage is "Crimes are said to be very unfrequent among them, and they seem to go perfectly unarmed, for we observed no warlike instruments of any description; and our guns, shot, and musketry, appeared to be objects of great wonder to them. It must have been the policy of the Chinese to disarm them, for it appears that, in the first instance, they defended themselves nobly against their attacks, as well as those of the Japanese. Not even a

bow or arrow was to be seen; and, when they observed the effect of fowling-pieces in the hands of some of the gentlemen, they begged they might not kill the birds, which they were always glad to see flying about their houses; and if we required them to eat, they would send in their stead an additional quantity of fowls on board every day.—An order was immediately issued to desist from this sort of sporting." The Ryukyu Islands were already a vassal state of Japan, but wouldn't be annexed until 1879. Nevertheless, a this story may have helped to form the perception that birds were "sacred" in Japan generally.

59 This quote of William Windham is from a speech against "the bill for preventing the practice of bull-baiting" (April 18, 1800). Windham was not naive; he saw bull-baiting through lens of traditional working class culture and highlighted the hypocrisy of legislators who would defend hunting and fishing.

60 Cormorant.

61 Jacques-Henri Bernadin De Saint-Pierre. Etudes de la Nature (1784); the reference is from the 1798 edition translated by L.T. Rede. An alternative telling of Prussia story locates it with Frederick the Great and his concern for his cherry trees. Other birds were taken/chased as well as sparrows. More academic accounts look at laws, finding that in 1701, the Brandenburg fire order called for the sparrow heads, this was renewed in 1717, 1721 and 1731, 1744 until 1767. The (Johannes Klose) Frederick the Great (1740-1786) story is probably apocryphal.

62 Kelly & Tuomy heavily advertised their patented "Grammatical Mirror" in the *Columbian*. On July 1, "An Enemy to 'Jack-daws in borrowed feathers'" criticized the advertisement for being ungrammatical. Includes this passage: "*Human speech* !" Does not this imply that there are other kinds of speech than "*human speech*?" that other animals then man possess this faculty? Surely this is the inference which everyone would draw. But for my part I never heard of but *one* of the brute creation capable of rational articulate speech. I allude to the beast with which Balaam of old is said to have held a dialogue: and it is not for me *positively* to assert that our *modern Balaams* do not frequently converse with the same species of animals.

The jackdaw in borrowed feathers is a story from Aesop. In the Torah, Balaam's donkey was given speech to complain about his treatment by an "Angel of the Lord."—"What have I done to make you beat me the three times?" Balaam hearing that replies "You have made a fool of me! If only I had a sword in my hand, I would kill you right now." —"Am I not your own donkey, which you have always ridden, to this day? Have I been in the habit of doing this to you?" Balaam replies "No." Then he can see the angel.

63 The Task (1785) was published in a collected edition in 1814 in the US. Cowper's underlying foundation was Christianity, referring to appropriate Biblical passages (omitted in the selection), including Balaam, discussed in the previous note. David Perkins, in *Romanticism and Animal Rights*, argues that Cowper was the most influential of 18th century writers in "transforming attitudes to animals and stimulating reform."

64 *Journal of the Times* was a weekly from Baltimore. This poem was run uncredited, in its "Original Poetry" section (along with "To a Lady who disturbed the Author's dreams" and "To a person who had made an April fool of the Author.") But this actually an old poem from 1805 (see *Norwich Courier*, May 1, 1805) reprinted in *Providence Gazette* and other papers.

65 William Cobbett proceeds to run through a list of game birds: Partridges and Quails (different naming practices in different regions); Pheasants (heath hens?), Woodcocks, Snipes, Grouse, wild ducks, plovers ("plovers are very shy and way but they have ingenious enemies to deal with. A wagon or carriage of some sort is made use of to approach them…Cobbett, an English radical, was exiled to Long Island 1817-1818, so this was a recent account.]

66 The poet is Maria Gowen Brooks. As early as 1816, she published poems as "I," "X" and then "M" in Boston and Providence newspapers. A book collection was published in 1820.

The book version substantially revised. (Changes are in bold-face)

TO DR.——,
Who as he sung would take the prison'd soul
And lap it in Elysium. Milton.

When the lone **danger** of the wild
For **science'** sake thou dared'st to brave,
Well might he* love to call thee ***child***,
Who **dewed** with tears poor Lewis' grave.†

For when **fair** Nature sank to rest
And blackly waved the **forest trees**,
And every warbler in his nest
Shrank from the midnight's **mournful** breeze.

Then as he praised with word benign
The music of his favorite throng,
Oh! **W—!** the power was thine
To **soothe** him with a sweeter song.

And when to greet the **morning** gray
Was swelling every **downy** breast,
Didst thou not catch the **varied** lay,
And steal of every tone the best?

The echo of some barren hill—
Some pebbly brook's melodious roll?
No—wilder, **softer**,—varying still,
Thy soul-born cadence meets the soul.

The sighs of some forsaken bower,
Where love's **sweet-breathing** blossoms glow—
The dew that from some brimming flower,
Drops in the fountain-vase below.

Had Thracia's boasted **lyrist** sung
Such strains as float upon thy breath,
Each jealous hand had dropt unstrung,
And feared to close his lips in death.

If, as Libethrian maidens said,
The dew upon that minstrel's grave,
To every tenant of its shade,

Such more than earthly warblings gave.

Oh! quit no more thy native plains,
But when thy spirit seeks her home,
Let o'er the dust which still remains,
Thy native rose and laurel bloom.

The stranger then who seeks our coast,
In search of **philosophick** lore,
The **music** of his groves shall boast,
And scorn our **brighter** plumes, no more.‡

*** Alexander Wilson, who was accompanied by the gentleman here addressed, in one or more of his ornithological excursions.**

†The unfortunate Capt. Lewis, explorer of the Missouri, who died by his own hand at a but not far from Nashville. Wilson visited his humble grave, and left money to have it fenced from the wild beasts.

‡ 'Tis said that the birds of the New World, though more brilliant an plumage, are inferior to those of the other continent in song.

This poem appears to have been inspired by an article in *Port Folio*, Jan 1812: "Particulars on the Death of Capt. Lewis." It was a letter that the editor of *Port Folio* requested be published. The relevant passage follows:

"He lies buried close by the common path, with a few loose rails thrown over his grave. I gave Grinder money to put a post round it, to shelter it from the hogs and from the wolves; and he gave me his written promise he would do it. I left this place in a very melancholy mood, which was not much allayed by the prospect of the gloomy and savage wilderness which I was just entering alone.

My thoughts dwelt with sad, but unavailing regret, on the fate of my unfortunate friend; and I endeavoured to give vent to the despondence of my mind in the following verses, which I wished to dedicate his memory.

[His long poem ends:]

Far hence be each accusing thought!
With his my kindred tears shall flow;
Pale Pity consecrates the spot,
Where poor lost Lewis now lies low!

67 In *Pawnee hero stories and folk-tales: with notes on the origin, customs and character of the Pawnee people* (1890) by George Bird Grinnell, John Brown Dunbar, birds don't play an important role except for the founding of the high priestship, which was established by black eagle (who sent the buzzard as a messenger), and the white-headed eagle. "These are the messengers through whom Ti-rá-wa sends his words to the people."]

68 Many papers maintained the "Wonderful!!!" headline. The *Columbian Centinel* (June 30, 1819) headed it "Extraordinary," and added, "If this wonderful circumstance were not attested to be five or six persons of respectability who saw the birds we should be apt to think it

a Plumper." The *New-Hampshire Sentinel* (July 24, 1819) on the other hand, headed the same article "Massacre."]

69 This was a Doylestown paper, but not the one that originally ran the story.

70 *A Pedestrious Tour, of Four Thousand Miles, Through The Western States and Territories, during the Winter and Spring of 1816*. Published 1819.

71 This referred to the celebrated "hen with the profile of a human face," (it had failed to develop a beak) that preferred the company of humans to chickens, and made uncanny sounds. It was highly publicized in 1817 and 1818. From the extract circulated in 1818: Thomson's annals of philosophy: "Never has a hen attracted so much attention; never has any animal, even the most rare, so greatly excited the curiosity of the public."

72 Note that long before baseball box scores, newspapers ran pigeon shooting statistics arranged in tables,

73 *Onea, an Indian Tale*, published Sep 2, by William Hayne Simmons, expanded and published as *Alasco, An Indian Tale* by Lippincott in 1857. It was inspired by Bartram's account of his travels through East Florida)